

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. 174.

PUBLISHED IN

JANUARY & APRIL, 1892.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1892.

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LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Limited,
Stanford Street and Charing Cross.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Collectanea*. First Series. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher, M.D. Oxford, 1885.
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FROM the remotest recesses of the inhabited world men look back upon Oxford with something of the passionate sympathy that the exiled Italian poet felt for Florence. To some the University stands out with the clear detail of a recent severance; for others its outlines are mellowed in the mists of memory. But those to whom Oxford appeals as Alma Mater, are not alone in recognizing the fascination of the place. No stranger can be wholly insensible to its surpassing charm, though the enthusiasm of the Elizabethan poet may sound high-pitched and exaggerated:—

‘He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
And healthiness, ne’er saw a better place.
If God Himself on earth abode would make,
He Oxford sure would for His dwelling take.’

Jewel and setting are in keeping. The one is worthy of the other. The wide, breezy, sun-bathed meadows, through which the Isis flows; the warm, green-muffled hills of Cumnor, Shotover, and Elsfield; the little valleys, that wind down their slopes towards the plain,—enhance the fascination of the tree-embowered, old-world city, whose buildings, like those of Rome, suggest that other edifices, yet grander, once occupied the sites of the ancient Colleges. Nor is it only to the loyalty of her sons, or to the sympathies of all lovers of the picturesque in art and nature, that the University and City of Oxford appeal. The cradle of movements that have deeply impressed England,—the nursery of statesmen, scholars, and divines,—the

arena of controversies that have powerfully affected the country,—the stage on which more than one dramatic scene of history has been enacted,—Oxford has, in successive ages, faithfully reflected the social, religious, and intellectual conditions of the nation. As the most ancient and influential of the national seats of learning, it has helped to weld Great Britain into a homogeneous whole. At Oxford students of the North were brought into contact with those of the South, the Welsh with the Irish, men from Somerset with men from the Eastern counties; the barriers of caste were broken down; the value of secular learning was upheld, the exclusive importance of ecclesiastical studies destroyed, and feudal isolation exchanged for an intellectual commonwealth. From this point of view, no other corporate body, not even excepting the City of London, has exercised so conspicuous an influence on the course of English history as the Corporation of the University of Oxford.

To decipher the rich records of her influential past, and so to collect materials for a detailed consecutive history, both of University and Town, is the work which the Oxford Historical Society has undertaken. The Society was formed in 1884 on the lines of a scheme drawn up in 1881 by the late Mr. J. R. Green. Founded to accumulate and publish original authorities of every sort for a continuous history of the municipal, religious, and academic life of Oxford, it is training up a band of historians, archæologists, palæographers, and antiquarians, who have not feared the reproach of specialists, nor recoiled from the unremunerated labour of independent research. Not content to copy materials which previous historians borrowed from one another at second or third hand, unwilling to accept unverified statements that the partisan prejudices of an Anthony à Wood, or a Thomas Hearne, have coloured or distorted, they are engaged in investigating original authorities, and in arranging the preliminaries for the historian of the future. To accumulate facts rather than to paint pictures; to chronicle events instead of suggesting comparisons or illustrations; to sift, verify, or correct, details of historical evidence rather than to indulge in brilliant generalizations, are the self-denying tasks to which the Society dedicates its energies. Here at least is knowledge sought for its own sake, and not pursued for the profit, or the honour, of the study.

The foundation of such a Society is a sign and a product of the times. It is more than three centuries since John Bale complained, that 'among all the nacions in whome I have wandered, for the knowledge of thynges I have found none so negligent and untoward as I have found England, in the due
serch

serch of theyr auncient hystories, to the singular fame and bewtye thereof.' Though the reproach of Bale is not wholly removed, yet brighter times have since dawned for archæology. Its energies are no longer absorbed in rescuing relics from ruin. The claims of antiquity to reverence are recognized. Men do not now despise what Burns and the profane styled 'auld nick-nackery.' Contemporary poets or novelists of to-day would scarcely satirise the useful occupations of a 'Wormius' or a 'Dryasdust,' who studies to preserve 'the dulness of the past.' As yet indeed the result of the independent research of archæologists is necessarily partial. Time has not permitted students to traverse the whole field. But enough is already done to change the methods and the estimates of historians. The labours of Societies, like that of Oxford, have laid down more satisfactory canons of historical writing than those which prevailed in the days of Macaulay. Much of what passed as history must be re-written. Truth, thoroughness, honesty, have established claims which are recognized as paramount; brilliancy, sensation, picturesqueness, are regarded as useful, but subordinate, adjuncts. The study of the past, as it is now understood, renders it impossible for any historian, who respects himself and his readers, to paint striking or sensational pictures, without also endeavouring to ensure their correctness. Original research takes a place beside, and, for the present moment, above, historical composition. Those who examine contemporary mental conditions admit, that we must look beyond our own immediate present for the fruition of the patient labours of to-day, and that, through the careful accumulation of unadorned truth, is being trained the historian of the future. A generation that has devoted itself to analysis, must necessarily wait till the results of the process are sufficiently extensive to warrant the constructive work of the synthesist. Meanwhile, antiquarians and archæologists, topographers and palæographers, make their invaluable contributions to historical scholarship instead of to historical literature. They are microscopists, who protect historians from guess-work based on hearsay, or on carelessly interpreted records. They are pioneers, who construct for their successors a road, which is firm, solid, and safe.

Students of the past, who possess the talents required by the archæologist, but are not endowed with the greater gifts that are demanded in the historian, and who are content to quarry the stones from which the architect will some day build, can find no more fascinating, or more useful, literary occupation than the preparation of materials for a consecutive history of a place like Oxford. The field, in point of time and of product,

is so varied as to yield a harvest to every taste. Here the Roman antiquarian, the historian of political movements, religious life, or municipal institutions, the bibliographer, the collector of *ana*, the chronicler of social developments, the student of educational revolutions, may each find satisfaction in his peculiar subject at his own special period. The Society has to examine the signs of British or Roman occupation, to sift the grains of truth from the chaff of legend or monastic chronicle, to trace the early commercial, religious, or political history of the town, to investigate the origin and growth of its municipal privileges. It is the task of the Society to discover the earliest evidence of organized teaching in what subsequently became the University, to indicate the organization of the academic body on the Continental model, its acquisition of independence from the control of the Bishop of the Diocese and of the Archbishop of the Province, its triumph over the rights and liberties of the City. It is its task again to exhibit the rivalries of the academic and municipal bodies, of the laymen and the clerks, of the Seculars and the Regulars, of the North and the South, of the Nominalists and the Realists, of the Clergy and the Friars. It is its task to trace the growth of the collegiate system by the side of the flourishing institution, to which it was at first affiliated, the rising fame of its teachers, the ferment of the Wycliffite movement, the tumultuous tide of the Renaissance which broke the stagnant calm of the Dead Sea of later scholasticism. It is its task again to show how, slowly recovering from its decadence after the Reformation, an altered University rose on the ruins of the monasteries, and entered on a new period of progress under the personal encouragement of Elizabeth—a progress which was interrupted by the Civil War, and by the triumph of Presbyterian and Independent in the citadel of the National Church. Nor does the interest of the subject end here, though the history of Oxford under the House of Hanover grows less rich in striking incidents, and its attractions are transferred from external relations to internal life, and from picturesque events to picturesque personalities.

For all this work the Society is engaged in collecting materials. Among the elaborate editions, or works in the nature of monographs, published by the Society, are two slighter volumes of *Collectanea*, which admirably illustrate the varied interest of its publications. In these two volumes, which we propose to take as our text, the medieval and modern epochs in the history, both of the City and of the University, are brought forward side by side. To the municipal history of
Oxford

Oxford belong Mr. Ogle's 'Oxford Markets,' and Mr. Neubauer's 'Notes on the Jews in Oxford.' Both illustrate the position of civic independence and importance which the City had acquired before it was crushed by its academic rival. Professor Holland traces the birth of the future University, and examines into the earliest evidences of organized teaching at Oxford. Mr. Henson and Mr. Rashdall throw new light upon the relations that the young University bore to the State, to the Papacy, and to its Chancellor, and upon the internal struggles of the Seculars and Regulars that disturbed the rising institution. Mr. Shadwell, Mr. Madan, and Professor Burrows illustrate the nature of the studies prosecuted at Oxford from the fourteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century on its bibliographical side, and in a valuable memoir of Grocyn, for which a list of his Library offers the text, Professor Burrows recovers the lost portrait of one of the brightest lights of the New Learning, and the features of a celebrated scholar who lived at a crisis of exceptional interest. The other contents of the two volumes of *Collectanea* belong to the post-Reformation era, and upon them we do not propose at present to enter. The gap between Grocyn in 1520 and Bishop Hough in 1703 is too wide in point of time to be spanned by such an isolated episode, characteristic though it is of the times, as the resistance of Hovenden, Warden of All Souls College, to the rapacity of Queen Elizabeth, or by such detached materials as the account-book of a Merton undergraduate in 1682-8, and by Dr. Wallis's letter in 1706. Within these two centuries are crowded most of the important changes which have made the modern Oxford. The medieval period, to which the other scattered notices of the *Collectanea* refer, is better covered, more limited, and therefore fitter for the present purpose.

Academic rivalry, seeking to establish the ancient lineage of the University of Oxford, or antiquarian guess-work of the type which discredited the study of antiquity, may discover in Wolvercote the commemorative site of the death of the tyrant who founded the city in the 1009th year before Christ, or may trace the origin of the University to the removal from Cricklade of the Greek school which the Trojans had established there. But of British settlements no trace is clearly marked nearer than Bullingdon; and the Roman legions, as they passed along the road, which runs under Shotover between Alchester and Dorchester at a distance of over two miles from the city, looked down on a sweep of wood and water, where now the towers and spires cluster round the dome of the Radcliffe. It is as a place of commercial, strategic, or diplomatic fame, and not as the
home

home of learning, that Oxford makes its first ascertainable appearance in history.

Oxford is Celtic and Saxon in its origin, as is proved by the names of the Saints to whom its churches are dedicated. St. Budoc, St. Mildred, St. Aldate, St. Ebbe, St. Edward, St. Frideswide, are all Celtic, Anglian, or Saxon Saints. The Ox and the stream, which constitute the arms of the city, represent a mistaken etymology, but they also express a fact. Neither religion nor learning gave birth to the town, but the prosaic and practical accident of geographical position. Standing on a gravelly eminence, placed in a basin watered by the Cherwell and the Isis, from which on three sides rises hilly ground, offering to men and horses and cattle and wains a ford with a solid bed, commanding the great roads for traffic from the North and from the West, holding the central waterways that led to London from the heart of England, protected on every side except the North by a network of streams, standing on the borders between the rival kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia, Oxford early became a place, first of commercial importance, secondly of strategic value, and thirdly of diplomatic convenience. In the tenth century it appears in history as a fortified border town, the centre of a Mercian shire. It was at Oxford that Edward the Elder, in 912, threw up his great mound to guard the passage of the Isis against the Danes, whose light crafts infested every river that was accessible from Reading. Crowned with its wooden fortress and palisade, the gravelly eminence, of which Carfax Church now occupies the summit, served as a stronghold and a refuge against the forays of the Northern pirates.

The date of 912 marks the first indisputable appearance of Oxford in history. Yet nearly two centuries earlier, monastic legend claims Oxford as the site of a religious foundation. The Priory of St. Frideswide dates, as some authorities assert, from the year 727. St. Frideswide had vowed herself to perpetual virginity. But a King loved her; and finding that neither entreaties nor threats availed him anything, he was minded to gain his will by force. Aware of his design, Frideswide fled to the oak-wood, pursued by her lover, and in the dead of night, by devious bypaths, reached Oxford. As day dawned, her passionate wooer hurried to the spot, and she, too weary to seek safety in further flight, invoked the aid of God. Then the King was struck with blindness. But, confessing his fault, his sight was, at Frideswide's intercession, restored to him as suddenly as it was lost. As a memorial of her preservation and of his cure, a site was granted to Frideswide, on which a church

church was presently erected, and such other buildings as were needed for a religious house. But from the eighth century onwards, the Kings of England feared to enter a city which was so fraught with misfortune to princes, and their palace of Beaumont stood without the walls of Oxford. Those who braved the curse, came to a violent end. Here King Edward was treacherously assassinated; here Harold Harefoot died; here Henry III. lay before the Battle of Lewes, and the chronicler of Oseney Abbey duly notes the contempt of the superstition and its fatal consequences. But to return to Frideswide. In the neighbourhood of Oxford she worked many miracles. A fountain sprang up in answer to her prayers; one man, who was vexed by the devil, was restored whole; another, whose right hand clove to the axe which he was using on Sunday, was cured by her intercession. When Frideswide's days were ended, and her Spouse called her to Himself, she was buried at Oxford. She received the honours of a Saint. Twice every year until the Reformation her stately shrine was visited in solemn procession by the officials of the University, by crowds of citizens, and by streams of pilgrims, among the last of whom moves the pathetic figure of Katharine of Aragon.

Round the religious foundation of St. Frideswide on the south, by the castle on the west, and at the side of the four roads, running north and south and east and west, which met at the Quatrevoix, or Carfax, rose the Saxon town of Oxford. The gravel promontory, which was washed by the Isis on the south and west, and by the Cherwell on the east, was occupied with houses. A border-town during the battle for supremacy between the rival kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, Oxford became, a century later, the centre of the struggle between the Danes and the Saxons. Pillaged again and again, its wooden or lath-and-plaster buildings were reduced to ashes. But in spite of these calamities it assumes a growing importance in English history. Here, on St. Brice's Day in 1002, the Danes were treacherously massacred, or burned in the blazing sanctuary of St. Frideswide. Here met the great *Gemôt*, at which, under a Danish king, Danes and Saxons agreed to live together under the laws of King Edgar. Here was held the disastrous assembly, at which Tostig was outlawed,—Harold's fatal act which threw open the South of England to the Norman invader. And so the historian is led on, step by step, to the Mad Parliament of 1257, which at Oxford established the principle of popular representation.

At the Conquest Oxford submitted to King William, and it was one of the three places which he fortified to hold the Valley of the Thames. The Norman governor, Robert d'Oili, left a permanent

permanent mark upon the town. Military science had advanced since the days when King Edward the Elder had raised his mound by the banks of the stream. Better defences were needed now. Enemies were to be feared, as well within as without the walls. To rear his castle on the site of Carfax Church would have been the first instinct of a Norman architect. But Robert determined to avail himself of the existing fortifications. He deepened the ditches and channels which covered the western and south-western approach to the town, and, to overawe the rebellious spirit of the English, he raised the great stone tower, which still stands near the railway station. He enlarged the *enceinte*, or *bailli*, of the castle, whose size is testified by the site of the Church of St. Peter-le-Bailly. He also carried the walls round from the west towards the North Gate, the only vulnerable point, and built, or restored, the fortified tower of St. Michael's Church, which was standing, much as it stands in the Cornmarket to-day, when the Domesday Survey was completed. The mound and ditch, surmounted with a parapet of woodwork, and perhaps faced on the outer side with stone, was carried from the Northern gateway at St. Michael's Church down what is now the Broad Street, by Holywell and Longwall Street to the East Gate, at the lower end of the High Street, where the crypt of St. Peter-in-the-East bears traces of D'Oili's work. From the East Gate near St. Peter's Church they were carried along the southern side of the town to the Chapel of St. Michael by the South Gate, close to Folly Bridge. There they joined the castle walls. Thus the circle of defence was completed, and the Latin distich was fulfilled :—

‘Invigilat portâ Australi, Boreæque Michael,
Exortum solem Petrus regit atque cadentem.’

Works so vast in extent could not be accomplished without enormous cost. The hand of the Norman governor lay heavily on the town and the neighbouring religious houses. Neither rich nor poor, says the chronicler, were spared. Especially did he molest and despoil the Abbey of Abingdon. The prayers of the plundered monks rose to heaven, and Robert, remaining impenitent, was visited with a grievous sickness. As he lay asleep, he dreamed a dream. He was brought before a lady of surpassing beauty, who was seated on a throne. She charged him with filching from the monastery a meadow without the town, and ordered him to be led to the spot for punishment. Brought to the ‘King’s Mead,’ boys piled burning hay around him, set his beard on fire with their torches, and well-nigh suffocated him with the smoke. In his agony he cried aloud,

‘*Sancta*

'*Sancta Maria!* pity me, or I die.' Then his wife woke him from his uneasy slumber, and, learning the cause of his distress, urged him to restore the field. So Robert caused himself to be rowed down the river to Abingdon, and there, before the high altar of the Abbey, made restitution. Thenceforward he was no longer a plunderer of churches and of the poor, but a restorer of churches and a benefactor of the needy.

Under the firm rule of the Normans the town regained its former prosperity. Its political importance was evidenced by the frequent councils which were held within its walls, by the numerous visits of kings, and by the royal palace of Beaumont, which Henry I. built outside the North Gate, near the present site of Beaumont Street and Worcester College. Its strategic value was marked by the siege which Oxford stood, when the Empress Matilda defended the castle against King Stephen. Its ecclesiastical dignity was already denoted by the Priory of the Canons Regular of St. Frideswide, which had supplanted the earlier nunnery, and by the Churches of St. Martin, or Carfax, of St. George's in the Castle, of St. Peter le Bailli, St. Michael at the North Gate, St. Mary Magdalen just beyond the northern walls, and by St. Peter at the East Gate. In the twelfth century was raised the stately Abbey of Oseney, near the site now occupied by the railway station and the present suburb of Oseney. The Abbey was founded by the D'Oili family. The first Robert died childless, and his nephew, the second Robert, who had married Edith, a former mistress of Henry I., succeeded to his uncle. Beyond the castle, and under the western walls, lay the meadows, where Edith was accustomed to walk in company with her gentlewomen. Often, as she walked, she marvelled that the pies should gather on a certain tree, chattering, and, as it seemed, talking to her. At length she asked her confessor, who knew the language of birds, what this thing should mean. And Ralph told her that the pies were not birds, but souls in purgatory, who besought her for their sake to raise some building to the glory of God. So in 1129 Edith and her husband founded for the Austin Canons, who already held the Priory of St. Frideswide, the Priory of Oseney, which afterwards grew into one of the stateliest of Abbeys. The Abbey Church became the Cathedral of Robert King, made Bishop of Oxford in 1541, and in its western tower hung the seven bells, of which 'Great Tom' of Christ Church is the only survivor.

Nor was Oxford only a place of political, military, or religious importance. It was an active commercial centre. At the time of the Domesday Survey it was a market town. It was also a city. Its municipal liberties were modelled on those of

of London, and its citizens already held rights over Portmeadow, which they retain to this day. In the Churchyard of St. Martin, at the Quatrevoix, was held the Town Council; under the eastern wall of the same church was 'Pennyless Bench,' where the Mayor and Bailiffs sat to administer justice. The same building was the centre of the bustling markets, where the booths were set east and west from St. Mary's in the High Street to the walls of the castle, and north and south from St. Michael's in the Corn-market to the bottom of St. Aldate's. As early as the reign of Henry I. the citizens of Oxford enjoyed the same customs, laws, and civic liberties, as the City of London; and in the twelfth century they had their Guild Merchant, possessed of lands, and houses, and powers to prevent any one who was not of the Guild from trafficking in the city or its suburbs. The citizens elected their own magistrates, and the jurisdiction of the Sheriff was excluded except in the case of royal tenants. Oxford was one of the nine towns which, in the reign of King Richard I., possessed a Mayor. Formally admitted to his office by the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster, he was met on his return from London by the citizens in their bravest liveries, and escorted by minstrels to the chapel at the East Gate, where he left his alms upon the altar. The charter of Oxford was the pattern of smaller towns, who consulted its citizens in doubtful points of civic custom, and followed its banner in time of war. Besides the Guild Merchant, Oxford had its craft-guilds, which had acquired independence, and regulated their own trade: the Weavers, the Cordwainers or Shoemakers, the Glovers, and the Tailors, had each their own Master and Warden, and made their own by-laws.

Long before Oxford was known as a seat of learning, it had become one of the most important towns in the kingdom. The Greater and Lesser Jewries afford another proof of its thriving trade. Coming up from Wallingford, the Jews settled at Oxford in considerable numbers. Their tenements, often substantially built of stone, extended along the eastern side of St. Aldate's, where they had their school or synagogue, and ran towards Magdalen College and the Botanic Gardens. In the thirteenth century both the Upper and the Lower Guildhalls belonged to Jews. It was from a Jew that Walter de Merton purchased the site of his College. A Jewry was a town within a town. Its inhabitants were isolated from the Christian population by peculiarities of religion, law, language, dress, and trade. Without the rights or the responsibilities of citizens, they were emancipated from the ordinary duties of civic life and freed from the burden of public taxation. They were the

King's

King's chattels, sheltered from the common law of the land, protected by charter from all but royal violence. They paid dearly for their immunities, for they were liable to be tortured, plundered, and even, as was Aaron the son of Isaac of Oxford, burned at the stake, if they refused to lend money to the King.

Between the Jews, the Church, the town, and the University, there were bitter feuds. In 1180 a quarrel occurred between them and the Priory of St. Frideswide. A Jew named Dieu-le-cresse (i.e. *Deus eum crescat*, a translation of Gedaliah) stood at the door of his house as the procession to the shrine of the Saint passed by, and mocked at the miracles which she wrought. Now clenching and now expanding the fingers of his hand, first limping and then sound of limb, he demanded alms from the crowd, as though his recovery of the use of his hands and feet were as real as any of the wonders performed at the shrine. Neither the Church nor the city bailiffs dared to interfere with the blasphemer. But, says the Prior of St. Frideswide, who tells the story, God avenged His Saint, for Dieu-le-cresse hanged himself in loathing of his life. In 1268 a body of clergy and townsmen were going in procession to hear the sermon on Ascension Day. As the procession passed in front of the Synagogue, a Jew snatched the cross from its bearer and trampled it under foot. Dread of the royal vengeance restrained an outbreak of popular indignation. But the Jews were condemned to make a silver cross of great weight, which the University carried in procession, and to erect another cross of marble on the spot where the outrage was committed. Both Jews and Gentiles were eager proselytisers. But the convert to Judaism ran frightful risks. A deacon, who, in love for a Jewess, had submitted to circumcision, was degraded, handed over to the secular arm, and burned at Oxford. On the other side, numerous converts were said to have been made by the Dominicans. Nor was religion the sole cause of broils. The Jews were the only money-lenders, and they demanded heavy interest. Many of their 'starrs,' or bonds, are still in existence. Even the books of the scholars were often pawned to them. In 1244 the Jewry was invaded by the debtors, who sacked the houses of their creditors, and for years later the Jews were forbidden to exact more than 43 per cent. It was only as money-lenders that the Jews assisted the University, for, says Mr. Neubauer, in his 'Notes,' it is improbable that they promoted the progress of learning in Oxford, either as grammarians, or as doctors or surgeons, or as students of science, though some scholars may have learned Hebrew from Jewish instructors.

In the thirteenth century the Mayor of Oxford, as he was escorted,

escorted, in all the municipal pomp that medieval magnificence could command, to perform his first public act after his election and admission, would scarcely have imagined it possible that a corporation of the squalid students, who gathered in knots round teachers in the porches of churches, or flocked to the school in connexion with the Priory of St. Frideswide, was destined to trample his authority in the dust. The Jew capitalist, who held the bonds of half the barons in the country, would have ridiculed the idea, that the scholars, who pawned their books to him for bread, could ever build palaces by the side of which his sumptuous stone house was a hovel. The valiant Guild of Tailors, who, heated by wine from their carouse on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, rollicked through the streets with music and songs in praise of Crispin, disturbing the peace and beating the watch, could not dream that the ragged boys, who now begged alms from door to door, would some day ruffle in the streets more fiercely than themselves. But already in the twelfth century teachers and scholars were gathered in Oxford, attracted by the same favourable conditions which had promoted its early growth. A favourite royal residence, a centre easily accessible from London as well as from the north and west, a town of commercial as well as ecclesiastical importance, Oxford possessed advantages which belonged to few other towns, and which far outweighed the claims of Lincoln to be the seat of the Cathedral school of the Diocese.

It was in the reign of the Scholar King, who built the Palace of Beaumont and made Woodstock his favourite residence, that Oxford first became known as a place of study. But Kings were the patrons not the founders of the University. The students were gathered together by no external power. The bulk of them were not even attracted by the Priory of St. Frideswide or that of Oseney. They congregated at Oxford as a convenient spot, actuated by the desire of communicating knowledge, impelled by that spirit of association which produced trade-guilds, or civic corporations. The Cathedral school was doubtless a factor in the choice of the locality. It was thus that the University grew up round the Cathedral school of Paris, which William of Champeaux made a famous centre for the teaching of dialectics and theology. So too at Oxford the Cathedral school of the diocese was originally the nucleus, and the clerks were not under the jurisdiction of the Prior of St. Frideswide, but under that of the Bishop of the vast diocese of Lincoln. As at Paris, so also at Oxford, it is probable that the authority to teach was originally conferred by the ecclesiastical

siastical power,—by the Master of the Cathedral school, or by the Chancellor of the Chapter. Certain it is, that the Oxford schools, which formed the germ of the future University, were dependent on the Bishop of Lincoln rather than upon any monastic foundation within the walls of the city, and that the secular character of its origin was zealously maintained throughout the whole of its early history. Though a clerkly institution, its spirit was always antagonistic to the religious ideal of the regular clergy.

From the twelfth century onwards the presence of teachers and scholars is to be traced at Oxford. Theobald of Étampes is the first teacher whom Professor Holland, in his careful and lucid sifting of evidence upon the point, has been able to discover. Between the years 1116 and 1120, he was teaching secular literature to classes of from sixty to one hundred students. Robert Pullus and Robert of Cricklade, fifteen years later, were famous for their lectures on theology and secular literature. Vacarius (1149) attracted crowds of rich and poor to Oxford to hear his lectures on law, and his compendium of law, a 'Poor Man's Lawyer,' became a celebrated text-book, which two German scholars, with the industry of their race, sate up all night to copy. Foreign students began to cross the sea to attend the Oxford teachers, and the city acquired fame abroad for its clerks. In 1187 it had become the most celebrated home of English learning. In that year Giraldus Cambrensis read the three parts of his 'Topography of Wales' on three days to the Doctors of the Faculties, their most learned pupils, and the rest of the students. It was at Oxford that the youthful Edmund Rich, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and a canonised Saint, studied at the close of the century. There, while still a boy, he dedicated himself to the Holy Virgin, and plighted his troth to his Heavenly Spouse by placing a ring upon her finger. Still only a grammarian, and in the first stage of his student's course, he was wont to run out of Church before the service was ended to join in the games of his playmates, until a divine admonition bade him remain till the office was concluded. His strict life, and his preservation from a mass of masonry, which fell on the place where he had sate to hear a lecture in the crowded schools outside the western door of St. Mary's, marked him out to his companions as a chosen vessel. As a Regent Master, he always attended mass, before he began his lectures, in a chapel which he had himself caused to be built. Yet, pious and blameless as was his life, secular studies still possessed charms for his brilliant intellect. It was not till the close of his graduate course that he definitely devoted

devoted himself to the study of theology, and of theology alone. As he was intently poring over some geometrical problems, his mother, who had recently died, appeared to him in a vision, and asked him, 'My son, what readeest thou? What mean these figures on which thy mind is thus bent?' And when he told her, she drew three circles, and inscribed them with the names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This done, she charged him thus: 'Let these figures, dearest son, and no other, be henceforth thy study.' And, throwing aside secular learning, he devoted all his energies to the study of theology.

In these and other scattered notices of Oxford as a place of learning in the twelfth century, which Professor Holland has collected, may be traced the growth of a *schola*, or fortuitous gathering of teachers and students, into a *studium generale*, or Society of Masters and Doctors,—a Guild organized into Faculties, issuing diplomas to those who had passed through a prescribed course of studies, possessing lecture-rooms, and co-opting into its ranks by the title of Master or Doctor those scholars who had served the necessary apprenticeship. From such an association to the fully equipped *Universitas*, a corporation with its charter of rights and liberties, and with its legally recognized existence as a corporate body, was a step which naturally followed in course of time. It was a step already taken, in fact though not in name, before the close of the twelfth century, when the Schools of Oxford formed, in all the essentials of the institution, a University.

The University of Oxford soon became a powerful rival to the City. To certain arts ancillary to study, such as the preparation, engrossing, illumination, and binding of parchment, the growing fame of its schools gave fresh impulse. In what was afterwards known as School Street, near St. Mary's Church-yard, all these trades were represented as early as 1190. The presence also of a numerous body of scholars, and their requirements of food and lodging, brought trade and profit to the citizens. But the City was little disposed to think that it existed for the University. The rivalry between laymen and clerks, or, to use the modern phrase, between town and gown, was of very ancient standing. At one time, indeed, the breach between the two parties grew so wide, that the abandonment of Oxford by the clerks seemed highly probable. In 1208 the times were unfavourable to ecclesiastics, for England lay under the Papal interdict. Unable to obtain redress for an invasion of their privileges by the citizens, the clerks resorted to their only available remedy—a remedy which was the more easy of application as they possessed no real property. They migrated in

in a body from Oxford. Neither a master nor his pupil remained in the city. But six years later the ecclesiastical power was once more uppermost; the clerks returned in triumph; the townsmen were humiliated; and thenceforward the University steadily gained the upper hand. Broils continued to be frequent. Too many elements of discord existed to make harmony possible. It was easy to find plausible grievances to keep up the irritation; the extravagant rates charged by the burghers, their invasion of the immunities of the clerks, the extortionate interest exacted by the Jews, the excessive prices demanded in the markets, the filthy condition of the streets, the slaughter of beasts within the walls of the city, supplied the clerks with continuous grounds of complaint. The most trivial quarrels gave occasion to a riot. The bells of St. Mary were always ready to ring back defiance, when the bells of Carfax summoned the townsmen to the fray.

Within the walls of the city,—in the narrow, ill-paved, dirty streets, which, overhung by signs, wound through rows of tall, irregularly-built houses, whose stories, rising one above and beyond the other, like inverted staircases, till they almost excluded the light of day,—were herded together a motley throng, over which neither Chancellor nor Mayor, had they worked in harmony, could exercise any control. The rough upland folks occupied the centre of the streets with their carts and strings of pack-horses. At the sides crowded citizens in every dress, plying their various trades, chaffering with the manciples, but always keeping their bow-strings taut, ready to promote a riot by pelting a scholar with offal from the butcher's stall, prompt to draw their knives at a moment's notice. Here moved to and fro among the shops and stalls, Jews in their yellow gaberdines; black Benedictines and white Cistercians; Friars, black, white, and grey; men-at-arms from the castle; flocks of lads of twelve to fourteen, who had entered some grammar school or religious house to pass the first stage of the University course. Here passed a group of ragged, gaunt, yellow-visaged sophisters, returning peacefully from lectures to their inns, but with their 'bastards' or daggers, as well as their leathern pouches, at their waists. Here a knot of students, fantastically attired in many-coloured garments, whose tonsure was the only sign of their clerkly character, wearing beards, long hair, furred cloaks, and shoes chequered with red and green, paraded the thoroughfare, heated with wine from the feast of some determining Bachelor. Here a line of servants carrying the books of scholars or of Doctors to the schools, or there a procession of colleagues, escorting to the grave the body
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of some master, and bearing before the corpse a silver cross, threaded the throng. Here hurried a Bachelor in his cape; a Regent-Master in his heel-less shoes or 'pynsons'; a scholar of Exeter in his black boots; a full-fledged Master, with his tunic closely fastened about the middle by a belt, and wearing round his shoulders a black, sleeveless, close gown. Here gleamed a mantle of crimson cloth, symbolising the blood of the Saviour, or the budge-edged hood of a Doctor of Law or of Theology, for it was then an object of ambition to wear, not to evade, the academical dress. In the hubbub of voices which proceeded from this miscellaneous, parti-coloured mob, might be distinguished every accent, every language, and every dialect. A medieval University was essentially cosmopolitan, and the influx of foreigners to Oxford was very great, especially when the University of Paris was temporarily dispersed, and when the Franciscan schools were at the height of their reputation. Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, jostled in the streets against English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh; Kentish students mingled with students from Somerset or Yorkshire, and the speech of each was unintelligible to the other. National hostilities, clan hatreds, local jealousies, intellectual antipathies, differences of blood, language and race, contributed to the heterogeneous character of the University. Men of the same nationality, province, or county, congregated together, advanced under their distinguishing banners to the fray, and in celebrations of the festivals of their own patron saints found more fruitful occasions of brawling than in football or cudgel-playing.

Over this seething mass no control could be exercised. The students were at first all unattached, subject to little or no discipline, residing in private lodgings, or voluntarily associated for economy in inns, hostels, entries, or halls. The history of the University, both within itself and in its relations with the city, is one of turbulence and disorder. Now the Northern and the Southern nations come to blows in the streets; now there is a combination to assault the Welsh; now the Irish are engaged in a riot among themselves. Even grave Masters kept their bows and arrows ready to their hands in their rooms, and every hotheaded youth could arm himself with his hatchet or his knife. The city watch were mobbed, beaten, and bruised. Arrows, quivering in a door-post by the head of the Proctor, warned the University Dogberry that he too was mortal. Now a body of students unite to sack the houses of the Jews, or to plunder the shops of the cutlers, bowyers, and fletchers, or to mob the Papal Legate whose cook had been shot by one of their number, or to rescue some comrade from gaol who had
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been poaching in the royal forests of Shotover, or to break down and carry off the gates of the town. Now they are found associated with the Mayor and burgesses in attacking the Monastery of Abingdon. Now, and more frequently, they are engaged in brawls with the townsmen. These latter disputes culminated in the famous riot on St. Scholastica's Day in 1354. Several clerks entered the 'Mermaid' Tavern near Carfax, and called for wine. The wine was brought. The clerks swore that it was bad, the vintner that it was good. The liquor and the vessel were thrown in his face, and the town-bell clanged from St. Martin's Church to summon the townsmen to assemble armed. A furious onslaught was made upon the clerks, wherever they could be found. Night only suspended the fight. The next day it was renewed. Reinforced by two thousand of the rustics, marching under a dismal black banner, the townsmen broke open the Inns, killed, maimed, or wounded many of the scholars; flayed the crowns of the chaplains; spoiled the buildings of their contents; assaulted a procession of the Grey Friars and dashed the crosses to the ground; made the streets resound with the cries of 'Slea, slea! Havock, havock! Smyt fast, give gode knocks!'

The lawlessness, of which this riot was the final expression, profoundly affected the relations of the University both to the city and to the Regular clergy, and helped to change essentially its own internal system. The final triumph of the University over the City, the early successes of the Mendicant Orders, the foundations of colleges, were, in a large measure, due to the continuous scenes of turbulence, which culminated in St. Scholastica's Day.

Disciplinary powers were sorely needed in Oxford, where rival jurisdictions promoted immunity from punishment. On the one side, the powers of the Chancellor over the clerks were increased. On the other side, the University, which, backed by the Crown, favoured by the Pope, and supported by the influence of the Bishops of Lincoln, had steadily encroached upon the liberties of the city, once and for all gained the upper hand. The Mayor and Bailiffs, on taking office, were ordered to swear to uphold the liberties and privileges of the University. The rents of houses, and the rates of interest, to be charged to scholars, were fixed by law. The joint control over the markets, formerly exercised by the University and the city, was exchanged for the complete supremacy of the former. In its hands were placed the sole right of excommunicating those who obstructed the streets, the power of fining regrators, the exclusive assay of weights and measures, wine, bread, beer, and

victuals. Increased control was vested in the University over the police force, which was entrusted with the maintenance of law and order. Clerks were secured in their immunity from lay tribunals; they were to be delivered over to the Chancellor for trial, and he alone could take cognizance of cases in which members of the University were parties.

While the University was thus gaining a triumph over its municipal rival, the advent of the Mendicant Friars introduced a more insidious and formidable foe. The riotous excesses of the secular clerks opened the gates of Oxford to the Regular clergy, whose disciplined, well-ordered houses stood out in marked contrast. From the moment of their foundation, as Mr. Rashleigh points out in his Introduction to the litigation between the University and the Preaching Friars (1311-13), the Mendicants recognized the importance of establishing themselves in seats of learning. As a crowded centre of population, Oxford offered a field for their missionary labours. As a hot-bed of free thought, if not of heresy, it demanded their anxious care. As a recruiting-ground for their own Orders, it necessarily possessed unique attractions. The first English convent of Dominicans was established at Oxford in 1221. At first the Mendicants excited no hostility. Hospitably received, they devoted themselves assiduously to mission work among the Jews, in whose quarters they at first settled. Later on they moved into the crowded district at the south of St. Aldate's and St. Ebbe's by the river side, where their residence is still commemorated in Blackfriar's Road, Friar Street, Friar's Wharf, and Preacher's Pool. Close in the wake of the Dominicans followed the Franciscans, who established themselves between the Black Friars and the castle, on a marshy strip of ground between the river and the town wall. Primarily the Dominicans devoted themselves to missions, and the Franciscans to the care of the sick. But both bodies soon acquired influence as teachers. The Dominican House became the recognized place of study for the Friars of the Order in Northern Europe. The Franciscan School grew into the acknowledged rival of the theological schools of Paris. If the Dominicans could boast of Albertus Magnus or Thomas Aquinas, the Franciscans could point to such a teacher as Robert Grosseteste, the first of English scholars, who was a lecturer at their convent, and the progenitor of such illustrious sons of the Order as Adam Marsh, Roger Bacon, and Duns Scotus.

The success of the two great Mendicant Orders drew other bodies of Regular clergy to Oxford. In 1256 the Carmelites, or
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White Friars, settled in the northern suburb outside the gate of the city, and near the Palace of Beaumont, which they subsequently acquired. The Austin Friars, in whose magnificent hall were subsequently held the theological disputations of the schools, occupied the site of Wadham College. The Crutched Friars and the Trinitarians were also established in Oxford; the first near Pembroke College, the second near the Botanical Gardens. Nor were the older monastic bodies unrepresented. Rewley Abbey, where now stands the London and North-Western Railway Station, was founded for the Cistercians in 1280. In 1283 the Benedictines acquired Gloucester Hall, now part of Worcester College, and a few years later Durham College, now Trinity, and subsequently Canterbury Hall, the site of the Canterbury Quadrangle of Christ Church.

In the presence of these schools of the Regular clergy, at which gathered some of the most intellectual members of the different Orders, the secular clerks of the University showed themselves jealous guardians of their existing privileges. It was the tradition of the University to afford a liberal education rather than a professional training. Every student of the higher learning was obliged to pass through a preliminary course of the seven liberal arts and of philosophy. The Faculties of Law and of Theology were composed of men of maturer years, who devoted themselves to the post-graduate study of one or other of these branches. No one could become a Doctor of Law or Theology, a lecturer on the Sentences or the Digest, or preach publicly in the University, who had not already been admitted a Bachelor of Arts. Against this rule, which in effect excluded the Friars from preaching or lecturing in the University, the Mendicants struggled with desperation. If they could secure its relaxation, they hoped to establish their practical monopoly of theological teaching in Oxford. All the influence which the Franciscans of the thirteenth century could bring to bear upon powerful lay and spiritual magnates was exerted to abolish the rule. But the Secular Masters of Arts succeeded in maintaining their ground. To this day a degree in Arts remains a necessary preliminary to a degree in Law and Theology. In 1311 the same battle was fought over again by the Dominicans. But, within the preceding half-century, the tide of feeling had strongly turned against the Mendicants, whose privileges, immunities, learning, and proselytising zeal threatened to empty the Churches, the confessionals, the pockets of the clergy, and the Oxford Halls. Besides the jealousy which they aroused among the Secular clergy and the older Monastic Orders, the subserviency of the Friars to the Papacy, and their

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degeneracy in character, contributed to excite hostility towards them. Their unpopularity, which found expression in various ways at the University, grew in strength till it culminated in the invectives of Wycliffe. In practice, the rule, which forbade students from taking a degree in Theology till they had become Bachelors of Arts, was often relaxed by dispensations or graces. But, as the hostility towards the Mendicants increased, graces for 'Wax-Doctors,' as such recipients of degrees were called in derision, were generally refused. Driven to despair, the Dominicans appealed to the Pope against the rule, which the Franciscans had resisted fifty years before. Their appeal failed. The University statutes were confirmed, and the Secular Masters finally triumphed over the Regular clergy. But the victory was only won by the depreciation of the Faculty of Arts, which henceforward was, and still is, treated as a necessary stepping-stone to the higher Faculties, in which alone the degree of Doctor can be taken.

The victory of the University over the town, and the early successes of the Mendicants, in part resulted from the turbulence of the lawless body of unattached students who congregated at Oxford. The most important result still remains to be mentioned. The want of discipline gave immense impulse to the foundation of Colleges and to the downfall of the older system. Conventual life and claustral seclusion were essential elements in the older Monasticism. Vows of poverty bound together the Friars, who, in their devotion to the external needs of the Church and to the active performance of religious duties among the people, had made a fresh departure in the life of Regulars. Colleges, on the other hand, were neither Friaries nor monasteries, though they possessed the disciplinary advantages of both. In them the students could be collected in one building under the care of a responsible president, and not the least of the advantages they afforded was the protection which they offered against the proselytising enterprise of the Mendicants. In the period from 1264 to 1386 the first group of Colleges was founded—University, Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Oriel, Queen's, and New. Between 1429 and 1516 were founded the other pre-Reformation Colleges—Lincoln, All Souls, Magdalen, Brasenose, and Corpus Christi, the first-named representing the reaction against Wycliffe, the last breathing the spirit of the New Learning. Thus, side by side with the great Regular corporations, there now existed in Oxford ecclesiastical, but secular, communities, self-governed, self-supporting, enjoying corporate rights, undertaking no ascetic or ceremonial obligations, exercising their influence in the University, the Church, and Society,

Society, in favour of the secular clergy; training men for a religious life in the world and not in the cloister; educating them to be parish-priests, lawyers, or diplomatists, instead of Monks or Friars; giving them a sound elementary education, which could be supplemented, if need be, by the subsequent professional study of Law, Theology, or Medicine. The change of these secular communities into modern Colleges, their suppression of the older unattached system, and their transformation of the whole social character of the University, are among the most interesting features in the post-Reformation history of Oxford.

The fourteenth century saw the University of Oxford at the zenith of its fame, and at the commencement of its decline. It had secured a charter of important rights and liberties, lowered the pride of the municipal authorities of the town, and successfully resisted the encroachments of the Friars upon its secular organization. Its Chancellor, originally an episcopal officer, had become the representative of the academic body and the champion of its privileges. It was not till the fifteenth century that he ceased to reside, and grew into the patron, instead of the active chief, of the University. Under the Chancellorship of Robert Stratford (1335, and several succeeding years), of whose administration Mr. Henson collects an account in contemporary letters and papers, the University rapidly advanced towards independence. By the middle of the century it had repudiated the claims of the Archdeacon of Oxford to jurisdiction over its clerks; it had freed its Chancellor from the control of his Diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln; it had obtained from the Pope an exemption from any visitatorial power whatever. It had seized the intellectual sceptre from the University of Paris, and it supplied teachers to its ancient Continental rival. It had crushed the schism which had led to the foundation of another University at Stamford. It had established the collegiate system, by the side of the older voluntary halls, which had contained its unattached students, and in opposition to the religious ideal of regulars, which exacted from its members a renunciation of the world or the assumption of binding obligations. It exercised large disciplinary powers over its students, and had acquired an extensive jurisdiction for the protection of their privileges and immunities. It possessed quantities of movable property, and so many books that the Chantry of St. Mary's had been converted into a University Library. Profiting by the fame of the Franciscan and Dominican Schools, thriving on the misfortunes of the University of Paris and on the emigration of the English nation from that seat of learning, its numbers had rapidly

rapidly increased. Its fame was European, its character cosmopolitan; Dante himself perhaps visited its schools. Among its scholars, or its lecturers, were men like Robert Grosseteste, Adam Marsh, Roger Bacon, Thomas Bradwardine, Duns Scotus, Richard of Bury, William Occam, and William Shyreswood, whose mnemonic verses, 'Barbara, Celarent, Darii,' &c., have been familiar to generations of logicians. Among them also were three canonized Saints of the Church, St. Edmund Rich, Richard of Wych, St. Thomas Cantilupe. Among them also were many of the most conspicuous men in Church and State. Oxford had, in fact, reached the height of its prosperity in the middle of the fourteenth century. But the Black Death, the decadence of the Friars, the renewal of the French wars, the withdrawal of foreign students, the severance of the ties between English and Continental Universities, commenced a decay, which was accelerated by the decline of the ecclesiastical monopoly of learning, by the Wycliffite movement, and by the Wars of the Roses. Hardly had Oxford commenced to recover its vigour, when progress was once more checked by the interruption of the New Learning at the Reformation.

Of the course of studies which was pursued in the pre-Reformation University, the *Collectanea* affords three interesting illustrations. The first is the Catalogue of the Library of Oriel College in 1375; the second the List of Books possessed by Groeyn in 1520; the third the 'Day-Book,' in which John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, entered his sales within the same year. Taken together, the three Lists give an outline of mediæval education, register the advances made between the fourteenth century and the eve of the Reformation, supply a means of gauging the increase in the resources of students, and suggest, rather than indicate, the extent to which the New Learning had spread from the scholar's study into the general intellectual life of the University. Such a comparison might be worked out in useful detail. Here its prominent features can alone be seized in illustration of the studies of the pre-Reformation University.

The Catalogue of the Oriel Library in 1375 has been edited by Mr. Shadwell. It is a collection of nearly 100 volumes, arranged according to the subjects required for degrees in Arts, and especially for the subsequent studies of Law and Theology. Meagre as are the contents of the Catalogue, the number of the volumes indicates an enormous advance in educational wealth upon the time when oral instruction opened the only path to knowledge, and when a MS. was the most valuable property of its owner, accepted by the University chest as security for a loan.

loan. In character, as well as number, such a library as that of Oriel represents a vast increase in those tools and helps of students which had satisfied a John of Salisbury, a Giraldus Cambrensis, or an Edmund Rich. In the interval between 1200 and 1375, the mental and moral philosophy of Aristotle had been introduced into Western Europe; his logical methods were at the same time more perfectly understood, as the old obscure versions of his works were superseded by more faithful, though still inadequate, translations from the Greek or from the Arabic. Relieved from the dread of the Millennium, stimulated by the Crusades and by the intellectual energies of the Mendicants, scholars had produced a new literature, of which the chief fruit was the study of natural science, and the attempt to harmonise the new Aristotle with the teaching of Christianity.

But, in spite of increased resources and enlarged knowledge, the actual course of medieval education remained the same as in the previous centuries. Whatever might be the theory of the course of study, its practice had scarcely passed beyond the stage in which it was found by Gargantua, who, at the end of thirty-seven years and eight months, could say his alphabet backwards and forwards, and was perfect in his Donatus and in his *De modis significandis*. Rabelaisian as is the caricature, it illustrates the fact that medieval students were not misers of their time. Candidates for the degree of Masters of Arts spent seven, and sometimes eight years in the study of the *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*, and Philosophy. The three elementary, trivial sciences—Grammar, Arithmetic, and Logic—perhaps occupied the undergraduate course; the Bachelor passed on to Rhetoric, Geometry, Astronomy, Music, and the Natural, Moral, and Metaphysical philosophies. The Latin language was necessarily the basis of the whole system. Its rules were studied in Donatus and Priscian, supplemented by a few readings from Terence. Men who had passed through the Grammatical course were qualified to take Holy Orders, to assume the title of 'Sir,' and to sneer at the hedge-priest who knew no Latin. Many students went no further. But the knowledge acquired was of the most superficial character, and totally insufficient to enable scholars to grapple with a Latin version of the subtleties of Aristotle. From Grammar a man proceeded to Arithmetic studied in the *Computus*, a method of discovering Easter, and thence to Logic, which was taught in the *Isagoge* of Porphyry, the *Summulæ* of Petrus Hispanus, or the *Sophistici Elenchi* of Aristotle. Once a Bachelor, he passed on to Rhetoric (in which Boethius or Aristotle was the principal text-books), thence to Music, Geometry, and Astronomy

Astronomy (for which the respective text-books were Boethius, Euclid, and Ptolemy), and finally to Moral and Natural Philosophy and Metaphysics, all of which were studied in the works of Aristotle. Having obtained his degree in Arts, he was qualified to attack the higher Faculties of Law, Theology, or Medicine. Thus the Universities fulfilled a threefold office. They were at once Grammar Schools, and Universities as the term is now understood; they also supplied a professional training as a post-graduate course.

For these three courses the Oriel Library is adapted. The students of all ages, from those of eighteen or twenty to those of twelve, who were collected by 'fetchers,' brought to Oxford, and placed in some monastic or licensed grammar school, were taught the formal rules of the Latin language in the works of Priscian or Donatus. The Oriel Library possesses several portions of Priscian's grammar—though not apparently a complete copy of so 'vast an ocean'—for the use of its elementary pupils or their teachers. For Arithmetic it offers a *Computus*, and one or more treatises. In Logic it supplies the text-books, both for the Old and the New Logic. In other words it contains the Categories and the *De Interpretatione*, as well as the Prior and Posterior Analytics, the Topics, and the *Sophistici Elenchi*. The Bachelor, who proceeded to the remainder of the Liberal Arts, found in the Library a work of Aristotle from which to study the rules and figures of Rhetoric; a Euclid for Geometry; Nicholas Trivet's 'Commentary on Boethius' for Music, and several Treatises, among which is Macrobius, for Astronomy. In Philosophy the Library is strong; more than twenty works relate to the study of Natural and Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. But the chief strength of the Library lies in the volumes on Law and Theology, to which the Oriel Masters of Arts proceeded, and to which half the Catalogue is devoted.

In the Catalogue, thus briefly summarised, several points are noticeable. In the first place, one Hebrew alphabet, no Greek work, and no Latin classic, appear in the list. Languages were still unstudied; the cultivation of pure scholarship was unknown. No pains were taken to acquire a mastery even of Latin, which was the key-stone to all the learning of the Middle Ages, and hence the fabric that was reared on so flimsy a foundation remained itself insecure and unsubstantial. A century later the Library of Lincoln College possessed most of the best known authors of ancient Rome: but in 1375 no Revival of Learning had created an enthusiasm for the study of classical literature. In the second place, it is remarkable

that

that the collection of books on natural science and mathematics should be so scanty. Roger Bacon looked to the 'Divine Mathesis,' or to languages, for the restoration of learning. But it is plain that, though he left behind him pupils who pursued his studies with marked success, he was not esteemed as a prophet in Oriel. In the third place, the total absence of any of the Arabian commentators upon Aristotle is in marked contrast to the contemporary Italian Libraries, and is significant of the groove into which education had sunk. In the fourth place, the preponderance of theological over legal books is worthy of notice. There are forty of the former to six of the latter. Yet this was the age when Law was the high road to honours and emoluments, and when civilians and canonists despised theologians, even as Hagar scorned her barren mistress. So great was the popularity of legal studies that it was deemed advisable to limit the number of students by statute. At Oriel three only of the Fellows were allowed to study Canon or Civil Law. That such provisions should be necessary is significant of a social revolution. For the present, indeed, Theology remained, if not the most popular, at least the most powerful, of the Faculties. But a monopoly of learning is approaching its end from the moment it is maintained by legislation. If the comparative number of books on theology suggests the efforts which were made by Churchmen to maintain the 'Science of Sciences' in its pride of place, the character of the volumes indicates two of the causes of the decline of theological learning. No copy of the Scriptures is contained in the collection, and patristic literature forms but a small part of the Catalogue. Of the four great Doctors of the Latin Church only Augustine and Gregory are present. None of the Greek Fathers are to be found. Anselm and Hugo of St. Victor alone represent the great names among early medieval theologians. Defective in these three sides, the Catalogue bears evident traces of the ferment into which Oxford theologians were plunged in the fourteenth century. Here on the one side are the Scholastic commentators on the Sentences; on another the bold attempt of the great Dominican Doctor to reconcile Aristotelian philosophy with Christian thought. And by the tomes, in which Aquinas built up his imposing structure of faith and philosophy, stand the treatises, which were to be the text-books of the Schools until the Reformation—treatises in which the Franciscan Duns Scotus enlarged the bounds of thought, incorporated the results of Byzantine logic, and commenced that line of reasoning which eventually undermined the Scholastic methods. Yet even in theology unexpected gaps occur.

occur. In Oxford, at any rate, it might have been surmised that Occam, the 'demagogue of Scholasticism,' or his follower Holcot, or Burleigh, the champion of the older philosophy, or at least the *De causâ Dei* of 'Bischof Bradwardyn,' would be represented. But all are absent, and the Oriel Catalogue leaves the impression that, even in its strongest point, the education of the fourteenth century is strangely defective and one-sided.

From 1375 to the middle of the Revival of Learning, no eminent scholar, with the exception of Wycliffe and Pecock, appeared in Oxford. Learning sank to its lowest ebb. For this decadence of the University causes existed without as well as within, and some at least are suggested by the Oriel Catalogue. Learning deserted the Friary and the Monastery, without as yet finding refuge in the College. The demoralization of the Mendicant Orders led to the neglect of study, as their young enthusiasm had promoted its cultivation. Grammar and Public Schools were disputing the teaching monopoly of the Universities. The stern repression of Lollardry crushed out freedom of thought, and threw Oxford into a state of torpor. Isolated from the Continent, repressed at home, thought languished in the English University. The effect of the Statute of Provisors was to increase indifference to unrewarded learning. No patronage stimulated study among the secular clergy; patrons did not consider the claims of graduates superior to those of the uneducated and illiterate. In the middle of the fifteenth century the University was comparatively deserted. Scholasticism was in its dotage, yet education was still cast in the medieval mould, to which such influences as those of Canon or Civil law, or of the new Aristotle, had successively yielded. The intellectual development was one-sided. Though nominally extensive, the course of study was at once formal, technical, and superficial. The groundwork was inadequate to support the superstructure that was reared upon it. Theology was still the favourite sphere of intellectual energy. But the Sentences were revered, while the Scriptures were neglected; the place of theological study was usurped by philosophy or dialectics; the activities of thinkers were wasted in polemics.

Some change was needed which might meet altered requirements, and satisfy the desire for a deeper and wider culture. For existing defects Roger Bacon sought a remedy in the study of science or of language, others in the emancipation of secular learning from ecclesiastical tutelage. Oxford found its new life in enthusiasm for classical literature, in the spirit of critical enquiry, and in the careful study of the Scriptures. Foremost among the group of English scholars, who were the pioneers of the

the movement which revolutionised their University, was William Grocyn, whom Erasmus considered to be the first of the many learned men in Britain,—even in that literary circle of which Linacre, Colet, and More were the ornaments,—and whom Hallam justly calls ‘the patriarch of English learning.’ Of this illustrious scholar (1446–1520), the first Englishman who introduced the New Learning into Oxford, little has hitherto been known. His fame was dwarfed by that of Linacre. But the recent discovery of a list of his books affords Professor Burrows a text for an admirable biographical memoir, which throws a flood of new light upon his career, and recovers a lost portrait for the gallery of our celebrated ancestors. The Catalogue of Grocyn’s Library, written in the hand of his friend, and executor, Linacre, has been recently discovered in the archives of Merton College, and is now printed in the *Collectanea*. Another document, also published by the Oxford Society, and edited by Mr. Madan, with an extraordinary wealth of bibliographical erudition, is the ‘Day-Book’ of John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, in 1520. The two lists, as has been already said, when compared with the Oriel Catalogue, measure the extent of the advance made between 1375 and 1520, and to some degree indicate the passage of learning from the study to the streets. They represent the spirit of critical enquiry which repudiated the binding authority of the past; the scholarly refinement that rebelled against the barbarous Latinity of the Middle Ages; the intellectual activity that rejected the fetters of the Schoolmen; the careful study of the Scriptures which paved the way for the correction of many ecclesiastical abuses; the spread of vernacular literature; the growth of a class who had leisure and taste to read, and the dissemination of education among a public which was learning to think and act for itself.

Already the library of an individual scholar is equal in the number of its volumes to the library of a fourteenth-century College. But, compared with the Oriel Catalogue of 1375, Grocyn’s collection of books is remarkable in other respects than that of numbers. It sums up the advance which the early scholars of the Renaissance had made upon the knowledge possessed by mediæval students. Reverence for the Bible itself, frankness of criticism, respect for the Fathers, take the place of neglect of the Scriptures, blind deference to the Sentences, and the uncritical acceptance of worthless authorities. An enthusiasm for classical literature and for accurate scholarship is substituted for the total ignorance of Greek, and the superficial teaching of a Latinity which eschewed elegance, shrank from no barbarisms, and aimed only at imparting a colloquial use of the language. In natural science

science thinkers once again sate at the feet of the ancients, and studied the subject from its elements instead of proscribing any one who controverted the guess-work of ignorance.

A strict ecclesiastic, distinguished for his orthodoxy, profoundly versed in scholastic lore, Grocyn's library is especially strong in theology, and above all in medieval theology. Among his books are to be found Anselm, Aquinas, Duns Scotus, the Franciscan Nicholas de Lyra, the Dominican Hugo of St. Victor, Bonaventura, William Occam, and Holcot. But he was not the slave of medieval Doctors. Rather he is the link between two worlds. He is a man of the New Learning in his study of the Bible itself, and in his appreciation of the Fathers. He is not content to treat the Scriptures as armouries of texts, to be detached from their context, and employed as controversial weapons without reference to their original meaning. No copy either of the Bible or even of the Old Testament exists among his books. But he possessed the New Testament in Greek and Latin. In patristic literature he possesses works of Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Gregory the Great; and also of Cyprian, Eusebius, and Origen. Augustine is apparently his special favourite, although, unlike men of his generation, it does not appear that the Platonic tendencies of the Father recommended him in his eyes. Medieval theologian as Grocyn in some respects is, a conspicuous illustration of his mental independence and critical boldness is recorded by Erasmus. The 'Celestial Hierarchy' of Dionysius, with its mystical interpretations of Scripture, was supposed to be the work of Dionysius the Areopagite, Bishop of Athens, and Apostle to the Gauls. From the time that this work was translated into Latin in the ninth century, it had deeply interested Western thought. Down to the end of the fifteenth century, it was accepted as one of the Canonical books; it ranked with the Gospels; it supplied texts to preachers; the 'ut docet Dionysius' clenched the arguments of Aquinas. This work Grocyn denounced from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral as undoubtedly spurious. In the treasures of classic literature Grocyn is rich. But, though he lectured upon Greek, and had studied the language at Florence, no Greek books find a place in his library with the exception of a Greek Dictionary, the New Testament in Greek, and possibly Aristotle and Plutarch. Yet in another respect the men of the New Learning enjoyed immense advantages over their predecessors. The old Latin translations of Aristotle were obscure, inaccurate, interlarded with Arabic phrases. A new era began with the Fall of Constantinople. John Argyropoulos, one of the Greek refugees who fled to Italy, undertook

undertook the task of translating Aristotle with an elegance and fidelity which would have delighted Roger Bacon, and which made Theodore of Gaza consign his own version to the flames in despair. The translation is found in Grocyn's library. In Latin classics his library is far richer. Lucretius, Virgil, Juvenal, Seneca, Persius, Plautus, Cicero, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Apuleius, and others, represent the literature of ancient Rome. Numerous works of Cicero, including those long known to students and those more recently discovered, and a complete edition of his writings, attest the growing reputation of a classic, whose style was regarded by scholars as the model of Latinity. In the number of works of a scientific character, another tendency of the Renaissance is illustrated. Linacre is the most prominent Englishman who studied the ancient writers of Greece and Rome for the corrections they afforded of the erroneous scientific guesses of medieval teachers. Grocyn himself, if we may judge from the catalogue of his books, was attracted to the same line of study, though he never suffered the fascination of science to divert his mind from theology. As might be expected in a pupil of Chalcondylas, the great Italian Humanists, some of whom were his personal friends, are strongly represented. Here are Petrarch and Boccaccio, the pioneers in the revival of Latin scholarship; Laurentius Valla's acute criticisms, the scholarly satires of Philelphus, the elegant culture of Æneas Sylvius, the Platonic studies of Ficino, the commentaries of Hemolai Barbaro. Only one work of Erasmus, the 'Adagia,' perhaps a presentation copy from a pupil to his master, represents the writings of a man whose literary garrulity was scarcely more remarkable than Grocyn's literary reticence.

Contemporary with the Catalogue of Grocyn's Library is the 'Day-Book' of John Dorne, a Dutchman, and one of the ten privileged stationers of the University of Oxford. Apart from its unique value to bibliographers, the main interest of the 'Day-Book' is derived from the light which it throws on Oxford life and studies. Dorne confuses his accounts by mixing up *gulden* and English money, and his entries of English books are often beyond recognition. But he drove a shrewd bargain, and plied a brisk trade, especially at the Fairs of St. Austin and Saint Frideswide. In his 'Day-Book' are entered the titles of the volumes sold, the prices, and sometimes the purchasers. Dorne's accounts take us out of the library of a learned Society, away from the cell of the advanced scholar, and give a glimpse at the literary taste of a mass of miscellaneous customers of every age, avocation, and rank. And they introduce us to the reading public of the sixteenth century at a period of unrivalled importance,

importance,—the moment when the Renaissance was passing into the Reformation.

Latin theology is still the most popular subject, if the number of books sold afford any criterion of popularity. Next to Latin theology comes the classic literature of Rome. Greek books are still rare. English works are few, but the collection is one which recalls the library of Captain Cox of Coventry, and which would drive a Monkbarns wild with delight if he encountered them as he turned over books in the Wynd of Edinburgh. The writings of the Italian Humanists find a ready sale. Those of Luther and Erasmus are snapped up with eagerness. Such are the salient features which a first glance at the 'Day-Book' reveals. But the list repays a close examination.

The sale for Latin grammatical works is remarkable. It indicates one of the chief defects of the medieval system, and one of the chief advantages of the New Learning. Children of twelve were plunged, without any grammatical training in the Latin tongue, into all the subtleties of medieval Logic and Aristotelian philosophy. They never mastered the vehicle in which the thought of Greece or Rome was conveyed. The attention paid to Grammar, as illustrated by John Dorne's 'Day-Book,' is one of the most wholesome features of the New Learning, which declared war against medieval superficiality. The classic languages are made a study in themselves; scholarship is cultivated; the dream of Roger Bacon is realized. Priscian and Donatus, with their formalities and technicalities, are superseded; Whittington and Stanbridge are the favourite Latin Grammarians, while the student of Greek is supplied with the works of Theodore Gaza and Erasmus.

Theology has undergone a revolution. The Sentences of Peter Lombard—both the text and commentaries—still find purchasers; the glories of the Schoolmen, Albertus Magnus, Nicholas de Lyra, Hugo de Sancto Caro, Hugo de Sancto Victore, whose words were once weightier than the Gospel itself, continue to command a sale. But their writings are little sought after, and Thomas Aquinas's 'Summa Catholicæ Fidei' only attracts a single purchaser, while his other works are equally neglected. Duns Scotus is infinitely the most popular of medieval theologians. The place of the Schoolmen is occupied by the study of the Bible itself, or of the 'holy and ancient' Greek and Latin Fathers. Several copies of Erasmus's Latin translation of the New Testament, sometimes with the Greek text added, a separate edition of St. Paul's Epistles, as well as Luther's and Faber's Commentaries on the Epistles, are sold. The purchasers of the Fathers are numerous. St. Augustine is the rival of Duns Scotus. St. Ambrose,

brose, St. Gregory, or St. Jerome, are more popular than Aquinas. John of Damascus, Origen, and St. Chrysostom found purchasers in Oxford, who braved the prevailing mistrust of the Greek patristic writings.

In the Oriel Library of 1375 there was no copy of any of the Latin classics. In 1520 copies of Virgil, Lucan, Horace, Ovid, Persius, Juvenal, Plautus, Terence, are numerous. Historians are less popular. Only one Livy, one Tacitus, one Cornelius Nepos, and half-a-dozen Sallusts, are sold. The great popularity of Cicero's works shows that he served as the model of Latinity to the scholars of the New Learning. The paucity of Greek books is great. Grocyn and Linacre were teaching the language at Oxford; a Greek reader was on the foundation of Foxe's College of Corpus Christi. Yet no trace appears of Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, or Euripides; of Herodotus, Thucydides, or Demosthenes. Lucian and the *Plutus* of Aristophanes are almost the only representatives of Greek classics. Even Aristotle is still studied in Latin translations, though the popularity of the new versions of John Argyropoulos or Theodore Gaza is abundantly testified by numerous purchasers.

As in Grocyn's Library, so in Dorne's 'Day-Book,' the New Learning occupies a large place. The Italian Humanists, such as Andreas Guarna, Mirandola, Politian, Perotti, Philadelphus, and above all Laurentius Valla, whose *Elegantiae* were an accepted text-book, are represented. Linacre's translation of Galen, the first Greek book translated by an Englishman, appears several times. Three copies of More's *Epistles* are sold. But Erasmus is very much the most popular author. His writings are sold by tens, where the works of others meet with a solitary purchaser. Luther finds numerous readers, and the temper of the day is further illustrated by the sale of Ulric von Hutten's *Epistolæ*, and of the '*Dialogus Julii*,' a satire on Pope Julius II.

The number of English books, and the growth of a vernacular literature, indicate a new, and different, class of readers. On the one side, knowledge grows less confined to men of learning; on the other, reading becomes an amusement and not only a study. When the black Benedictine bought from John Dorne a copy of 'Dionysius the Areopagite,' it was perhaps to refute Grocyn's criticism. The canonist invested in the 'Corpus Canonicum,' or the civilian in the 'Cases of John de Turnout,' that they might gain professional knowledge, honours, and emoluments. The 'Sententiary' who staggered from the shop beneath the weight of Peter Lombard,—the 'Biblicus' who purchased a Concordance, aspired to the degree of a
Doctor

Doctor in Theology. When some upland priest bought the 'Ars Thematzandi Sermones' of Jacobus de Voragine, he looked forward to diminished toil, and increased credit, as his reward. But the purchasers of most of the English books could have had neither professional nor educational purposes to serve. A vernacular literature necessarily introduces new actors upon the stage. The book of 'Cokery' may have been bought by some enterprising manciple, who hoped that additional perquisites might compensate his expenditure. Some steward in a noble household perhaps purchased the 'Stans puer ad mensam' to teach behaviour to the pages in his care, or the book of 'Keruinge' to instruct them in that branch of courtly manners. The 'Medecens for Hors' and the 'Boke of Husbandry' were possibly acquired by some sixteenth-century prototype of a modern Scotch farmer, who desired to improve his recently enclosed land. And, doubtless, such devotional works as the Lives of St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Benet, and St. Roque, appealed to different sentiments than those of reading for pleasure, for profit, or even for improvement. But Ballads like 'The Nut-brown Mayde,' 'The Sege of the Kid,' or 'Undo the Door;' and Romances like 'Sir Eglamour,' 'Sir Isenbras,' and the 'Four Sons of Aymon,' bring us into contact with a new class. The purchase of such books marks the transition of oral tradition into print. It also indicates the growth of a wider circle of readers who valued literature for its own sake, or for the amusement it afforded, and had the leisure and the money to gratify their tastes.

Beyond 1520 it is not our present purpose to pass. On the one hand, the subsequent history of the University is bound up with the growth of individual Colleges rather than with the institution to which they were at first affiliated. On the other hand, the quaint, ill-spelt, mongrel-English entries in the 'Day-Book' of John Dorne bring us to a parting of the ways. They are the writing on the wall, which tells of the struggles that were to follow after the battles of the New Learning. They introduce us to the Oxford of the post-Reformation era, and to all the successive breaches with the past, by which Colleges were transformed from their external resemblance to monastic houses into places of residences for undergraduates, presided over by Fellows engaged in tuition or matrimony.

It is difficult to pass away from pre-Reformation Oxford without congratulating Mr. Maxwell Lyte upon the fact, that, though the Historical Society has in many details amplified our knowledge of the medieval University, it has revealed nothing that substantially modifies his admirable History of Oxford.

- ART. II.—1. *The Divan, written in the Fourteenth Century, by Khwaja Shamsu-d-Din Muhammad-i-Hafiz.* Translated out of the Persian into English Prose. By Lieut.-Col. H. Wilberforce Clarke. Calcutta, 1891.*
2. *Der Diwan des Hafis, im Persischen Original herausgegeben, ins Deutsche metrisch übersetzt.* Von V. R. von Rosenzweig-Schwannau. Vienna, 1858–1859.
3. *Der Diwan, &c. Im Auszuge übersetzt.* Von G. H. F. Nesselmann. Berlin, 1865.
4. *Biographical Notices of Persian Poets.* By Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. London, 1846.

ABOUT two miles north-west of Shiraz, in the garden called Mosella,—which is, being interpreted, ‘the place of prayer,’—lies, beneath the shadow of cypress-trees, one of which he is said to have planted with his own hand, Shems-Eddin Mohammed, surnamed Hafiz, or ‘the stedfast in Scripture.’ Poet, recluse, and mystic, his songs, now some five hundred years old, have been sung from the banks of the Ganges to the Danube, and from Cairo to Samarcand; neither are they silent yet on the lips of camel-drivers in the desert or of pilgrims to Kufa. No other Persian has equalled him in fame: not Sadi, whose monument, now in ruins, may be visited near his own; nor Firdusi, the author, in sixty thousand couplets, of the ‘Book of Kings’; nor Jami, who has associated himself for ever with the lyric loves of Yussuf and Zuleika. The immense blaze of light, the concentrated speech, the direct and steady vision of things high and low, which entitle Hafiz to a seat among the sovereign poets, are altogether his own. Every critic has likened him to Anacreon; but, while there may be resemblance, comparison is quite beside the mark. In the West, his qualities have been scattered among a dozen men of genius; and Voltaire, had he combined the highest poetic inspiration with a meditative vein, might perhaps have given to the world a ‘Divan’ in French. But Hafiz stands alone in the splendour of his gaiety, as in the union of religious enthusiasm with a more than Aristophanic burlesquing of things held sacred by his age and nation.

Near the garden-tomb where he sleeps, ‘the heart still warm in his shroud,’ as he sang with daring assurance, is laid open the book of well-nigh seven hundred poems which he wrote. According to Sir Gore Ouseley, who turned over its pages in

* In printing the title of his work, we have followed Colonel Wilberforce Clarke’s accurate transliteration of the Persian; elsewhere, except for some few words, we adopt the more usual system.

1811, it is a volume abounding in bright and delicate colour, with illuminated miniatures and the lovely tints of the Persian calligraphy, not altogether unlike, perhaps, to those fascinating arabesques which serve in the galleries of the Vatican as the setting of Raphael's 'Bible.' To this outward show corresponds not unaptly the essence and spirit of the great Anthology. Medieval it is, not modern or Greek classic; a poetry which, in its endless yet graceful handling of the same overmastering ideas, and in its constantly recurring symbolism, has all the fantastic wealth of woven tracteries and colours burnt in glass, of the purple and gold and crimson shining in the holy place, that characterize the art of the thirteenth century. Within the poems of Hafiz, no less than in the stone casket of the Gothic cathedral, a spiritual significance must be discerned. They contain, it has been said, 'a mystery beneath mystery.' The young chant them as Epicurean refrains, which exalt the glory of the passing moment and bid us pluck the rose from the heart of existence, for to-morrow it will be scattered upon all the winds. But it is as certain as it is strange, that men, detached from every passion and vowed to meditation and poverty, discover in them, as Jami said, 'the tongue of the Hidden,' and make of their gleaming and enchanted strophes such rapturous prayer as Christian saints have distilled from the 'Song of Songs.'

Firdusi, the unhappy and sublime Michael Angelo of Persian history, died in the year 1020, nearly three centuries after the Hidjra or flight of Mohammed, when the power of the Khalifate was sinking to the dust, and Persia, made captive at the battle of Kadesia in 636, was once more independent under Mahmud of Ghuzni. Not quite a hundred years later, in 1116, Nizami was born; and his poetic achievements, including the 'Khemseh,' or 'Five Poems,' bring us down to 1200 A.D., the generally-accepted date of his death. Sadi, of the 'Rose Garden,' died at an advanced age in 1292. The year of the birth of Hafiz cannot be ascertained, nor is it clear in what year he died, whether in 1388, or, as his tomb declares, in 1391. But we may easily remember that his boyhood fell in the last years of Dante, who laid down the heavy burden of his life in 1321; while his decease follows that of Sadi by about one hundred years. In like manner, Jami, the next succeeding of the famous poets, traverses the fifteenth century, from 1414 to 1492. And, last of all, Hatefi, who died in 1520, may be looked upon as sealing up the sum, and concluding the notable succession of Oriental singers about whom the world is willing to hear. These six will stand for a great crowd, amounting to thousands,

thousands, the tinted leaves of whose melodious but forgotten compositions are still purchasable in Eastern bazaars, when they have not taken refuge in libraries like those of Paris and Oxford. As English drama means Shakspeare, and Calderon represents for us the Spanish theatre, so Hafiz holds within the thousand pages now offered to students by Colonel Wilberforce Clarke, almost all that we need ever know of the lyric poetry of Persia, of its shape and colouring, so far as they can be rendered in a prose translation, and of the abstruse yet attractive philosophy which it shadows forth, or which the patient refinement of the innumerable Sufi commentators has read into its glowing fantasies.

These two splendid volumes, printed by native hands, under the sanction of Government at Calcutta, while reflecting the highest credit on all concerned in them, may well be deemed a sign of the times. East and West, at length, are drawing together in ways undreamt of by our forefathers. Much less difficult would it have been to imagine that a religion and literature, wholly foreign to us, like the Vedantic, would receive an impartial treatment at the hands of Christians, than that Mohammed and the Kuran should be handled in the reverent manner which is characteristic throughout of Colonel Clarke. We might even charge him, in jest or earnest, as Gibbon does Sale, with being 'half a Mussulman,' and it is possible that he would take our mild reproach as a compliment. Perhaps he betrays a real tenderness for the Sufi doctrine in which he is an adept, feeling the attraction of contrast, as many another European has felt it after long residence among Orientals, to whom the restless energy of the Feringhi is so amazing and so inexplicable. For the East is that everlasting Lotusland, where sitting is better than standing, and lying than sitting, and to do nothing than to stretch out the hands to work, and not to be than to be, though one had stolen the cup of Jamshid and were seated on the throne of Kay Khosrau. All morality, religion, wisdom, are, according to this indolent Gospel, found in *Kief*, in the ecstasy of idleness, in contemplation which is fancy-free, in absolute Nirvana. The Great Quiet broods over all forms of faith and unfaith which have flourished in the immemorial East, whether we look as far as the Yellow Sea, where the religion of Tao lifts on its wings of aspiration even the copy-book maxims of Confucius; or to the continent of India with its thousand sects and rituals. Nay, out of Judaism, the creed of an ever-present law abounding in works; and from Islam, which is the very commonplace of prosaic duties, flows, when they are flung into the winepress of the musing Eastern mind,

a strange liquor, intoxicating with the divine nepenthe of *this* oblivion. In the 'Chandogya Upanishad' is written, though in Sanskrit characters, the universal creed : 'All that exists indeed is Brahma'; from Him it proceedeth; into Him it is dissolved; in Him it breathes; therefore adore Him calmly.' Here is the clue to Vedantic, Buddhist, and Sufi systems; to the Kabbalah, with its quasi-divine mathematics; to the Pantheism of medieval Arabians and Jews; to the Monism which dogs the steps of so many Christian mystics during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and which scatters a fine spray, as from receding waves, upon the 'Theologia Germanica' in all its variety of teaching from Luther to Schleiermacher. Or, again, we may quote the admirable lines which Colonel Clarke has given from the Persian,—though not from Hafiz,—as delivered by an inspired youth in the year 1021, which expresses the same thought :—

'Traceless of all name and trace be thou,
That thou mayest clearly behold the face of the Beloved (God) :
From the intoxication of "*mā va man*" (we and I) whoever escaped
Became distraught with the wine of union with the true Beloved :
One joined to the absolute existence (God) how becometh he bound ?
The knower of God is he who is God.
From the bond of attachment to the world whoever escaped
Beheld himself absolutely without "*mā va man*" ;
Verily, the obstacle of the Path is "*mā va man*,"
"*Man*," saith not he who is acquainted with God.

To ask whence came this doctrine would be nothing less than to investigate the earliest, long-forgotten history of the Oriental—perhaps we shall more accurately say, of the Aryan—mind. For it does not appear to be of purely Semitic origin. In the Hebrew Bible, there is scarcely a trace of the mystic aspiration thus conceived, until we arrive at Solomon's Song; and then we must give to the apparently simple, though passionate, language of the idyl, a meaning which does not lie upon its surface. Neither is the Kuran its birthplace, although, as might have been expected, when mysticism of this overwhelming sort made an irruption into Islam, the more orthodox did their utmost to perceive, in the clear shallows of the Prophet's teachings, depths which assuredly were not visible to himself. Just as little is it to be supposed that Mohammed foresaw the singular development, if we are not to call it the perversion, which has introduced orders of dervishes, both dancing and singing, into a religious society from which the founder in set terms excluded monasticism. But Islam has long had its monks, its cloisters, and its discipline of detachment from

from the secular life. The blue woollen gown of the Sufi corresponded, all through the later middle ages, to the grey of the Order of Francis, and the white and black of the Order of Dominic, both of which it antedated by many hundreds of years. Abu Hisham, in the second century of the Hidjra, is said to have been the first Sufi. But whether he derived his surname from the woollen garment which he put on, or from the Greek word *σοφός*, in the meaning of a philosopher, both significations will express the spirit of this new religious movement equally well. For, as in many a like instance, the Sufis practised an ascetic rule that they might attain to inward perfection. The established authorities, who have ever been jealous of originality in matters of religion, did indeed interpose with the precepts of the Kuran, concerning 'prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca,' which, as they rightly conceived, would be little heeded by those who were losing themselves in ecstasy upon these transcendent heights. Jelal-Eddin of Rum, who wrote the 'Mesnevi,' and who is reckoned among the highest of Sufi poets, answered them thus:—

'Know that fasting is abstinence from the fashions of mankind,
Pilgrimage to the place of the wise
Is to find escape from the flame of separation.
Alms are the flinging at His feet
All else beside Him in the whole range of existence.
Depart from self that thou mayest be joined to Him;
Wash thy hands of self that thou mayest obtain thy prayer.'

Such, repeated Jelal-Eddin, are the 'four pillars of Islam' which ransom souls. Nor did he shrink from crying aloud to the pilgrims on their visit to Mecca, 'O ye that worship a house, wherefore do ye worship clay and stone? Worship that other house which the elect look for.' In the same bold spirit of dissent, as enlightened by a more heavenly doctrine, Maulana Rumi, who died in 1273, says with bitter emphasis, 'Out from the Kuran, the marrow I took; before dogs, its bones I cast.'

But a safer method, well known to pious yet timid divines, is the way of 'accommodation, the wise it call;' whereby new wine is deftly conveyed into old bottles, which, it is devoutly hoped, will not burst in the process. With metaphor, allegory, and a second or mystical sense, one can go far, yet carry one's burden pretty easily. Mohammed had written, for example, in his fierce Bedouin fashion, 'If ye be true ones, long ye for death,' meaning that his friends ought not to mind dying for him, even as Frederick II. thundered to his runaway soldiers, 'Rascals! do you want to live for ever?' But the Sufi could understand

understand him as saying, 'Die ere ye die, that ye may live to Him that hath no second.' Or, as the modern poet sings—

'The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek.'

From such unpromising materials did the Aryan converts to Islam extract their elaborate mysticism, which was divided into many stages, under the figure of 'the Path,' or 'Pilgrim's Progress,' by the Sufi poets. With them, indeed, the question never was how they should keep to their Prophet's meaning, but rather how to convince themselves, and true believers at large, that their highly refined explanation lay implicit in the original text. Very early they had been compelled to distinguish between adepts and the profane multitude, giving to those what they withheld from these, according to a slight hint in the Kuran which seemed to fit in with their purpose admirably. 'He that loves, and conceals his love,' said the sacred volume, 'is a martyr.' But they were helped much more towards the practice of the 'economy' by the very defects, or at least the inherent peculiarities, of the language they employed. Medieval Persian may be fairly described as corresponding to an excessively Latinized English, from the circumstance that, while its structure is Aryan, its vocabulary, if we exclude Firdusi from our consideration, has been enriched or disfigured by countless Arabic terms imported into it. Nor is it perhaps fanciful to remark that in proportion as a language becomes Semitized, it loses in philosophic power what it gains in vividness and strength of metaphor. The Semite thinks in images, not in abstractions. Where a Greek, or even a Hindu, would offer you a system, he can but heap imagery on imagery, or string together symbols in a litany of gorgeous pictures. No more striking example of the contrast we have in view could be instanced, than the writings of Chrysostom when set side by side with those of his countryman, Ephrem Syrus. The Greek by education, though not a deep reasoner, subdues his fancy to the exigencies of his argument ; while the Syrian, speaking in his native tongue, pours out on his audience an infinite magazine of tropes. All Semitic language, in fact, is swathed and fettered in the hieroglyphics from which it has never been able to emerge ; and when Persia was conquered by the sons of the wilderness, its ancient dialect underwent a transformation such

such as English might suffer, if our vocabulary were altogether framed on that of the Old Testament.

To this description, as we have hinted, Firdusi does not belong, either by choice of subject or by its handling. Far otherwise did it happen to those who came after him, and who borrowed so largely from the Arabs that, in course of time, their language became a mosaic of foreign expressions. Upon the invasion of the southern tongue followed, accordingly, an extreme development of picture-language, and the small natural capacity of the Persian mind for metaphysics dwindled to nothing. For we must not think of the Sufi doctrine as metaphysics. Rather it would be true to say with Faust, '*Gefühl ist alles*,'—feeling to the Sufi takes the supreme place which in other systems has been claimed by pure reason. He is a sentimental dreamer, immersed in the rapture of Quietism. When he speaks out of the cloud, he cannot express his vague meaning save by recourse to the imagery of lower things, palpable to sense and touch. His religious chanting, therefore, invites commentary, and will bear interpretations without end. And thus Jami, addressing the Supreme, declares,—

'Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup I call Thee;
Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net I call Thee;
Except thy name, no letter is there on the tablet of the universe;
Say by what appellation shall I call Thee!'

It was Aristotle who said, in words which Dante has splendidly transfigured, that 'God draws the world to Himself as Love;' and in a religion of feeling, Love will be the beginning and the end. Now let that 'Song of degrees' to which we listen, not without amaze, in Plato's 'Banquet,' be mingled with the Song of Solomon; let the drama of passion enact itself, not within the walls of the hareem, but where men congregate for enjoyment and philosophic discussion,—where friendship is the disclosure of something divine, and music, revelry, and intoxication serve to body forth the ineffable magnetism of that Hidden Cause which draws all things to itself, as to a central sea. Verses uttered beneath the spell of such an inspiration will be strange to Western ears, full of fire and longing, impetuous, high-wrought, seemingly sensuous when they are most spiritual, lyric in form, and therefore brief and violent, with a return upon the same cycle of imagery that, if continued, would be as intolerable as the music of the tambourine or the tom-tom. Conceive, for the sake of illustration, a whole world of poetry framed by rendering Shakspeare's Sonnets into primary Oriental colours, and meant to be construed (at any rate by those who wished)

wished) as religious musings, aspirations to the Infinite, and sermons 'De vanitate mundi.' By such comparisons alone can we bring home to ourselves the drift and nature of these astonishing compositions, which, during four centuries and more, have kept their charm unimpaired in the Mohammedan world. If it might be said without disedification, the Sufi poems resemble a long-drawn commentary upon two verses of the Hebrew Scriptures. 'He led me into the banquet of wine, and His banner over me was Love,' is the first; and the second, profound in its simplicity, may be, 'As a Friend converseth with a Friend.' One of our modern poets has touched this chord, but with the subdued delicacy of the Christian and the European, when in 'St. Agnes' Eve' he sings of

'A Light upon the shining sea:
The Bridegroom with his Bride.'

When Hafiz began his career, this way of regarding the secret, or monastic, side of religion, and the metaphorical use of terms to denote its various stages, had long been established in Persia. Even Firdusi had written, in the spirit of certain oft-quoted Greek verses, 'Thou art the Highest and the Lowest; what Thou art I know not, yet whatsoever Thou be'st, Thou art.' Jelal-Eddin, older than Hafiz by a century, was, beyond question, a Sufi all his life, and abounds in the characteristic terms and imagery of aspiration towards the Unseen. While Sadi, in the 'Gulistan,' has more than implied that he was himself 'intoxicated with the scent of the rose.' We must not, therefore, approach these poems in the sceptical mood of Nesselmann, to whom their superficial is their only sense. Whether Hafiz were saint or sinner, he must, if he was to write poetry at all, conform to the prevailing fashion, borrow its treatment of amatory and religious themes, and strike the familiar key-note so rich in associations of the past, or deny himself an audience like one who could not speak his native tongue. Every people has its circle of traditions in literature no less than in life. The French novel would not take in middle-class England. German criticism would die for lack of readers at Madrid or Naples. To Shems-Eddin, long ere he was called Hafiz, or 'established in the Kuran,' which he knew by heart, could anything be more evident than that poetry and the Sufi style went together? As a Welsh bard must sing the deeds of Arthur, and the Provençal embroider his lays with the violet and the daisy, celebrating May-time with its fresh green grass, springing leaves, and Tournament of Love, so Hafiz would be only too well aware that

that in his world wine and the beautiful cupbearer, the red rose and the nightingale of a thousand notes, the delights of a secluded garden, meditation in the cloister, and the muezzin's call to prayer, would be 'the copious matter of his song,' and furnish the limits under which his enterprise must succeed or fail. The atmosphere of his time, and he could breathe none other, was, in short, a sensuous Platonism.

But when we desire to find the man in his poetry, our task becomes more difficult. The commentators themselves are divided. Ahmed Feridun, Shemi, and Sururi, like those by whom Colonel Wilberforce Clarke abides, perceive in the sweet singer of Shiraz a man according to God's own heart, rapt in contemplation to the highest spheres, and worthy to be called *Terdshuman-ul-esrar*, 'interpreter of the mysteries,' which his tongue of fire has expounded. But the unbelieving Turk, Sudi, laughs his brother Turks out of countenance, telling them with a deal of scorn that they put their own nonsense into the poet's head, who never dreamt of the pious paraphrasing to which they have reduced him. That is how Goethe felt, and has expressed with his unfailing charm, in the 'West-östliche Divan,' 'The great poetry,' he says in effect, 'is too simple and instinctive, too natural, for pedants to understand; they miss the point, because, having eyes, they see not.' He would have agreed with the Turk Sudi, whose folios were published after his time. Nevertheless, when we read certain of the odes of Hafiz, our readiness to follow in the wake of Goethe and of Sudi is perplexed by fresh considerations. All the exquisite Persian words cannot be merely the 'flutterings of a fan, between which a pair of roguish black eyes glance out upon us.' That intoxication, in praise of which they speak, is too high and rare not to remind us of the lines in 'Prince Athanase,'—

'Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love; and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew.'

The wild, free poet, Bacchanalian, unreserved, and jovial, who exhausts the language of irony and sarcasm to convince his fellow-monks that *he* is no hypocrite, whatever they may be, had a spirit too mobile and sensitive,—'servile to every skyey influence,'—not to have felt the questions of eternity beating at his heart, and demanding an entrance among the revellers he was entertaining with such high delight. He has the earnest thoughts, as well as the fresh and airy temperament,

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of a child. If he is all genius and impulse, still he can look before and after, knowing that his untamed heart shall be turned in no long while to the dust, though kneaded with wine, out of which it was shapen, and that of such clay the future will be made, when he is no more. His thought goes as frequently to the grave as to the tavern. 'Who knows, who knows, what is behind the veil?' he murmurs to himself, as he flings the Agnosticism of the natural man—the Epicurean—at his narrow-minded critics. Do they trust in the good works they have laid up against the day of judgment? 'Ah,' he cries, 'in that day, Sir Pharisee, your consecrated bread and my unorthodox wine may be all one! Go your way and cease to trouble me.' As becomes a poetic nature, he follows not principles and maxims, 'the grave saws of reverend antiquity,' but his wandering fancy, his swarm of golden butterflies, ranging over meadow and garden, by the stream of Rukni, as west wind or east wind carries them. And his eye is quick to note the clouds that come over the sun; how no one ever left the banquet of this world's enjoyment satisfied; how beauty is unloving, the Shah forgetful; how time bestows a gift only to take it again; and, most strange of all, how the very presence of love is disappointing when absence does not season it from hour to hour. These are bold and simple thoughts, owing as little to deliberate invention as the nightingale's song, but stirring reflection and evoking in the very tumult of desire a troop of shadows from the abyss into which man looks down, while he asks himself those questions which come back to him for ever, 'torquentes cor meum,' says the Vulgate in a noble tragic phrase, 'vexing the heart.'

Who can doubt that Shems-Eddin, 'the sun of religion,' was so tormented? The diary of his life, which is contained in these poems, would prove as much, could we disentangle its confusion. But the Easterns, (may Allah not charge it upon them in the day of account!) who might have arranged his lyrics in the order of time—the only possible method of editing a poet which reason allows—have most absurdly strung the compositions together by the tail, so to speak, giving us a *rimario* which we did not want, or could have made for ourselves, instead of the *tabula votiva* that would have pictured to us the seven stages of Hafiz, from youth to age. In this dilemma, nothing is left us but to fall back on probabilities and the nature of the case. Experience teaches that in a temperament such as we are here dealing with, there is a certain course more likely to be followed than various others which might be deemed possible. And scattered hints, up and down the

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the poems, may serve as landmarks, or, in the technical language of the boy's game of hare and hounds, as 'scent,' which, though it should never enable us to run down our hare, will at any rate lead us over pleasant country, through a large and delightful landscape, not much explored in these hasty days.

Shems-Eddin, we have observed, was born at a period of great political disorder, when the first vigour of the Moham-medan conquest had become mere effeminacy, and even the descendants of Jinghiz Khan were enervated and feeble. His life runs parallel with the dynasty of the Musaffirides, established at Shiraz, on the dethronement of Abu-Ishak in 1318, by Mobaris-Eddin Mohammed, surnamed Al Musaffir, or 'the Victorious.' Seven chiefs of this family reigned over Fars and the neighbouring territories, until 1392, when the last of them, Shah Mansur, fell before the conquering inroad of Tamerlane, builder of skull-pyramids, and, though a Mongol, commander of the Faithful in the strength of his murderous right hand. There is a doubtful legend that Hafiz and Timur met face to face; but more probably the poet was sheltered in his tomb from the great man's obloquy, when the Mongolians encamped near Mosella. The seventy years during which Al Musaffir, Shah Shujah, and Shah Mansur reigned (to mention no others of the dynasty) comprise an era of brilliant native success in poetry, not at Shiraz alone, but at Jezd, Ormuz, and Baghdad. The Kuran was studied and made a subject of prelections in numerous thronged colleges. The religious orders flourished, and wrangled, and tore religion into shreds, every one colouring it to resemble the rags of his own monastic habit. The Padishah, according as he was lax or scrupulous, repealed or enforced the Puritanism of the Scripture texts against wine. At all times there went forward a confused and not unpleasing movement of religious enthusiasm, to which in their several ways Christians, Jews, and fire-worshippers contributed their quota. Europe, the 'evening land' (as its undoubtedly Semitic name perhaps signifies), lay far off and unvisited in the west. Its Bible was utterly unknown to Persians, its languages more strange in their hearing than Chinese would be to us; and its literature so completely beyond their ken, that Plato and Aristotle, whose names occur in the odes of Hafiz, were regarded as legendary magicians, living in caves after the manner of the contemplative Hindus. When the Sufis mention Isa ben Mariam, the Messiah, they take the events of His life from the Kuran, not from the New Testament; while David and Solomon, Joseph and Jacob and Moses, appear and dis-
appear

appear in a fantastic mythology, where magic is on a level with the miraculous, and stray leaves from the Book of Genesis might seem to have been embedded in the *Alif-Lailah*, or 'Thousand Nights.' History, without dates or documents, unfettered by canons of criticism, had been transformed to legend and pantomime. Nothing was either probable or improbable to the Persian mind; and the stern logic which might have put bounds to this wide-moving sea of wax, as destitute of scope as it was of limit, could not be expected to gain a footing where the only philosophers were men living in an opium-dream, or hastening to lose themselves in the Divine Personality as waves are swallowed up in the ocean.

Out of this imbroglia it is hopeless to pluck up, even by the hair of the head, that drowned life of the poet which would have been so full of instruction to us. From a few certain data we can, however, start. The genius of the man is there to tell its own tale. Biographers say that he came of good family; that his first youth was not spent in the cloister but in the world; that, thanks to the generosity of the Vizier, Kivam-Eddin, he lectured on the Kuran in a college, the rectorship of which was finally given to him; and that he never travelled but once, to Jezd, where he remained only a short space, and came back to Shiraz homesick. He was married; and his wife left him, but returned on his entreaty; while the two elegiac poems which he wrote on the death of his sons are affecting in their quaint expression of sorrow. These poor and meagre details have vexed the lovers of Hafiz; but so Providence hides our greatest men, lest, perhaps, knowing them too well, we should not know them at all. If we would learn more, we must turn to the poems.

As every one can tell who has looked into Goethe, or studied Rückert and Platen, or ventured into the low-lying ways of certain pages in Heine's '*Reisebilder*,' the metrical form which Hafiz employs, almost exclusively, is the 'ghasel,' or rhyming, psalm-like couplet, of which not more than eighteen should go to a single composition. May we venture to quote Immermann's too-famous lines, concerning the German imitators of the inimitable lyric?—

'Von den Früchten, die sie aus dem Gartenhain von Schiras stehlen,
Essen sie zu viel, die Armen, und vomieren dann Gaselen.'

Certainly, to give the true effect of these '*Gaselen*' in English, or any European tongue, is next to impossible. Something, perhaps, of the long swinging rhythm and constantly completed sense, which we find in '*Locksley Hall*,' there is in the
make

make of them ; yet, here again, we must remember the 'extreme condensation of thought' at which Oriental poets aim, and which is best exemplified in the more rugged and difficult of our sublimest psalms ; for instance, the 'Exsurgat Deus,' or the 'Diligam Te, Domine, fortitudo mea.' Eastern poetry is ignorant of logic, leaps from figure to figure as over a mountain-torrent, and is guided in its apparently mad caprices by the sound rather than the sense. It strings pearls together, plucks a garland of flowers from every bush that may catch its eye, has no regard for the nice congruity of neighbouring thoughts which may be termed a rule of good manners in Western rhyming, and is satisfied to throw down the wreath or the necklace when it is large enough to encircle the neck or adorn the forehead of its beloved. What should we make in our aboriginal blank verse of a comparison such as we read in the 'Shir-ha-Shirim,' or 'Song of Songs'?—

'Thy teeth are a flock of sheep which go up from the washing,
Whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among
them.'

To our fancy here is no likeness, but a juxtaposition of real things without any common term between them ; while to the Arab or Hebrew there arises on hearing the words a pleasant and comfortable vision which he does not seek to banish with 'How and Why,'—an idyl, every detail of which enchants him. The logic, we say again, even of composition in painting, troubles him not the least in the world. Consequently, when he comes to arrange his poems, it is done by rhyme and not by reason ; they fall into a rosary whose endless repetition excites and sets him on fire. Suppose, now, an unlucky German, Count Platen von Hallermünde for instance, attempts the like effect in the closely-woven texture of European verse, he produces, not harmony or gratification to the musical ear, but harsh dissonance, less endurable than a child's irregular beating on a tin saucepan-lid with a poker. He astonishes but can never please.

In proportion, however, to the difficulty of the enterprise has been the ardour of the attack. Von Hammer, whose rendering delighted Goethe and inspired the old man eloquent to pour out his sportive-earnest fancies in a 'Divan' of his own, chose heroic unrhymed verse in which to clothe Hafiz. Nesselmann, vying with Rückert, has given in a selection what may be deemed a German equivalent for the recurring Persian rhymes or half-rhymes ; and is always bright and intelligible. A still more ambitious achievement is that of Von Rosenzweig-Schwannau,

Schwannau, whose mere name, 'the rose-branch of the swan-meadow,' should have brought joy to the Eastern poet he was transplanting from his native soil. Rosenzweig gives us the whole of the 'Divan' in rhyming metres, displaying such a remarkable power of handling his own language, and such verve and brilliancy in the effects produced, that one feels he is much more entitled to boast than he has done in his brief and sensible preface. To his mind, as to the American Bicknell's, no small part of the fascination exercised by Hafiz—whom the Turkish religious authorities have charged with 'making men mad,' so greatly does he affect the multitude—is due to his lovely music. It is the chant with which he moves onward, his grace and harmony, which, stealing in at the ears, have taken captive the heart-strings. Magic for magic, Rosenzweig would make his verses rich and tunable; he would colour them with gorgeous dyes, and lay upon them the scent of attar of roses, confident, as he well may be, that German so copious and versatile as his, will bear to be immersed in sunlight, and will come forth glittering and resplendent. The result is certainly amazing. No such continued streams of songs, Oriental in tone and *timbre* from end to end, can be followed elsewhere in modern literature. It may be hazardous to mention Heine's lyrics in the neighbourhood of a mere rendering from the Persian. Yet Rosenzweig merits this great praise that, once and again, he reminds us of the incomparable Moorish ballads, which we read until we know them by heart, in the 'Buch der Lieder.' If we would gain a clear untroubled impression of the freedom, the heart's ease, the large and genial temper, with which Hafiz regards the world around him, and no less the world to come, we cannot overlook Rosenzweig. That swelling tide of harmony which he pours along will bear us away under the cloudless skies, and awaken for us matin notes in the rose-thicket and the myrtle-grove, where the very dew is the 'dew of light,' and the grey mists of the North are never seen. For with these things we rightly associate the memory of Hafiz.

Yet, the grandest translations ever made are in prose. The English Old Testament, or Luther's Bible, renders back in grave majestic idiom, without the ornament of verse, a Hebrew which resounds with the clang of brazen music, sonorous, brief, and piercing. No one acquainted with the original, would endure any degradation into so-called rhyme, of those sentences carved as in Egyptian granite, which come to us with superhuman authority from a world long passed away. 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring

bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?' A prose that has attained to the more than epic greatness, of which these and a thousand other settings are an illustration, may well be deemed equal to every mood of feeling, every train of thought, however sublime or delicate. The subtle measures, at once persuasive and unpretending, in which our finest pedestrian rhythms have been cast, *cæca quadam felicitate*, by men, perhaps, who 'builded better than they knew,' will prove that the 'splendour of truth,' as Plato speaks, need not be quenched because we turn upon it the plane mirror which we call prose, instead of the concave and projecting glass of self-conscious rhyme. There is magic in either, when the wizard holds it up.

The translator of Hafiz may, therefore, apply himself confidently to those stores of delightful English that lie on every side of him in our old books; and though his music cannot re-echo the Persian syllables, nor give back their word-play and manifold coquetries of reverberation and entanglement, it may, like the disguised Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' 'do much,' to charm us with the spirit of the original. Nor has Colonel Clarke failed. On the contrary, his sonorous and dignified language comes to us with a melody of its own, which gains upon us, the more we study it. He would have done better still, in our judgment, had he kept strictly to the lexicon of Milton, Shakspeare, and Chaucer, and, above all, of the English Bible. His task was rendered doubly difficult by the plan on which he has acted, of giving the words, where possible, in the Persian order. He has, moreover, interpolated in brackets the Sufi gloss among his lines. This is like yoking a well-broken steed, warranted to run in harness and not run away, with the fiery Pegasus on which Shems-Eddin is mounted. The consequence of such unequal coupling is, to the reader at least, a succession of shocks and surprises. He feels—if we may amplify our metaphor a little—that one cannot see the wood for the trees, against which these ill-matched yoke-fellows are continually running their heads. Now whatever else Hafiz may be, he is large and easy-going, unembarrassed with mortal burdens, like a genuine minstrel. But, on Colonel Clarke's arrangement (for which, nevertheless, a defence may be made), the impression resulting is not unlike that of hearing Mozart and Wagner executed by a double orchestra at the same time. We forbear to pursue the comparison, which might be too vividly distressing to those who can imagine it. Our translator holds on his course with Oriental tenacity and perfect seriousness. He is determined that Hafiz shall not suffer the penalties of the compromising

promising language to which he is unhappily addicted ; and it must be the incurable Voltaireanism of the Western mind which tempts us to smile when we contrast the text, so exceedingly frolicsome and Anacreontic, with the edifying gloss that the Colonel, like the anxious guardian of a graceless yet charming youth, supplies for its proper understanding.

M. Renan has said that Asiatics do not appreciate irony. But, if we give heed to Colonel Clarke, the whole range of these singing and dancing ghasels is nothing if not ironical, and that in a most peculiar fashion. To bring out our meaning, let us fancy a stern religious teacher who, instead of preaching godliness in godly terms, has hit upon the device of converting profligates with the aid of their unbridled imagination. As they will not hear of the Church, he paints for them the delights of the tavern ; for prayer-meetings, he describes a drinking-bout ; for divine grace, he puts the wine which sparkles in the cup ; for the raptures of devotion, delirium tremens ; and for religious ecstasy, intoxication. Neither does he use this topsy-turvy dialect merely on occasion, as some poets may have done. He fills with it his ' Gradus ad Parnassum ' ; is never heard to utter a sober word in the pulpit ; and stoops now and then to the kennel where Swift and Rabelais have rolled in their time, *not* to the edification of mankind. Could the most licentious unbeliever have struck upon a fancy to equal this ? ' The poet may be modest, though his book is a scandal,' remarked innocent Catullus :—

' Nam castum decet esse pium poetam,
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est.'

But, interposes Colonel Clarke, with a glance towards the crowd of Sufis behind him, it is precisely in the scandal that we must seek the edification ; for Hafiz remains always *Lisan-ul-ghaib*, ' the tongue of mysticism.' He seems, indeed, to mock and flout, not only the common multitude, their beliefs and customs, but his very companions of the cloister. ' Sufi' with him is equivalent to ' hypocrite.' He trolls out in a drunken chorus, with inimitable good-nature, that he looks upon mosque, and church, and tavern as all alike,—one will serve as well as another, but give him the cosy corner in the wine-house and honest red wine, that is all he cares for. Some say, he remarks gaily, that there is a Paradise in the next world ; he finds one already in his glass. Is it a sin to drink wine ? Well, in the first place, it is not anybody else's sin ; it will not go into the Sufi's black book ; and in the next, who is without his faults ? Father Adam sinned at the beginning, and

and lost Eden for two barleycorns. 'My heart is weary of the cloister,' he is constantly singing, 'weary of the patched garment of hypocrisy'—his monk's habit: and he leaves it in pledge with the tavern-keeper for a draught of wine; or brings it home with mud on his skirts; or even steepes it in the forbidden liquor denounced by Mohammed as 'the mother of iniquities.' He has no religious order but this of the joyous brethren who drink and make love. 'Last night from the mosque to the tavern,' he breaks forth exultingly, 'our teacher went: O friends of the Path, what, after that, is our plan? How can we disciples turn to the Kaaba, when our master hath his face towards the vintner's house?' His earliest cry on waking resounds like an old English ballad. 'The morning blossoms, and the cloud binds a veil over the sun; O companions, the morning cup, the morning cup! Hail drops on the face of the tulip; give wine, give wine! O thou Pharisee! drink wine like the profligate.' Such are his edifying matins!

'It is the time of ease,' he remarks, not once but often, with great charm of expression, 'of the season of youth, and sending round the cup. To expand the temperament, and to bind the jewel of the beauty of joy, happily was mixed the golden cup with the melted ruby. The beloved and the minstrel (are) waving their hands and the intoxicated dancing; from the eye of the votaries of wine, the cup-bearer's glance hath taken sleep.' Elsewhere he warns us. 'In the corner of my brain, seek no place of counsel; for this cell is filled with the humming of harp and lute. If Hafiz be lover, or profligate, or thrower of glances, what then? In youth, many a strange way must we travel.' 'Let us not take our hand from the pool,' he continues, 'for the world is all mirage.' Again, 'reckon every pleasant moment as plunder' to be snatched; 'the secret within the screen, what knoweth of it the silent sky?' And in verses which are perhaps the most astonishing flight of this strange and high-coloured poetry, Hafiz describes how Love came to him, 'tress-dishevelled, sweat on forehead, laughing, and intoxicated—singing, with garments rent, and the wine-cup in its hand,'—'came,' he says, 'and sate by my midnight pillow, rebuking me with a whisper in mine ear, "O mad lover, sleep hath overcome thee."' Of the draught which he brought, how could a poet refuse to drink? 'Many a repentance has it shattered, like the repentance of Hafiz.' Such was his doom, appointed him on 'the day of Alast,' when the great and eternal division was made between elect and reprobate, assigning to each his lot; and, 'in Eternity, without beginning,' cries the incorrigible heretic, 'I became renowned for wine-bibbing.'

'At the time of the rose, a lover ought not to repent;' youth is wasted when it refrains from pleasure. To the Zahid he frequently points out with airy sarcasm, 'Thou hast thy beads and thy prayer-mat, an austere life and a chaste; I have the tavern, and the Christian infidel's churches, the bell, and my own place of worship; I am not one of thy friends predestined to Paradise; what I repent of is penitence and hypocrisy, that glad tidings thou mayest take to the street of the wine-sellers. At any rate, I am not one of the crowd that wear blue garments and black hearts.' Nor will Hafiz ever twist the Kuran to a net of deceit, like these smooth-tongued Puritans.*

His '*Apologia pro vita sua*' agrees with the Epicureans of all time. Wine and love should be enjoyed and not hidden; let come what come may. No skill of geometrician has ever unloosed the heart's knot; the sorcery of chance and change is unending. Who knows what became of Kaus and Kay, the famous kings, or on what wind of destruction the throne of Jamshid vanished? 'Give, then, the jewel of reason for the cup of love;' 'save what is sown, thou reapest naught;' for 'in the nature of the beautiful old world, there is no compassion.' He falls to moralizing as thousands have moralized before and since: 'Verily, they have pierced the pearl of truth who called his house an inn. It is not fit that we should stay there; leave it; with no man will it abide, then leave it. In the path to the next world, it is but a bridge, a place void of permanence, and a stage of desolation. Keep draining the wine-cup; God alone has knowledge.' In brief, 'the world's deceit is a manifest tale.' We have heard the same story in all languages, and we may apply to it what Hafiz sings of love, 'Its theme is but one,—no more; yet every man tells it differently.' Here is the source of illusion, and the cause that even wise men endeavour to 'fix a knot on the wind.' But 'grieve neither at existence nor at non-existence; for the end of every perfection is,—not to be.'

In these half-lines or stanzas, taken more or less at random from the poet's leaves, we seem to catch a double strain, undoubtedly, as Colonel Clarke upholds; and the curious intermingling of an almost cynical despair with the panting after enjoyment, would be still more perceptible could we have thrown in the sentences, and marked the single words, which bear a recognized mystical value in Sufi doctrine. Religious schools have their signs and tokens, known to the initiated:

* Our quotations are not quite textual from Colonel Clarke, but we have changed the wording as slightly as possible, the sense remaining unaffected.

their sacramental formulas, which a stranger only could overlook; their traditional ways of stating the tenets which they maintain or anathematize. An expression like 'the day of Alast,' of 'the covenant,' is not simply to be regarded as an ordinary Scripture phrase which pious Muslim have in their mouths; it is characteristic of a school, as the use of certain texts from the Pauline Epistles has been among Christians. At this point Colonel Clarke's unrivalled acquaintance with Sufi lore enables him to make out an impressive, though, as we are persuaded, a too successful case, for the esoteric meaning which he has read into his author. We cannot, of course, deny that Persian mysticism understands in its own fashion terms like *salik*, 'traveller' or 'pilgrim'; *murshid*, 'teacher'; *muridan*, 'disciples'; *arif*, 'knower'; *tarihat*, 'the Path'; *hakikat*, 'the Truth'; *hal*, 'ecstasy'; and innumerable others which occur up and down these poems. In all systems of religion, the yearning after a spiritual or complete union between the soul and its Divine Object has given rise to a form of dialogue in which 'Master' and 'Disciple' represent the illuminative stage, where doctrine is inculcated. And it has created the far more passionate drama which is offered to us under the figure of the Beloved seeking his Love, in still higher phases of mystic emotion. Compare, for instance, in this respect, the Sufi hymns with those of the Spanish poets, or with the prose of St. Theresa, in the sixteenth century. Read verses, such as the following, which occur in the 'Ascent of Mount Carmel,' a treatise of ascetic teaching by John of the Cross, who is a canonized saint in the Roman calendar. He sings:—

'In an obscure night, with anxious love inflamed (O happy lot),
Forth unobserved I went; my house being now at rest.
In that happy night, in secret, seen of none (seeing nought myself),
Without light or guide save that which in my heart was burning,—
That light guided me, to the place where He was waiting,
Whom I knew well, and where none but He appeared.
On my flowery bosom, kept whole for Him alone,
He reposed, He slept; I kept Him, and the waving of the cedars
fanned Him.

Then His hair floated in the breeze that from the turret blew;
With gentle hand He smote me on the neck; and feeling left me:
Thus I continued in oblivion lost; my head was resting on my Love;
I swooned away abandoned; yea, amid the lilies forgotten,
My cares I cast aside.'

Poems moulded in this fashion, and of like sense and spirit, abound in the Spanish authors. Calderon, who has touched all themes with his magic wand, converting them to visions of watered
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gardens and crystal seas and skies, reminds us unconsciously that a Moorish strain runs in his blood. And these stanzas—which we have condensed to single lines with no small detriment to their music—might be transferred among the ghazels of Shems-Eddin, without exciting a suspicion that their birthplace was not Shiraz but the convents of Seville and Cordova. In St. John of the Cross we may read as many symbolic terms as Colonel Clarke heaps together in well-nigh a thousand pages of his abstruse and sometimes perplexing commentary. But we must observe that the Carmelite Saint, far from being intent upon exciting mere vague aspirations, proceeds, like the moralist he is, to frame a discipline of virtue and to lay down rules in detail for its attainment. The mainspring of Western thought, here as elsewhere, is always action, not dreaming; its end is to do rather than to be; and even when it cultivates mysticism its first and last word is duty. Yet the one illustration we have taken, from Christians of an austere type,—and John of the Cross is the disciple of Buonaventura, of Bernard of Clairvaux, and, it may be urged, of Augustine himself,—should give us pause with regard to the sentiments which animated Hafiz, when he dictated his flowery canzonets. How shall we arrive at a clear, intelligible view under these circumstances? What was the man like? Was he saint, profligate, or cynic? Did he, on the pattern of Goethe's 'beautiful soul' in 'Wilhelm Meister,' project the dreams of an intoxicated brain outside him, and mistake them for divine realities? Or has he employed the language of the Sufis to baffle heresy-hunters, enjoying their confusion while he added to it, and playing the part of a Rabelais-Voltaire within the walls of his cloister?

Do not let us say that such far-off things are no concern of ours; that we care little for Persian poetry, and less for the mysticism it may hide or express. We cannot put from us the life-thoughts of so large and splendid an individuality as that of Shems-Eddin in this fashion; or, if we do, it will be to our own loss. Would we not buy at a great price some knowledge of Shakspeare's religion,—how he looked at the high problems of eternity, or even how he passed them by? And though Hafiz be not Shakspeare, he is one of the ideal men (they seem to be few enough) whom the Infinite has endowed with live hearts and brains, with eyes that look all round, and thoughts that no swathing of conventions or of formulas can prevent from being original. It is not a hard thing to measure and define Pharisaism; nor is the revolt from it which in Persia goes by the name of Sufi doctrine, and in other places has other names, always a successful escape into the freedom of the

the spirit. Sometimes it is only a fresh jargon—'New presbyter is but old priest writ large;' while at all times it is liable to the risk of petrifying in its turn, and freezing the water of life at its very source, instead of allowing it to flow more abundantly. Hafiz was an Oriental monk, a lecturer upon the sacred book of his religion, bound by numberless ties to orthodoxy and a life according to rule. It would surely be of the utmost interest to learn, if we could, that by force of innate genius and of a blithe and elastic temper, he had broken his bonds; soared beyond the dry matter of fact which fills the Kuran as with desert sand; reached the central truth on which existence itself is balanced; and, though at some cost to his reputation for the simple every-day virtues, made an entrance into the small company of those who have learnt the 'Open Secret.'

What answer may be possible to these enquiries, we must seek in his poems, for it is nowhere else written. The clue we follow is, as it seems to us, a psychological axiom, viz. that no mind, which has consciously attained the larger view, can lapse into the less enlightened out of which it has emerged. We do not speak of knowledge, a treasure to which memory holds the key; but of grasp of principles, or the intuitions of the living intellect. A man cannot return to the thoughts he had when a child. Genius travels along its own path, which goes upward, and its vision enlarges with the years. When a mind had conceived 'Hamlet' and 'Lear,' how could it have gone back to the elegant trifling of 'Love's Labour's Lost'? And so with Hafiz. Various of his lyrics have youth and passion burnt into them; others are tranquil eulogies of his order, his patrons, the Prophet Mohammed, and the Vicar of God Ali. Some, in their spontaneous warmth of devotion, must have been composed when he believed that the Sufi training would satisfy his most ardent longings. And there remain, scattered among all these, not a few which reveal to sympathetic ears the weariness and disappointment of a spirit compelled to abide in the prison of monastic pettiness and hypocrisy, where knowledge was darkened with words, a jingle of phrases took the place of free intercourse with the Eternal, and the mystic's glossary, like the texts of the inspired Scriptures themselves, had become a stony catacomb underground, remote from air and sunshine.

On the slab of his tomb at Mosella the Persians, who are Shiabs—that is to say, believers in the succession of Ali, not of Omar—have inscribed the hymn which, they say, Hafiz wrote in honour of the rightful Khalif. But their orthodox piety has failed to comprehend the poet. He might pay compliments, as he has paid them, to the names which were
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revered among his people ; yet the whole drift of his meditations after early youth was to make him tolerant of all alike, the Magian fire-worshipper, the Christian with his jewelled cross, and the Hebrew in his patched gaberdine. 'If the cord of the rosary snapped,' he exclaims, with a laugh, 'hold me excused,' it is of no moment, for to the eye of the All-seeing, Kaffir and Islam do not differ, and outward observances are naught. 'At every tray where I sat,' he continues, quoting a proverb, 'God was the provider ; neither is the coat of the Sufi all pure without alloy ; oh, many is the khirka or blue gown that is worthy of the fire !' He had reached the height of freedom when he could discern the respective and unchangeable worth of profession and practice. But perhaps many years went by after his entrance into the cloister, before he recognized that the high elaborate chant of his brother dervishes, circling round in mesmeric ecstasy, was not indispensable to the heart's prayer, and implied no real detachment from the world. 'In every direction, like the compass, my heart made a great revolution,' he writes, explaining what is called the 'circle of Zikr,' by which trance is produced, and full as yet of an enthusiasm created by the solemn religious exercises of recitation, chorus, and dancing, in which he joined, and which may still be witnessed in the mosque on their appointed days. During this period, when he could reconcile the letter and the spirit by a mystical interpretation accepted all round him, the poet doubtless felt happy ; he was in his first fervours. Then he composed hymn after hymn to the 'Friend,' singing with delight, 'on every side where thou glancest, equally is He ;' or again, 'Between the lover and the Beloved, veil is none ; Hafiz, thou art thine own veil ; from the midst arise, and attain unto thy Love.' At such a time, he may have uttered the most daring and splendid of his images, that are so clear in outline as to give the effect of a cutting on agate or cornelian : 'The rose beheld thy face and fell into the fire ;' and 'The sun was kindled from the flame in my heart ;' or 'Bring a little dust as anointing for mine eyes from the door of the Friend.' He believed that 'if calamity's wind dash together this world and the next, yet with the Friend are we, and the light of the eye, and the Path of expectation.' 'From the garden of union with Thee, the garden of Eden gains lustre ; from the torture of separation from Thee, hell's fire bath its pain.' With a simple charm he tells his Beloved, 'In every season, Spring giveth an account of Thy beauty ; in every book, Paradise makes mention of Thy grace.' 'To him that hath chosen solitude,' he asks during his glad hours, 'what need is there

of sight-seeing? or of the wilderness, when the Lover's street is near at hand?' So long as the dreams of his youth lasted, we may conceive that the poet, engaged in work and prayer by turns, was like other Sufis, devout and orthodox according to the prevalent creed. 'After tarikat,' that is to say, knowledge of the true way, 'there is no death'—to the devout all mysteries, even the most formidable, are solved by faith.

A change came, however, when he entered on the stage of desolation, and he was compelled to cry aloud, 'Dark is the night, and in front the path of the mountain-valley; where is the fire of the burning-bush? where the time and the place of promise?' We may believe him when he assures us that the soul's history is 'a strange and wonderful tale,' and is full of 'liver-consuming thought.' 'Save thy threshold,' he whispers to the Divine Friend, with a singular pathos, 'shelter have I none; in my head there is a fancy that, at thy feet, I die.' The moods of religious melancholy increase upon him; a fire has fallen upon his harvest; and with sadness comes scepticism, 'O praiser of God, how long dost thou utter explanations of the Faith? Be silent. An age is past since the fire of passion for Him was in our soul.' His natural powers of judgment and sarcasm are sharpened; he looks round him, and perceives in the edifying teachers whom he once revered, men of an exceedingly mixed character, some hypocrites and a crowd of formalists. With a tongue like a razor, he draws blood wherever he utters a satirical expression, and he utters many, for 'his soul is on his lip, and vexation in his heart.' Hassan Asrakpush, the chief of a rival order, hates him with the virtuous detestation that justifies itself, perhaps, by pointing to the undisciplined acts which often follow upon a spiritual crisis, in men who have taken their religion seriously. And Hafiz would have acknowledged with Heine, that he was no lamb; he had teeth and claws which he made his enemies feel. They accused him, not metaphorically, of wine-drinking and loitering in the taverns. He replied that they drank on the sly, and added hypocrisy to the sin which their foolish conscience charged upon them. By and by the Puritan ruler who sat on the throne went to Paradise, and Shah Shujah absolved his new subjects from total abstinence. Hafiz wrote to congratulate them and himself. The old Sufi language, no longer credible to him in its mystic-ascetic meaning, became—suddenly, it may be, but none the less naturally—a plain straightforward doctrine of enjoyment. Still, it does not follow that the man who had spent the best years of his life in taming his passions would now be led captive by them. He might indulge a view, philosophize
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looking out of his cell-window, and begin to understand that neither austerity nor hedonism will of necessity disclose the secret which he had so long been seeking. 'From the wine's sparkle, the Arif, the Knower, learnt the hidden mystery;' granted, he might say, and the cloister-discipline is not the only path. Nevertheless, there is 'a jewel beyond the shell of time,' of which neither religious nor diabolic sorceries can make sure. The wise men of Egypt wrought miracles even like Moses; 'the good deeds of holy men equal the bad deeds of those that stand near God.' Truly 'Thy face none hath seen, though a thousand watchers are thine;' and 'all this is naught.' The last word is that old one of the sages, *Docta ignorantia*. Allah Akbar! 'God is great,' says the Book of Job, 'and we know it not.'

Few temptations are more powerful, in writing about a man we have never seen, and whom we know only from documents, than to trace an imaginary portrait of him, not as he was, but as we fancy he must have been. Our acquaintance with the facts will not justify us in putting aside altogether Col. Clarke's saintly recluse, 'eminent,' according to Mr. Charles Stewart, 'for his piety—devoting himself to the service of God, and to reflection on His divine nature.' But can we suppose that one who employs the word 'Sufi' as well as 'Zahid,' in the contemptuous sense which it has over and over again with Hafiz, would, as at the turn of a hand, fall back into the system of which these men were the accredited exponents? Is Voltaire likely to be converted in his green old age? or to adopt seriously the ideas as well as the language of a Capuchin friar? And may we not urge that in the natural course of things, a Sufi who was so much in earnest as Shems-Eddin once had been, would find himself lifted above their technicalities and their machinery of devotion, to a prospect from whence he might contemplate questions of belief with a large simplicity, as no longer dependent on the stages by which he had arrived at freedom? It is held that others of his kind did so. A common charge against the Sufi was that his mystic phraseology served as a cloak for unbelief; that he was no true Moslem, nor religious at all except on the outside. Many Eastern philosophers ended by falling into what is now termed Agnosticism; they were sceptics who had passed through all the grades, and whose nescience amounted to intellectual despair. Traces of such a feeling are discernible enough in the brilliant pages before us; but we need not insist upon them. Suffice it that a commentary like that of the devout Sufis, which is made to fit the simplest as well as the abstrusest of these love-songs,

songs, madrigals, and drinking-ballads, would seem to prove too much. The Bacchanalian, the erotic, the sceptical,—every tone contributes something to the gay yet often pensive music that fills the air when Hafiz takes up his instrument. Now it is Horace, now Villon, and by and by Aristophanes, to whom we listen, in astonishment that one man should pass through so many moods. At length, as it seems to us, the poet, not choosing his theme but chosen by it, and literally giving himself up to the inspiration of the moment, plays whatever melody the wind breathes into his quivering reed. He has become one with nature; he takes all hues that the sun brings out of his strangely complex spirit; and, since he can offer no solution of the problems of life, he contents himself with describing, in a few powerful and happy strokes, the situation which he is unable to explain. If we ask, 'What do these lyrics mean?' he replies, 'Sing them, and you will know as much as their author.'

To accuse so versatile, so dramatic a genius, of heresy, was equally obvious and futile. When his enemies charged him with denying the resurrection, he added a couplet to his poem, making a harmless Christian utter the incriminated lines. He dared to borrow the quotation with which the first poem of the 'Divan' opens, from Yezid, a usurper of the Khalifate and slayer of Hosein, son of Ali,—much as though a Christian hymn-writer were to introduce words of Judas Iscariot in a Church canticle. On being reproached, he said, in equivalent phrase, 'Would you leave pearls to swine?' That laughing Fortune which attended Rabelais and Heine was ever his good friend, in death as at more than one critical moment of life. And therefore the legend is still famous how, when the Ulema of Shiraz refused to say the customary funeral prayers over his body, it was resolved to decide the matter by drawing lots out of his own poems, and the distich was taken, 'From the bier of Hafiz, thy foot withdraw not; for, though immersed in sin, to Paradise he goeth.' A happy augury, and summing up the equivocal yet attractive existence of the man as no other sentence could have done! We turn the leaves of his 'Buch der Lieder,' and truly, to the judgment of the simple, they are immersed in sin; if they must be read literally, Hafiz cannot escape whipping. Nay, if we soften and adorn them with allegorical devices, which are 'articulate to them that understand,' there is still very much to offend and startle; in the vigorous style of Emerson, we seem to be 'strewing sugar on bottled-spiders.' The symbolism is not to our taste; the morality remains doubtful, or indeed a thing of naught; for
 who

who can pretend to admire the translation of terms from the tavern and the street to religious mysteries? But still, 'from the bier of Hafiz thy foot withdraw not;' he was one of the choice singers, with a merry heart, an exuberant, high-flown humour, a wit of the keenest; and existence, viewed in his shining magic glass, all colour, movement, and bright fantastic imagery, is not so unlike the reality of things, as it appears in many a ponderous treatise, wherein Wisdom is not justified of her children, though they wear wigs and spectacles.

It is the picturesque Eastern world, for so many ages unchanging, but now, even while we look, dissolving into a thousand airy shapes, and soon to be a memory. The five hundred years since Hafiz walked in meditation about his rose-garden, are ending as we write; and the whole Oriental realm is ending with them; from Japan to Asia Minor, and from Mecca to Peking. It is not that the Christian creed has overcome Islam, or Buddhism, or Brahmanism; but that these latter forms of faith, encrusted with the growth of ages, are yielding before physical science and its discoveries. The West is conquering the East by knowledge more than by force of arms. How few generations may pass before the strange, and in many respects, the beautiful old life of Asia, shall be a history consigned to books, a vision beheld only in the poet's volumes! Do we not mean Homer and the Greek classics when we talk of Hellas? The time seems not far distant when Persia, too, will mean Firdusi, Sadi, and Hafiz—but Hafiz more than any other of the sceptred dead. It was a brave, though voluptuous, people; given up to a religion of passion and parade, and to a culture of the ornamental and the frivolous, which is well expressed in the flowing language that serves diplomacy among Orientals, as French served it in the Europe of the eighteenth century. To have caught all these threads in his golden web and deftly shot them through the loom, until the whole of the national existence has been pictured in the immense tapestry of the 'Divan,' scene after scene, and group intermingling with group as they did in the world outside,—this, we must allow, was the amazing good fortune of Shems-Eddin Mohammed Hafiz. No more than a lyric poet, he has yet such a boundless fertility of song, such happy insight, such untrammelled freedom, that his stanzas, in their exuberance and variety, have attained the fulness of an epic, and make a complete drama on being thrown together. It is like seeing history in dancing; the tapestry waves with a semblance of life, and the figures shine out as in a moving procession.

By this 'clear magic,' the golden age of the Musaffirides is plucked

plucked again from the waters of oblivion, and we see it all, in its crude romantic colours,—a world in itself, lying between Europe and India, not unlike the glorious ‘Arabian Nights,’ but with a cloud of Turkomans flitting about the horizon, and some touch of passionate tenderness in its cast of thought, marking, as it were, the Aryan humanity or reflectiveness, so completely foreign to the Semite of pure breed. Hafiz reads ‘pictures in the wine-cup,’ but they are not dreams; he seeks the ‘book of verse’ that he may travel to the desert, for travelling in the flesh he hates, and the mere sight of the sea down at Ormuz sends him home again. Quiet souls have the gift of dwelling on their experience; they are lookers-on and see most of the game of life. From the Padishah to the fakir, Hafiz knew all ranks, characters, professions; the ‘tale of the gold-stitcher and the mat-weaver,’ that is to say, of the extremes of high and low, was exceedingly familiar to him. The fashion of poetical signature, which has woven his name into every canto of the ‘Divan,’ allowed, or even required him to praise his own self. But he could ask with not unwarranted security, ‘If I am the master of song, what wonder?’ for was he not the ‘poet-magician?’ His poems resembled the ‘ruby medicine,’ which physicians compound of ‘the turquoise, the emerald, the chrysolite, the cornelian, the lapis-lazuli, and the unpierced pearl;’ their effect is ‘to bring strength and joy to the heart, and to kindle a colour on the cheek.’ For us, however, whose ear cannot be attuned to the Eastern measures, they have the charm of the rare and strange; they enlarge our conception of what mankind has in it. With Shems-Eddin we go up and down the blind narrow streets of Shiraz, where horsemen are jostling their way through the crowd, and the jugglers with short sleeves are pretending to work miracles for the gaping multitude, and the Jew is slinking by on his errand of usury to the bazaar, and the wild music sounds to denote that Shah Mansur has left his palace to ride out on a hunting party, or to visit his enclosed garden of fountains, and to pray at a famous tomb. Or the circle of dancers are sitting cross-legged in front of the lighted wax-candles, and the Sheikh of the Zahids gives the signal to begin, exclaiming ‘Al Fatiha!’ when we hear at once the murmur of the first chapter of the Kuran which they recite together, and the weird chanting of ‘La ilaha illa-l-lah,’—‘There is no god but God,’—to be continued until the stage of ‘astonishment’ or ecstasy shall be reached.

But in a moment we have left the mosque or the tomb for the drinking-house, and the ‘Pir of the Magians’—mine host of the tavern—is bringing, ‘in a duck-shaped flagon,’
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the ruddy wine which a cupbearer, 'tall as the cypress, with a face like the lovely moon,' will pour out presently for us, as Nehemiah poured out wine for King Artaxerxes. Another kind of musicians from those in the dervish ritual now begins to play; the young men dance; and the noise of revelry attracts the Muhtasib, or censor of morals, whose remonstrances are met by Hafiz with sententious wisdom. 'Is it a sin to drink?' he enquires mockingly. 'Well, greater than our sin is God's grace.' The scene changes once more. Moonlight is falling across the delicately-carved pillars of the colonnade which surrounds the cloister, or the garden, of the Sufi poet. He is meditating on the solemn words which so many of his order have repeated, 'The world is illusion, and the mere image of truth,—but truth is not illusion.' Through his wine-heated brain all manner of lively figures are chasing one another; tales of the jinns and the divs, of treasures guarded by serpents, of the Tuba and the Sidra tree growing in Paradise, of the Simurgh sitting on Mount Kaf; old legends of Karun's riches, of Balkis Queen of Sheba, and the never-ending romance of Yussuf in Egypt. He sighs to the beloved Unknown, 'To-day when I am in Thy hand, show a little mercy; when to-morrow I become clay, what profit are tears of repentance?' The night wind from the east brings up to him odours from the blossoming rose in its sleep; or the bulbul trills its nocturne, and the thousand strophes of mystic poetry resound in its singing. Are not the visible and mortal things an emblem of the invisible? 'Some tale the East wind uttered to the musk, therefore the musk is sweet.' These, and innumerable other thoughts, each a metaphor with the spark of life kindling it, troop about the poet where he stands or paces, solitary beneath the expanse of sky which is a veil,—hiding what? He strings them on a facile rhyme; they fall into rank; the ghazel, like a skilled choir-master, appoints them their several places; and in a day or two the tavern and the market are echoing with a new poem, witty, pathetic, full of tears and laughter, as bright and keen as a sword's edge, as tender as the rose-leaves from which, most frequently, it has been expressed. The gay and the melancholy of existence heighten the draught or give it piquancy; and Hafiz has added another bloom to his immortal garland of verse.

Inspired verse it is, and seductive, but neither the height nor the grandeur which an Eastern might claim for it can be allowed. The Asiatic is not a full-grown man; he seems incapable of thinking steadily. His women-folk are shut up in a perpetual cloister; he abounds in every kind of old-world superstition;

superstition; and he is incurably sensuous. Hafiz writes love-songs without number; but you will look in vain among them for the ethereal and delicate affection which passes from the sense to the soul, or makes light account of outward seeming in its admiration of purity, kindness, heroic self-denial, and the qualities we assume in the word 'chivalry.' To be young and fair is to have all the virtues, according to him; or he may add loyalty to the catalogue, but there is an end. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more,' is a sentiment of which he would fail to grasp the meaning, unless honour became synonymous with legal obligation. The high lights and visionary beauty of the Christian love are mysteries, altogether beyond the ken of the Oriental.

Yet we may do well to observe that, if Christian principles are in due course to influence that hard material nature, and lift it towards spiritual manhood, no slight help will be forthcoming in the better and finer elements of the Sufi creed, supposing in European teachers a discriminating knowledge of what it contains. The remarkable development, in our own century, which has been given to the story of the death of Hosein (but its influence on the Persian mind dates back more than a thousand years) should encourage us to hope that the divine pathos of the New Testament will one day soften these hearts yet more; and teach them the secret of which their poets have sung in such ardent strains. A Sufi has already learnt that Islam cannot satisfy the longing soul. He is, by profession, tolerant or even sympathetic in the presence of the Cross. And he believes, like all Muslim, that Isa, the Messiah of Israel, has the breath of life, and can raise the dead from their tomb.

One most serious and stubborn defect clings to him, however, which these poems abundantly declare—he is sunk in the blinding indulgences of his lower nature. Those who would understand the East, who desire to comprehend why it has made only so much progress and no more, must take this truth home. The Asiatic vice, manifest on every side in life and literature, in conversation and manners, is effeminacy. Until that can be overcome, there is not the faintest hope that nations (we do not speak of individuals) will bow down before the simple goodness and the mild austerity of the Gospel. When the camel-drivers of the desert chant their stanzas out of the 'Divan,' they do not take them in the high spiritual sense which Colonel Clarke is fain to put upon them. Your sober Turk follows a law of his own at which our European legislators would stand aghast. The Persian of these later days, who drinks champagne and allows himself to be photographed, has not become a Christian, though

though in so many things he is fast ceasing to be a disciple of his own Prophet. When we go to the root of the matter, it is here—in the sentiment which has dictated the language and devised the colouring, that, under what allegorical pretence they may, do still irritate and offend us in Hafiz. An excellent thing it is to have rendered, into this fine clear English, a poet whom the lovers of splendid imagery will always admire, and the historian as well as the religious student prize for his accurate delineation of a time that can never return. We needed this addition to our gallery of the universal poets. There was a panel waiting for Hafiz which is now magnificently filled: and the gorgeous vestments, the frank, laughing lips, the eyes in which there reigns a dimness as of wine and passion-struck thought, the jewelled turban set a little awry on the beaming forehead, will draw many to admire them. Fortunately, some toil is needed, over and above the mere reading of these lyric effusions, if we would seize their true meaning. To the reflecting mind, however, they prove that Eastern philosophy is either childlike or retrograde, and its principles at the mercy of those seas of passion upon which it has so long been drifting. To compare Hafiz with the least in the kingdom of Heaven, with any one of our noble and pure-minded Christian poets, would be as unjust to him as to them; for he dwelt in a twilight region, not in the full day. If we must take a moral from his pages, let it be one of which the nineteenth century seems now and then to stand in need,—that our best verse would never have been written had the Christian faith not bestowed on it strength by giving it purity; that self-control is the mother of wisdom; and that in turning to the East as though our vital problems might there find a solution, we shall be exchanging the philosophy of ripe age for the passions of youth, and the enervating dreams of sensuous fancy.

- ART. III.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Water Supply.* 9th June, 1869.
2. *Annual Reports of the Local Government Board.*
3. *Annual General Reports of the Proceedings of the Conservators of the River Thames.*
4. *Reports made by Mr. William Pole to the Board of Trade and the Home Office in 1870 and 1871 on the Constant Service System of Water Supply.*
5. *Report from the Select Committee (House of Commons) on Water Supply.* 3rd August, 1880.
6. *The Theory and Practice of Hydro-Mechanics. A Series of Lectures delivered at the Institution of Civil Engineers.* Session 1884–85.
7. *Final Report of the Metropolitan Board of Works.* 1888.
8. *Special Report from the Select Committee (House of Commons) on the London Water Commission Bill.* 14th July, 1891.

IN October 1869 we published an article on the Water Supply of London, prompted by the appearance, a few months previously, of the Report of the Royal Commission on Water Supply, under the presidency of the Duke of Richmond. Although the enquiry of that Commission was very thorough, and their Report has been received on all hands as the best authority then obtainable on the chief elements of the case, yet unfortunately the subject is still unsettled, and the agitation upon it is more active than ever. It may be useful, then, to take note of what has been done, and to endeavour to trace out how the question really stands.

The present arrangements for the water-supply of the metropolis may be said to have been established, after many previous enquiries and improvements, in 1852, when an Act of Parliament was passed regulating the proceedings of the eight companies in whose hands the supply was placed: namely, the *New River Company* for the centre and north; the *East London Company* for the east and north-east; the *Grand Junction, West Middlesex, and Chelsea Companies* for the west and north-west; the *Lambeth and Southwark and Vauxhall Companies* for the south and south-west; and the *Kent Company* for the south-east. The water was taken from the Thames near Hampton (above the tide-way), from the upper part of the River Lee, and from springs and wells in the chalk formation. The Act contained provisions for the effectual filtration and preservation of the water, regulated the charges, and made other arrangements which appeared generally satisfactory.

About ten or twelve years later, however, a new agitation
arose;

arose; and as its circumstances present a remarkable analogy with those of the present time, it is worth while to notice them. It was said that rivers draining populous districts were not fit sources for drinking water; and moreover it was asserted that the Thames and the Lee would soon prove insufficient for the growing demands. Acting on these ideas, proposals were brought forward for abandoning the existing sources, and supplying the metropolis with water brought from mountainous districts far away. It happened also that the Metropolitan Board of Works, a municipal body created in 1855, who had long desired to get the water-supply under their own control, considered this movement would favour their views; and in 1866, the Government were induced to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the matter. The following extracts from the Royal Warrant will show the aim of the proceeding:—

‘Whereas We, taking into Our Royal consideration that an ample supply of wholesome water at all times is of essential importance to the health of the population, especially in large towns:

‘And whereas the present supply delivered in the Metropolis, as well as in many other large towns, has been found insufficient, and is likely to become more so as the population increases, unless some additional sources of supply can be permanently provided:

‘And whereas a large portion of the water now supplied to the Metropolis and other large towns is drawn from rivers and open streams which pass through populous districts, and are therefore continually exposed to pollution from various causes:

‘Now know ye that We have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue for the purpose of ascertaining what supply of unpolluted and wholesome water can be obtained by collecting and storing water in the high grounds of England and Wales, either by the aid of natural lakes or by artificial reservoirs at a sufficient elevation for the supply of the large towns; and to report, firstly, which of such sources are best suited for the supply of the Metropolis and its suburbs; and secondly how the supply from the remaining sources may be most beneficially distributed among the principal towns.’

Nothing was said about the change of control, but it was evident this must follow if any such gigantic scheme were adopted; and it was significant that the name of Sir John Thwaites, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board, stood first, after that of the Duke of Richmond, on the list of members. The others were Mr. Thomas Harrison, one of the most eminent civil engineers of the day, Colonel Harness, R.E., Alderman Sir Benjamin Phillips, and Mr. Joseph Prestwich, F.R.S., the well-known geologist. Another civil engineer, having

having special experience in the subject, Mr. W. Pole, F.R.S., was appointed as Secretary.

The Commission found it necessary to get an extension of their powers regarding the existing state of things; and after an exhaustive enquiry occupying upwards of two years, their Report was presented on the 9th of June, 1869. We shall have much occasion to refer to it, and may say here that it essentially treated of three matters, quite distinct from each other, namely—

The existing water-supply;

The possibility of obtaining water from distant mountainous districts; and

The policy of vesting the control in the municipal authorities.

The first of these was the most important, involving a thorough investigation of the nature and character of the existing sources. The instructions had impugned them, both as to quantity and quality, and the Commission seems to have been specially invited to condemn them; but there never was, in modern times, a more perfect imitation of the Balaam and Balak disappointment. The agitators might well say to the Commission, 'What have ye done unto us? We called you to curse the present water-supply, and behold ye have blessed it altogether!' The Commission decided that the present sources, supplemented, if necessary, by local improvements, would furnish a supply sufficient for any probable increase of the metropolitan population; that, with proper and easily practicable precautions, water taken from them would be perfectly wholesome and of suitable quality; and that, in fact, these sources presented important advantages over those in the distant hills. The Commission also recommended more efficient filtration, and the prompt introduction of the 'constant service' system.

As to the proposed new schemes the Commission reported the general results of some enquiries, but the approval of the river sources rendered further detail unnecessary.

These two heads formed the really scientific and important part of the investigation. In our former article we characterized the Report as 'one of the most valuable and comprehensive documents extant on the subject of the metropolitan water-supply,' and this opinion has been abundantly confirmed by the general judgment of all good authorities. The 'Times,' in a leader on the 16th of July, 1891, called it 'a model of scientific examination,' and we may fully concur in that terse description.

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On the third head the Commission reported—

‘That the future control of the water-supply should be entrusted to a responsible public body, with powers conferred on them for the purchase and extension of existing works, and for levying the rates referred to.’

This subject was, however, of a totally different character from the other two, involving considerations rather economic than scientific; and the opinions of the Commissioners upon it, as after events proved, were hardly received with the same measure of approval.

It may be added that in 1867 another general enquiry into the London water-supply was entrusted to a Committee of the House of Commons under Mr. Ayrton. The result was entirely in favour of the existing sources, both as to quality and quantity, with a recommendation for the enforcement of the constant service. This independent confirmation, by an exclusively practical tribunal, of the more scientifically deduced opinions of the Royal Commission, was very satisfactory.

These strong decisions in favour of the existing sources quieted the agitation, and the schemes for spending millions of money in bringing water from the mountains of Cumberland or North Wales were, temporarily at least, entombed.

But the Government resolved at once to endeavour to introduce some of the improvements recommended, and the matter was taken up energetically by Mr. G. Shaw-Lefevre, then Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. The improvement most urgently required was the ‘constant supply.’ The companies had always urged that the difficulties of checking waste under this system would be so great, that it would be useless to attempt it: and the Royal Commission, impressed with this objection, had reported that the system ‘could not be effectually introduced in London so long as the supply remained in the hands of private companies, to whom it would be inexpedient to confide the great powers necessary for the purpose.’ Mr. Lefevre, however, appears to have suspected that this decision savoured somewhat of the influence of the Metropolitan Board; and as the Government did not favour their views,* he determined to form an opinion of his own. He had read the evidence that in certain provincial towns the

* In the first Bill introduced there was a clause empowering the Metropolitan Board to treat for the purchase of the water-works. This was afterwards withdrawn, and Mr. Lefevre explained (see his speech in the House of Commons, March 2nd, 1880) that it had merely a temporary object, and that no serious idea of transfer was entertained.

system had been worked by private companies with perfect success; and he deputed Mr. Pole, the former secretary to the Commission, to make local enquiries, and to report whether there was any real ground for the objection.

Mr. Pole's Report was given to the Home Office in March 1871, and was afterwards published as a Parliamentary Paper. It did not justify the fears of the Royal Commission; on the contrary it gave every encouragement for endeavouring to apply the system. The Bill was accordingly introduced: it went through the ordeal of a strong Committee, and in August became law. The Act contained a proviso for the preparation of certain 'Regulations' for ensuring the use of proper house-fittings and for preventing waste. These were settled in 1872 at a public enquiry by the Board of Trade, at which the Companies, the City Corporation, and the Metropolitan Board of Works were represented; the result being the official sanction, on the 10th of August, of the 'Regulations under the Metropolitan Water Act, 1871,' which have ever since been in use. The Act also appointed an official 'Water Examiner,' whose monthly reports have been invaluable in giving public information as to the state of the water-supply.

After the settlement of the constant-service provision the water question slept for a few years; but in 1877 a large Select Committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed to enquire into the management and working of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, recommended that the water-supply should be 'consolidated in the hands of a single authority, conducting the business, not for immediate profit, but for public convenience.' This gave the Metropolitan Board, who 'considered themselves responsible for the prompt extinction of fires in London,' an opportunity of interfering: and they prepared a scheme for the improvement of the water-supply. They did not propose to touch the companies' works, but they promoted a plan for a duplicate water service, in addition to, and partly in competition with, the supply already existing. They proposed to pump water from the chalk springs around London, and to distribute it throughout the metropolis by a separate service of mains. It was to be used for two purposes: first for domestic use as drinking water only; and secondly for extinguishing fires, with a special high pressure. A Bill for these objects was accordingly framed; and at the same time another Bill was prepared, giving power to the Metropolitan Board to purchase the undertakings of the water companies, the price, failing agreement, to be settled by arbitration.

The two Bills were introduced into Parliament in January 1878,

1878, but they were opposed by Government, and were withdrawn. The Government, however, arrived at the opinion that something should be done, and in August 1879 they promised that the matter should be brought forward in the following session.

The year 1880 became a memorable one in the history of the London water-supply. On the 2nd of March Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, moved for leave to bring in a Bill called 'The Metropolitan Water Purchase Bill,' and in a long speech explained fully the details of the measure, and the motives which had guided the Government in their proposals.

The first requisite, he said, was the absolute necessity of unification in the arrangement and control of the water-supply; and as it was not considered that this could be hoped for by any mere arrangement among the companies themselves, the only alternative was the transfer of the various undertakings to one body. There were two ways in which the transfer could be effected; it might be done by compulsory purchase, with a reference to arbitration to fix the selling value, but the Government had preferred another mode, that of amicable agreement. They had accordingly approached the Companies, and had induced them to agree to terms under which they would be willing to sell their various interests. The negotiations had been carried out by Mr. Edward James Smith, a surveyor of high repute and vast experience, who had been for many years connected with the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Then came another very important question, namely, to what body the works should be transferred. The Government, after due consideration, did not think either the City of London or the Metropolitan Board of Works should undertake the duty, and therefore they had decided to create a new body, to be called the *Water Trust*. This was to consist of a Chairman and two Vice-Chairmen, specially and technically qualified, and well paid, with, in addition, eighteen unpaid members to be appointed or elected in various ways.

The agreements were concluded at the beginning of March, and were afterwards explained publicly by Mr. Smith. They were founded on the principle of paying to each company (1) a perpetual annuity equal to the company's existing nett income; (2) a series of deferred annuities in regard to the anticipated increase of their revenue from year to year. The present value of these two items was estimated by Mr. Smith to amount in the aggregate to 28,950,000*l.*; in addition to which a provision equivalent to about 3,000,000*l.* had to be made for preferential and debenture capital.

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When these figures were made known, there was a great outcry at their magnitude, and notice was given that on the second reading of the Bill it would be moved 'that in the opinion of this House the compensation proposed to be given to the water companies is excessive, and will impose an unjust and unnecessary burden on the ratepayers of the metropolis.'

It happened, however, that, just at this time, political difficulties led Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry to recommend the dissolution of Parliament, which was suddenly announced only six days after the introduction of the Water Bill, and on the next day it was withdrawn by Mr. Cross. He said, 'At present the public are not willing to give the price for which alone, at present, the Companies are willing to sell, and so ends the matter.'

The new Parliament met on the 29th of March, under Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, Sir William Harcourt taking the post of Home Secretary vacated by Mr. Cross. Much public discussion took place as to what should now be done about the water-supply; the Metropolitan Board, the City, the Vestries, and the newspapers all joining energetically in what was called the water-wrangle. The Metropolitan Board, always ready to assert themselves, sent, on the 28th of May, a deputation to the Home Secretary, who promised that the subject should be discussed, and on the 3rd of June he moved in the House—

'That a Select Committee be appointed to enquire and report as to the expediency of acquiring, on behalf of the inhabitants of London, the undertakings of the existing Metropolitan Water Companies; and also to examine and report whether certain Agreements, or any of them, already entered into provisionally for the purchase of those Companies, would furnish a satisfactory basis for such an acquisition; and further to enquire and report as to the nature and extent of the powers of the Water Companies to levy water-rates and rents, and how far it may be desirable to modify the same.'

This produced a long debate, in which Mr. Cross joined; but the motion was agreed to, and a Committee of seventeen members was appointed, Sir William Harcourt being Chairman. They sat fourteen days; the Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Water Companies appearing before them. The chief witness was Mr. Smith, who was under examination and cross-examination during seven days. The Report was made on the 3rd of August; it was of some length, but we need only quote here the parts which bear on the present state of things.

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The Committee recommended 'that the supply of water to the Metropolis should be placed under the control of some Public Body, which should represent the interests and command the confidence of the water consumers,' and that for this purpose a Water Authority should be created.

They also decided that 'for certain purposes, at least, it would be desirable to acquire the undertakings of the existing Companies, if the same could be obtained upon fair and reasonable terms,' but they agreed in the opinions expressed by the Metropolitan Board and the Corporation 'that the terms contained in the Agreements did not furnish a satisfactory or admissible basis of purchase.' The reason for this opinion seemed to be that the amount of the future increments was a matter, to a great degree, of estimate and speculation, depending on the future growth of houses, the future water charges to be fixed, and the future capital necessary to expend.

As to the rates, the Committee expressed an opinion that there might be mischief from imprudent legislation in the past, which Parliament would not be unequal to redress.

In conclusion they said—

'Your Committee have not had before them any specific scheme for an independent supply of water, and general speculations on the subject are of little value. . . . But your Committee would observe that the total cost of the existing water-supply to the Metropolis has not much exceeded twelve millions, a considerable portion of which sum may be attributed to works which have become useless or have been re-duplicated. And it would become the duty of the Water Authority carefully to consider whether a new and better supply could not be obtained at a cost greatly less than the sum which would have had to be paid, under the Agreements, for the existing supply.

'Various courses might be adopted. It would be possible to proceed by regulation of the powers of the existing Companies, as in the case of the Gas supply; or by the introduction of an independent Water supply; or by the purchase of the existing undertakings. It would be the duty of the Water Authority maturely to examine which of these schemes, separately or in combination, would be most advantageous to the public.' *

The methods suggested in this Report for dealing with the

* On the 21st of July, while the Committee were considering their report, Mr. Smith suddenly died. Sir Edmund Beckett (now Lord Grimthorpe), in an eloquent letter to the 'Times' (8th January, 1882), paid a high compliment to him, calling him 'the ablest calculator I had ever seen in Committees, and an overwhelming match, through seven days, for those who had announced that he would be floored in an hour.' There is in this able letter much severe criticism on the 'semi-political and semi-financial triumph' over the Water Companies and the Conservative Home Secretary.

existing

existing undertakings were somewhat remarkable, and have been taken due advantage of in the present agitation.

In 1882 Sir William Harcourt stated in Parliament that it was the intention of the Government to introduce a measure for the extension of the municipal government of London, and that such a body should thereby be created as would be able to deal with the water-supply. The measure did not appear till 1884, and then it raised such opposition that, after several debates, it was withdrawn. It had, however, one good effect: it roused up the ancient City Corporation to take an interest in the water legislation, which was manifested in the same year by their promoting a Bill in Parliament, chiefly for causing water to be sold for domestic consumption by measure. It was rejected on the ground that it had not sufficiently respected the statutory rights of the companies; but the Corporation exhibited their activity more strongly a few years later.

In 1885 the Metropolitan Board introduced a Bill for water-powers, but it was rejected by a large majority. In June of that year the Liberal Ministry resigned; and after a short resumption of their power in February 1886, they finally gave way in August of that year to the Conservative administration, which still remains in office. The Government determined to resume their efforts to settle the water question; but as the public interest had been excited by the prospect of Municipal Reform, which was really wanted, they resolved to attack it through a municipal Bill.

On March 19th, 1888, Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the laws relating to Local Government in England and Wales, by the creation of 'County Councils' to be elected on a popular basis, and having duties of a generally administrative character. This scheme was to apply to London, causing the extinction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the transfer of their work to the new body. The Bill became law, and it was arranged that the Metropolitan Board should give over their powers on the 31st of March, 1889, unless the Local Government Board should fix some other earlier date. The abolition of this body was not much regretted. In spite of the great works executed by them, and the important part they played in metropolitan affairs for a third of a century, they do not seem to have stood high in the public estimation. A Government Commission on the results of their great drainage work, though it gave them much praise for excellent construction, revealed many facts which did not give a favourable impression of municipal management; and a later Royal enquiry disclosed

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some serious irregularities. Their latter end was inglorious, for some of their final proceedings excited such dissatisfaction that the Government found it expedient to give them euthanasia ten days before their natural term of life expired.

We now approach the great agitation now in progress, which was inaugurated by the birth of the new municipal body, the London County Council. They met for the first time on the 31st of January, 1889, and one of their early acts was to proclaim their views and intentions in regard to the water-supply. At a meeting on the 19th of March (two days before they took over the seals of office from the Metropolitan Board), they passed a resolution :—

‘That it be referred to the Finance Committee to consider the steps to be taken, if they so advise, as to acquiring the undertakings now supplying London with water ;* and whether new sources of supply should be reported on by the Engineers of the Council.’

The Committee recommended previous enquiry, and proposed to ask for funds to defray expenses. These were applied for, but Parliament refused them.

The next year (1890) exhibited much greater activity, for two other municipal bodies came forward to join in the water campaign. The first of these was the Corporation of the City, who boldly instituted an enquiry of their own, for the expenses of which they voted 2000*l*. The sittings of their Committee began in May and lasted till October. They examined many witnesses, and invited the attendance of the water companies, but these bodies declined to take any part in the proceedings. They also visited Manchester and Glasgow to obtain information as to the supply in those cities. Their Report was presented in October, and they came to the conclusion that the water-supply should be transferred to a representative Water Authority created for the purpose, the terms of purchase to be settled by arbitration. The recommendation was adopted by the Court of Common Council on the 21st of October, and a Bill for Parliament was framed accordingly.

The other branch of the municipal contingent consisted of the London Vestries and District Boards, who determined to act in an independent character. They held meetings ; sent a deputation to Government ; and decided to promote a separate Bill for the purchase of the existing works, or for the intro-

* The Gas supply was originally also included here, but was afterwards withdrawn. The various proceedings of the County Council have been gathered, for the most part, from the reports in the public journals.

duction of a competing supply. Funds were subscribed, and a Bill was prepared.

The County Council, who had no power to promote any Parliamentary measure, occupied themselves in negotiations and discussions, sometimes complicated, and not always sympathetic, with the two more active parties. And in the course of the session they obtained, in a 'General Powers' Bill, leave to conduct enquiries and negotiations of their own at a cost not exceeding 5000*l*.

This power being gained, at a meeting on the 30th of September the Special Committee recommended that immediate steps should be taken towards the acquisition of the existing works. A discussion ensued, the chairman (Sir John Lubbock) observing, parenthetically and pathetically, that 'he was not satisfied that it was wise to buy up the waterworks,' and several members advocating more consideration. But the Council, as a body, would not brook hesitation or delay, and resolved—

'That the Committee be authorized to enter into tentative negotiations with the Water Companies for the purpose of ascertaining upon what terms the Companies will be prepared to dispose of their undertakings to the Council, in the event of Parliament empowering the Council to acquire such undertakings.'

The Committee promptly put the question to the companies, who, in effect, replied that they were adverse to transferring their undertakings, but would consider any proposals the Council might make. They also declined to give evidence at a proposed enquiry, and ultimately the Council determined to make special investigations of their own. With this view they directed their engineer, Mr. Alexander R. Binnie, 'to submit a Report indicating the heads under which it is desirable to obtain evidence at the enquiry proposed to be held on the subject of the water-supply of London.' The Report was presented on the 8th of October; it pointed out the great increase, in late years, of the demand for water; it questioned the sufficiency and impugned the quality of the present sources; and it suggested other and better ways of supplying the Metropolis.

On the notices for the two great Bills being given in November, the Council took steps to appear in opposition to them, and so to put Parliament in possession of their views. But with their usual impatience they wished something done earlier, and at a meeting on the 9th of December the subject was discussed. A member proposed that the Committee should 'enquire and report as to the practicability, advisability, and probable cost of providing an independent and competing supply

supply of water for the use of the metropolis'; but Sir Thomas Farrer (the Vice-Chairman) explained that this was already being done, and a resolution was passed :—

'That in the opinion of the Council it is necessary to enquire whether the present sources of supply of water are adequate to the growing demands of the population in quantity and quality; and that Her Majesty's Government be requested to institute an immediate enquiry, whether any and what steps should be taken to provide a new and better supply, so that a report may be made thereon in the course of the ensuing Session.'

This peremptory request was duly forwarded by Sir John Lubbock to Lord Salisbury, who politely replied that the matter should receive careful consideration.

The year 1891 opened ominously. The two Bills of the Corporation and the Vestries raised every possible fighting question affecting the water-supply: the companies were on the alert, and the County Council, lying in reserve, were preparing powerful masked batteries to open fire when the proper moment might arrive. They had instructed their Parliamentary Committee to examine the two Bills, and on the 12th of February, 1891, the Committee issued a long report on them and on the whole water question generally. This was discussed at two meetings of the Council on the 17th of February and the 10th of March, and the following resolutions were passed :—

'That the opposition to the London Water Commission Bill be continued, and that the Metropolis Water Supply Bill be opposed.

'That in the event of these Bills being referred to a Select Committee, the Parliamentary Committee should be instructed to intimate to the Committee, on behalf of the Council, that the Council approves the principles indicated in the Report, and is prepared to undertake the question of the water-supply of London, subject to the following conditions :—

'That powers should be conferred on the Council for the introduction into Parliament of Bills dealing with the water question, including the establishment of a new supply, and the improvement of the existing supplies, should further investigation prove such a course to be desirable; and that the Chairman of the Council be requested to introduce into Parliament a public Bill with this object, with the view of its being referred to the same Committee as the several pending Water Bills.'

The Bills of the Corporation and of the Vestries were duly read a second time, and were referred to a Committee of nine members; to whom were also referred a private Bill of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company and some others afterwards

afterwards withdrawn. On the 20th of March the House passed an order—

‘That it be an instruction to the Committee on the London Water Commission Bill, that they have power to enquire into all matters connected with the nature, price, management, sources, and sufficiency of the water-supply of London and its suburbs, and to insert in the Bills such provisions in connection therewith as in their judgment are expedient.’

This order suggested an enquiry of enormous extent; and it seems to have alarmed the Committee so much that they endeavoured to limit its range. At a preliminary meeting on the 15th of April, after electing Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., their Chairman, they held a consultation with the parties interested, and announced their decision to take, as the basis of their enquiry, the first paragraph in the Report of Sir William Harcourt’s Committee of 1880, ‘that it is expedient that the supply of water to the Metropolis should be placed under the control of some public body which shall represent the interests and command the confidence of the water consumers.’ They therefore refused to allow any evidence to be called which went behind this paragraph, so shutting out any evidence the companies might have offered in support of their position.

The Committee met for public business on the 28th of April, and they sat twenty-six days till the 14th of July, when their Report was made. A numerous array of counsel appeared before them, four acting for the City Corporation, three for the County Council, fourteen for the Water Companies, three for the Thames Conservancy, five for suburban authorities, and one for the London Vestries and District Boards.

On the first day they disposed of the *London Water Commission Bill*, promoted by the Corporation. Its object was to create a Water Commission empowered to consider and submit to Parliament Bills dealing with the subject. No evidence was taken, but after the addresses of counsel the Bill was at once rejected as too vague.

The whole of the rest of the time, with the exception of three days discussing and passing the Southwark and Vauxhall Bill, was devoted to the *Metropolis Water Supply Bill*, promoted by the London Vestries and District Boards. Its object was ‘to place the water-supply of the metropolis and the adjoining districts under the control of a public authority, and to acquire the existing water undertakings through the medium of a Water Trust.’ It was a much more elaborate measure than that of the Corporation, and was discussed at great length by all the parties present.

Much

Much evidence was taken upon it. On behalf of the promoters, Mr. Wilkins, the Vestry Clerk of St. James's, Westminster, was the chief witness, supported by Mr. Grover, the civil engineer. On the part of the County Council, as opponents, the chief witness was Sir Thomas Farrer, the Vice-Chairman, who explained the views of the body. He moreover stated that negotiations had taken place between the County Council and the City Corporation, which had resulted in an agreement as to the lines on which future combined action should be taken. Mr. Binnie, the engineer to the Council, confirmed the statements made in his previous report, and other witnesses were called to support the case. Evidence was also given from the outside areas supplied by the companies. There were many speeches by counsel, one of the most elaborate being by Mr. Pember on behalf of the water companies. He tendered evidence from them, but the Committee said they did not see the necessity for it, and added that the companies would not be at all prejudiced by their declining to hear it. After this long consideration it was decided that the Water Supply Bill must be rejected, as the Bill of the Corporation had been.

The Report of the Committee was dated the 14th of July. Omitting some portions of it which do not concern our present object, and others which are matters of detail, we may present the essence of it as follows.

Proceeding on the assumption that in the opinion of Parliament it was desirable to establish a single public representative Water Authority for the Metropolis, they recommended:—

1. That powers should be granted to the County Council to examine the whole position of the metropolitan water-supply, and come to a conclusion as to the policy it is desirable to adopt.

2. That if they should so resolve, they should have power to promote a Bill constituting themselves the responsible Water Authority, acting through a specially qualified Committee.

3. But that, if so constituted, they should be required to purchase the undertakings of the eight Water Companies by agreement, or, failing agreement, by arbitration, within a fixed period.

If the undertakings were not so acquired, the Committee recommended that there should be a Parliamentary enquiry into the statutory powers and obligations of the Water Companies, and the control which is now exercised over them, which it might possibly be found advantageous to make more complete.

As the Committee found it impossible to conduct satisfactorily any examination into the quality and quantity of the London water-supply, these questions were to form part of the complete enquiry.

This Report was a great check to the County Council.
Their

Their object was not only to acquire the existing works, but also to get freedom as to the terms of purchase, so that they might endeavour to carry out their own views as to the mode of valuation. But the decision of the Committee, fixing as a condition the purchase by agreement or arbitration, implied that the valuation must be made on the terms usual in such transfers, and this was by no means what the Council desired.

On the 23rd of July Sir John Lubbock, who had introduced a Bill to confer powers on the Council with respect to the water-supply, asked in the House whether the Government would give him facilities with reference thereto. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, 'No, Sir! I understand that the Bill is highly contentious, and it would be contrary to our pledges to give such facilities.' And Sir John reported this answer to the Council the following day.

This ended the Parliamentary proceedings; but the Council, nothing daunted by their rebuff, took prompt measures for continuing the agitation. They instructed their engineer to prepare a further report, which was presented on the 1st of September, depicting the supply from the Thames and the Lee in more terrible colours than before; and at a meeting on the 13th of October, after a long discussion, they entered a formal protest against the decision of Sir M. Ridley's Committee, in the four following resolutions:—

'1. That the Council, whilst expressing its readiness, so far as its legal powers enable it to do so, to undertake the duties and obligations mentioned in the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th recommendations, in paragraph 5 of the Report of the Select Committee, is unable to accept the condition contained in the 3rd recommendation—that the Council, if constituted the Water Authority, should be required to purchase the undertakings of the eight Water Companies by agreement, or, failing agreement, by arbitration, within a fixed period.

'2. That the Council is prepared to accept and act upon the following recommendation contained in the Report of Sir William Harcourt's Select Committee on Water Supply, viz. "that for certain purposes, at least, it would be desirable to acquire the undertakings of the existing companies, if the same could be obtained on fair and reasonable terms."

'3. That the Council is of opinion that the price to be given for the undertaking of any company should depend, not merely on past dividends, or on Stock Exchange values, but upon the true value of the undertaking, having regard to its legal position and liabilities, to the condition of the property, and to its ability to supply future wants.

'4. That in order to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on this last question, it is essential, before any terms of purchase can be considered,

considered, that the liabilities to capital expenditure for new or supplementary sources of supply, in the immediate future, should be authoritatively ascertained.'

In concluding this history we may add the following statistics, showing the comparative magnitude of the operations of the companies in 1867 and 1890.

	1867.	1890.
Estimated population supplied . . .	3,100,000	5,661,640
Average daily supply—	Gallons.	Gallons.
From the Thames	49,042,467	89,864,471
From the Lee and Wells	49,557,781	85,284,717
Total	98,600,248	175,149,188
Capital expended	£8,769,514	£14,876,109
Filter Beds, area in acres	51	102½
Pumping horse-power	10,661	21,659
Percentage of houses under constant supply	0	62

This shows they have, in these twenty-three years, nearly doubled the magnitude of their operations, and have also increased their efficiency by the partial introduction of constant supply.

Several private Acts have been passed for extensions and other purposes, in some cases making changes in the levying of rates and the raising of capital. The most important legal change has been, that the quantity of water which the companies are empowered to draw from the Thames has been increased from 110,000,000 to 130,000,000 gallons per diem.

The foregoing statements will now clearly show the analogy between the present case and that referred to the Royal Commission in 1867. That enquiry was fostered by parties who wanted to get hold of the water property, the arguments they used being the alleged pollution and proximate exhaustion of the existing sources, and the consequent necessity of getting a 'new and better supply' from districts far away. That is exactly what is happening now; and therefore in both cases, the character of the existing sources, as to quality and quantity, forms the essence of the investigation.

We

We have already stated how the Commission disposed of the matter; but as it seems inevitable, in such discussions, that the same arguments should be reiterated again and again, it becomes advisable, after this length of time, to recall what they did, and to ascertain how far their decisions are applicable to the present circumstances. With such a 'model of scientific investigation' before us, we have full justification for following the general lines of their reasoning.

First as to the *quality*. The river supply of London has often formed a favourite theme for the water agitators. It is so easy to say unpleasant things about it, and so tempting to take advantage of the popular feeling in favour of sanitation, by sensational warnings of supposed dangers. The following passage, from an authoritative source, gives a fair idea of the nature of the objection raised against the river supplies:—

'For a number of years past the condition of the Thames and the Lee, and the fitness of these rivers to act as sources of supply of potable water to the Metropolis, have been subjects of anxious enquiry and discussion. Draining, as they do, thickly inhabited areas with a population aggregating above the intakes of the Companies about 1,400,000 persons, they are exposed to risk of pollution throughout the whole, but more especially in the lower part of their course, and the continuous growth of the population tends to increase the difficulties. . . . Seeing that in the valleys of the Thames and the Lee there are towns, villages, and detached houses, the drainage from which reaches the water-courses in a foul or more or less imperfectly purified condition, and that manure is largely used in the fields, it is manifest that the rivers must carry away impurities of animal in addition to those of vegetable origin. This being the case, there exists always the possibility of the introduction of specific matter of a noxious character.'

This is an unusually temperate statement, as the more common way of expressing the idea is by saying that 'the daily beverage of the inhabitants of the metropolis is simply diluted sewage.' In some form or other, however, the objection is very old;—it has formed the subject of many enquiries, at various times, and it was expressly mentioned in the reference to the Duke of Richmond's Commission. The Commissioners fully appreciated its importance, as they said—

'If it could be clearly proved that either now, or in a proximate future, wholesome water could not be obtained from the Thames basin, the question of the abandonment of the source would demand prompt attention.'

They accordingly devoted a large portion of their enquiry to
this

this special point, taking great pains to investigate the actual facts, and to expose the fallacies and exaggerations which tended to cause such unnecessary alarm. We must give a brief summary of their admirable and conclusive reasoning.

We may pass over the dissolved mineral matters that cause *hardness* of the water, the Commission having decided that this was, on the whole, rather an advantage than otherwise. The question raised here is only of *organic* matter. And it should be remarked at the outset that endeavours are made to frighten people by the mere name, as if it implied something naturally disgusting. But all our solid food is organic, and our favourite beverages depend for their pleasantness and utility on organic contents immensely greater than in any drinking water. All waters collected on a large scale contain organic matters, often contributing to their turbidity; but these are for the most part quite harmless, and can be almost entirely removed by the simple processes of subsidence and filtration. The stain of peat is an organic contamination, but it often exists in waters considered highly eligible for town supplies.

There are, however, undoubtedly some rarer kinds of organic impurity which are objectionable, chiefly arising from manures and animal refuse. The probability of injurious contaminations of this kind must be estimated by carefully studying the actual circumstances of the special case. The Commission have done this, and have pointed out several considerations tending to negative this probability.

(a) In the first place two-thirds of the area of the basin above Hampton consist of porous permeable strata, from which there is very little surface drainage.

(b) As to the small 'towns, villages, and detached houses' in the agricultural districts, and the 'manure largely used in the fields,' the idea that assigns dangerous pollution to the drainage from them, ignores one of the best-established facts in sanitary science, namely the purifying power, on the polluted liquids, of contact with earth and exposure to air. This is the active principle of that great modern sanitary institution, a 'sewage farm'; and as regards these country-produced drainages, the inhabited area forms an immense natural sewage-farm on the most effective scale. It is a glaring inconsistency on the one hand to proclaim that the sewage from 100 people will be rendered innocuous by passing it over an acre of land, and at the same time to assert the noxious qualities of drainage from agricultural districts where the population is perhaps only one person to five or six acres. In small country towns no systematic sewerage is wanted, the products being valuable, and conveyed

conveyed directly to the land, which uses them up for healthy vegetation. It has been shown by local enquiries that about three-fourths of the inhabitants of the Thames and the Lee basins come within this class.

(c) The larger towns, furnished with systematic sewerage, either have, or by law ought to have, provisions for suitably purifying their effluents. This provides for the other fourth of the inhabitants of the Thames and Lee basins.

(d) The water companies are able for the most part to avoid taking in water in heavy floods, when the river is in its most unfavourable state. It is indeed much to their interest to do so, as saving filtration. Some of them also draw their supplies largely from the porous gravel beds, where natural filtration goes on.

(e) Then, finally, if any really deleterious particles do get into the streams—

‘Rari nantes in gurgite vasto’—

they are subject to that most beneficial provision of nature which effects spontaneous purification. Some of the noxious matter is removed by fish and other animal life; and a further quantity is absorbed by the growth of aquatic vegetation. Then there is ultimately the chemical decomposing power of the fresh river water, which always contains much free oxygen, eager to attack the instable organic compounds the moment they enter. This action is much facilitated by the motion of the stream over weirs and through locks, and by the agitation of traffic. And considering what long courses the particles run from the places of their origin, it is easily intelligible why all signs of pollution from them are found to disappear.

(f) The state of the Thames is not left to chance. There is a *Thames Conservancy Board*, whose duty it is to exclude all sewage or other offensive or injurious matter from the river or its tributary streams. Their reports are annually presented to Parliament, and failure in their duties would attract public notice. The Report of 1890 states—

‘The provisions of the Acts which relate to the discharge of sewage into the river and its tributaries, from towns and other places on their banks, were enforced, and the sewage works established at various towns very closely watched, and precautions taken to prevent the possibility of any pollution escaping from those works into the river.

‘The Conservators’ officers continue to closely watch house-boats and steam-launches, with a view to the detection of any pollution from those vessels.’

The above are *à priori* considerations, indicating that we ought not to expect injurious pollutions. It may be asked,

How is this indication borne out by the actual examination of the water? The Commission devoted thirty closely-printed foolscap pages to describing what they did to obtain an answer to this question, and we may safely ask any one who is afraid of being poisoned to study them. It will suffice to give their own conclusions as to the practical quality of the Thames water. First, generally, they say:—

‘The evidence before us leads us to the conclusion that the Thames water has many good qualities which render it peculiarly suitable for the supply of the Metropolis, and which give it, in some respects, a superiority over the soft waters usually obtained from high gathering-grounds. When properly filtered, it is clear, bright, colourless, agreeable, and palatable, and the amount and nature of its saline constituents are considered by many to contribute to its general acceptability for drinking. It is well aerated, has good keeping qualities, and is unusually safe as regards action on lead and iron.’

Then specially as to the organic impurities, they say:—

‘There is one result which, we think, is clearly deducible from the facts before us, namely that in the present state of chemical science, analysis fails to discover in properly filtered Thames water anything positively deleterious to health. Whatever may be the difference of opinion with respect to the time required for removal of all the objectionable organic matter, all the chemists agree that in Thames water taken from the present source and properly filtered, all such matter has disappeared, and that the resulting compounds, such as nitrates, &c., remaining therein, are innocuous and harmless.

‘Having carefully considered all the information we have been able to collect, we see no evidence to lead us to believe that the water now supplied by the Companies is not generally good and wholesome.’

‘But,’ say the agitators, ‘this was in 1869, and the pollutions have increased, and will increase, with the population.’ The Royal Commission studied this; they wrote one division of their Report expressly, ‘On the future influences likely to affect the quality of the water.’ They considered the increase of the population, and they relied, nevertheless, on the perfect feasibility of preserving the good quality. They saw that although on the one hand the causes of pollution might increase, yet on the other hand more knowledge would be gained, and more perfect measures applied, in providing against it.

This has been fully confirmed by experience. The water has been subjected, since they wrote, to constant and thorough examination, not only by the official water examiner, but by the Government chemist, Dr. Frankland; by three other very eminent

eminent chemists on behalf of the water companies; and by other scientific men on behalf of local bodies. Their reports have been laid monthly before the public; and though there have been ordinary fluctuations in the state of the river, there has never been any evidence of an unwholesome condition of the supply to the public. And so far from there being any signs of general deterioration, or departure from the good character of the water given by the Commission, there has been positive evidence of considerable improvement, as a few notes from the published Reports of the Local Government Board will show.

'In 1877 Dr. Frankland notices the improvement exhibited in Thames water, attributable to the more careful treatment by the companies.

'In 1883 the examiner states that subsequent to the passing of the Act of 1871 the water companies have, of their own accord, incurred and undertaken a considerable expenditure, amounting altogether to 3,175,319*l.*, for the improvement of the water-supply both in quantity and quality, by extending the storage capacity of their reservoirs and increasing the areas of filtration, &c.

'In 1884 Dr. Frankland further describes a marked diminution in the fluctuations of quality, undoubtedly due to greater care and attention. In 1885 he further remarks on the very great improvement in the equipment of the companies, and the progressive reduction in the amount of the most important organic indication.'

His Report for 1890 is the most explicit and conclusive of all, containing the following passages:—

'The improved quality of the water upon which I commented in my last Report has been fully maintained.

'The Board of Conservators have almost completely stopped the discharge of untreated sewage into the Thames.

'The table strikingly shows the enormous improvements which the Water Companies have effected in filtration since I first began these examinations for turbidity in 1868. During the year just closed every sample collected was perfectly clear and transparent.

'During the greater part of the year the river waters, both from the Thames and the Lee, contained only a very moderate amount of organic matter.'

We may find out what this amount actually is. The maximum for the last twenty-three years was in February 1869, when it was 0.6 parts in 100,000, or much under half a grain per gallon. And so far from increasing, in 1890 it was the lowest quantity known, only 0.19 parts in 100,000, or less than one-seventh of a grain. It would be an interesting problem for the County Council to calculate how much of this organic matter any one member imbibes in a day; what ratio it bears to that

which naturally enters his system in other ways; and what is the probability that it will do him any harm.

We must not, however, omit reference to what is called the 'germ theory' as an objection to river supplies. It is clearly stated in the following extract from the reports of Dr. Frankland. He says—

'The small proportion of organic material which the solid matter invariably contains is of the greatest importance in connexion with the use of the water for drinking purposes. For although the actual amount of this organic matter is generally quite insignificant, yet it may be of the most objectionable character on account of its origin. Thus the water both of the Thames and the Lee receives, above the points where it is abstracted for the purpose of the metropolitan supply, various contributions of animal origin, such as the drainage from manured land, the effluents from sewage works, and even raw sewage itself. This animal matter may at any time be accompanied by zymotic poisons dangerous to health; and although the chances of such substances reaching the water-consumer are greatly reduced both by the filtration to which the water is subjected by the companies, and by the care which is exercised in excluding the flood waters from their reservoirs, yet in spite of these protective measures there is no absolute guarantee that the noxious ingredients, which may at any time be present, are wholly removed.'

The documents circulated by the County Council improve considerably on this mild warning. They give a fearful picture of our daily potations, and add—

'It is evident that the inhabitants of London are living under conditions as to their water-supply which might lead to an outbreak of epidemic disease that for extent and severity would be almost unparalleled in the history of the world!'

This 'germ' objection came before the Duke of Richmond's Commission, who considered it soberly, and who said, with their customary fairness—

'These opinions have been advanced by many eminent men of science; they are worthy of respectful attention, and ought to operate as a constant stimulus to the most searching examination of the state of the water; to the improvement of the modes and means of scientific analysis; and to the diligent collection of medical data as to the effect of the waters on the public health. But we cannot admit them as sufficiently well established to form any conclusive argument for abandoning an otherwise unobjectionable source of water-supply.'

And so we say now, with increased emphasis; as the lapse of a quarter of a century has shown nothing to render these views better established, but has tended materially in the contrary direction.

direction. Dr. Percy Frankland has worked for more than three years at microscopic bacteriological observations on the water, with a view to investigate this point. In 1885, Dr. E. Frankland pointed out that they had revealed the improvement of the water by filtration in a much more striking manner than the ordinary tests; and in 1888 the water examiner explained that the reduction of the micro-organic spores or germs thus effected had been shown to amount to '97·6 per cent. in the case of the Thames, and to 93·9 per cent. in the case of the Lee,' so tending to 'raise the character of the water-supply in public estimation.' And when, to this reassuring fact, we add the extreme improbability that any such zymotic germs, formed in the upper towns, could so far evade the arresting, destroying, or metamorphic agencies besetting their long course as to be able to attack the metropolis with their pristine vitality and virulence, we may at least postpone any action on so fanciful a theory.

Putting all the reports together, therefore, we may be certain that so far from there having been any deterioration in the quality of the water since the opinions of the Royal Commission were given, it has very much improved.

We have now to enquire what *quantity* of water may reasonably be obtained from the present sources, and how this quantity will correspond with the demands of the population. The Royal Commission, on the best evidence they could get, assumed an ultimate future population of 5,000,000, who, at 35 gallons per diem each, would require 175,000,000 gallons; and they estimated that 300,000,000 gallons might be obtained from the present sources. Further experience has led to some corrections of this estimate, and we, following their general line of argument, will go over the quantities anew.

Beginning with the Thames basin, we may take the data quoted, on the authority of the Thames Conservancy, in the last Report of the Local Government Board. They give the area of the basin above the water intakes as 3465 square miles, and the average daily flow at about 1,100,000,000 gallons. But the flow is of course very irregular, and the most important datum is what is called the 'summer flow' in dry weather. It is now stated that this may probably average 400,000,000 gallons per day, and rarely falls below 300,000,000 gallons. The average quantity drawn from the Thames in 1890 was 89,864,000 gallons; the largest quantity, in July, 98,200,000 gallons. When the Commission sat, the companies were empowered to take 110,000,000 gallons, but the per-

mission

mission has now been extended to 130,000,000. As this concession was freely made, it may be taken for granted that the quantity may be abstracted without detriment to the river. Sir M. Ridley's Committee appeared to concur in this view, adding, however, that it ought not to be exceeded.

But it is prudent to look ahead, and to contemplate a future increase of the demand which might require a larger quantity. The Commission did this, and suggested a proper provision for it. They saw that the summer flow only represented a small proportion of the quantity obtainable, and said—

'We are led to believe that it would be easy to make storage reservoirs, and other works, on the upper part of the river, to collect the flood waters; and that by means of these the flow might be so equalized as to neutralize the effect of the severe droughts, and therefore to admit of a still larger abstraction of water, if the growing requirements of the metropolis should render it necessary.'

The Engineer to the County Council raises doubts as to the feasibility of constructing such reservoirs; but the Commissioners have quoted, in justification of their opinion, the strong positive evidence of Mr. Hawksley, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. J. T. Harrison, the Rev. Mr. Clutterbuck, Mr. Bailey Denton, Mr. McClean, Mr. Quick, and the Engineer, the Secretary, and the acting Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board, every one of whom must be considered as an authority on the point. From this evidence they inferred that, with such provisions, the quantity to be drawn might well be extended to 220,000,000 gallons per diem; which, therefore, we are reasonably justified in adopting as the yield of the Thames.

The yield of the Lee and wells was estimated by the Commission at 80,000,000 gallons per diem; and as an average of 85,284,000 and a maximum of 87,700,000 were drawn last year, we need not dispute their figures; so that we may accept their total estimate of 300,000,000 gallons without hesitation, leaving out of the question other additions that good authorities, the late Mr. John Harrison in particular, testify might be got, if necessary, within the locality.

Now we come to the calculation how many people may be supplied by 300,000,000 gallons of water per diem, and this it is necessary to discuss in some detail, as the general ideas on the subject are often very hazy.

It is undeniably the essence of a good supply, both for health and comfort, that every individual should be able to get as much water as he can possibly require for all legitimate purposes, without stint or hindrance. But if he takes more than

than he actually requires or can beneficially use, then he causes *waste*, which is an element of great importance in waterworks calculations. The supply of more water in a town than is required is an evil, and ought to be discouraged and repressed. The water is an expensive thing to procure, and a superfluous supply not only wastes money, but does positive mischief by increasing the difficulty of carrying it away. It is not easy to devise a means of giving the necessary quantity and no more. To sell by meter for domestic purposes is considered objectionable, and to restrict the supply is more objectionable still. The best practical method yet discovered is the system of *constant service*, which, when properly carried out, effects the object automatically. The consumer can draw water, in its best state, directly from the main, whenever he likes, and in any quantity he likes; and when he has got what he wants, he shuts his tap, and there is no superfluous delivery.

We shall have more to say on this system by and by; but we may now consider what ought to be the consumption of water in a town. The subject has been well investigated, and it is the result of experience that the quantity actually required for household consumption, giving a fair allowance for general purposes and including water-closets, is more than covered by an average estimate of 10 gallons per head per diem. In addition to this, supplies have to be provided for gardens, small street trades, and municipal sanitary requirements, such as watering roads, flushing sewers, public fountains, extinguishing fires, and so on, for which there may be allowed 5 gallons more, making 15 gallons per diem; and this will include an allowance for some waste, which cannot altogether be repressed. To prove that this figure is a practical one, and not merely hypothetical, we give the actual consumption in gallons per head per diem, for these purposes, in twenty large towns where the constant service is in use.*

Manchester, 13; Liverpool, 14·4; Sheffield, 14; Birmingham, 15; Leicester, 14; Nottingham, 12·2; Huddersfield, 13; Norwich, 11·5; Birkenhead, 16·5; Cambridge, 14·3; Cheltenham, 11; Derby, 13·2; Lincoln, 15; Preston, 15; Reading, 12; Oldham, 17; Northampton, 10; Barnsley, 13; Cardiff, 14·5; Stockton and Middlesbro', 17·5. Mean of all, 13·8.

To these amounts have to be added the supplies for manufacturing purposes and other large consumers by meter, which vary in different towns, from 2 or 3 gallons up to 9 or 10.

* Taken chiefly from Returns supplied to Mr. Richardson, Civil Engineer, of Birkenhead, 1886.

Turning now to London, we find that in 1867 the supply per head per diem is given by the Royal Commission at 32 gallons for all purposes; and the Commission thought that the introduction of constant service would increase it. When, however, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre instituted his more extensive enquiry into the statistics of other towns, this view was not confirmed; a confident opinion being expressed that, if the system was energetically applied, it ought to lead, on the contrary, to a considerable reduction. After the Act was passed, the companies undertook the experiment, single-handed, the Metropolitan Board refusing to help, because, as they said, they considered the Regulations too stringent. The companies persevered, and at present 62 per cent. of the houses are so laid on. The effect has been, on the whole, slightly to reduce the consumption, *i.e.* from 32 gallons to 30·93, which is the return for 1890. It is estimated that about 6 gallons of this are devoted to the large manufacturing supplies, so leaving rather less than 25 gallons per head per day for the domestic consumption. When we compare this with the average of the twenty country towns, *i.e.* 13·8 gallons, we find the London allowance very high; there may perhaps be some further reduction when the other houses are laid on, but it is clear that the waste is still excessive. This consequently raises the question whether the constant-service system is so perfectly carried out as it ought to be.

The waste may occur in two ways; either the consumer may leave his taps open and allow the water to run uselessly away, or the water may escape of itself through leaks in the pipes and fittings. With regard to the first-named cause, it is found by experience that the wilful or careless waste by the consumer is little to be feared, as there is no inducement for it, and it is an inconvenience and a nuisance in the house. The principal cause of it has been the action of well-meaning but badly-informed sanitarians, prompting the inhabitants to let the water dribble away 'to clear the drains'—a long-exploded fallacy. The ordinary law with moderate inspection is found sufficient to check waste from the improper actions of the consumer.

The other source of waste, that from defects of the fittings, is much more formidable. It has required long practice, and the exertions of the most capable men, to repress it, but at length the object has been successfully accomplished. We can only here give a general idea of the means used.

In the first place the general nature of the fittings must be prescribed by 'Regulations,' carefully devised according to the results of long experience. Those made for London under the

Act

Act of 1871, although less stringent than in the best-served towns, are fairly sufficient; but they admit of much latitude in their application, as to the design, construction, and quality of the fittings, over which the water authority ought to exercise a strict control.

Then, secondly, there ought to be a stringent superintendence of the entire work done in the houses, which implies a full control over the plumbers. If we examine the Reports on which the Constant Service Act of 1871 was founded, we find that the chief difficulty has been in dealing with this matter. The reporter speaks of the bad state of the work generally if uncontrolled, particularly in London, and adds, that to trust such important work to be done without efficient vigilance would not only prejudice the interests of both the consumer and the companies, but might endanger altogether the results of the system.

Mr. Bateman, also, when he proposed his great scheme, said to the Royal Commission:—

‘My opinion is that a constant water supply under high pressure in the existing state of the plumbing in London would be almost impossible, and that it is necessary that very stringent powers be given to the companies or to a Corporation if it had the administration of the water.’

We need not enlarge on this, as there are few London householders who have not had some personal experience in regard to their water-fittings. No doubt there has been some improvement, and the City ‘Plumbers’ Company’ have been laudably endeavouring to promote technical competency. But this is not enough; the London workman is still sometimes apt to fancy that the necessity for frequent repair is unavoidable; and to enlighten him on this point would be much to the interest of the water-supply.

It is now natural to ask if these conditions have been fully carried out in London; and the water examiner collected and published, in his Report for 1888–9, some remarks by the companies which throw light on the matter. It is curious to see the general hesitation shown about the economy of the system, as if it were altogether a novel invention submitted for their trial; the idea of experience elsewhere does not seem to have occurred to them. Three of the companies have satisfied themselves of the saving effected by it, but the others are doubtful, and one declares it leads to a considerable increase. It is easy, however, to infer from their statements how this has occurred.

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They complain of increased consumption in dry and hot weather (which is not unnatural), and also of waste in frost; but both heat and frost occur in other towns, where by proper means the irregularities attending them are overcome without much difficulty. But it is clear that the great cause of the failure of economy is want of control over the fittings. The following statements are conclusive on the point:—

‘The condition of the house-fittings is reported to be far from satisfactory; and although the company test and stamp all taps free of charge, everything is sacrificed for the sake of cheapness. The builders of small house property have no interest in putting down good fittings; those of a cheap description, although capable, when new, of withstanding a considerable pressure, very quickly become out of order, and are then a great source of waste and expense.

‘Ten per cent. per annum of the fittings are found to be more or less defective, and to require adjustment and repair.

‘The ultimate success of the constant supply must largely depend on the willingness of owners to keep the fittings in proper repair.’

These passages show that the quality of the work is left largely to the plumbers and the inhabitants, a condition which cannot succeed; an active control is absolutely necessary. The companies appear to exercise great industry in detecting waste, and mourning over it, but what is wanted is to prevent it beforehand. With thoroughly good fittings, success is automatic and certain; without them it is impossible.

The somewhat *naïf* inference of the examiner from the reports of the companies that ‘the system of constant supply seems to conduce on the whole to economy in the use of water’ must excite a smile in many large country towns where this economy has long been the most salient fact in their water practice. Some of them have been in far greater straits for water than London can ever be; but instead of making lackadaisical complaints about ‘the control of the supply being surrendered to the consumers,’ they have applied the system vigorously, and it has saved them. If it were applied as vigorously in London, there can be no reasonable doubt that the consumption would be some 25 or 30 per cent. less than it is at present.

We may now return to the consideration of the sufficiency of the present sources. We have seen that we may calculate on their yielding say 300,000,000 gallons per day; and if we only suppose the daily consumption to be reduced to 25 gallons per head (which is still a large allowance), we find this quantity will supply 12 millions of people.

The rate of increase in the population supplied has been very irregular. From 1867 to 1880 it averaged a little less than
100,000

100,000 annually. For the next five or six years it took an abnormal rise, probably from extensions of the areas supplied; but from 1886 to 1890 it had fallen back to an average of 93,000, the last year being only 80,000. If we take an arithmetical annual increase of 100,000 per annum, the quantity available will last us for sixty-three years to come. And if the constant-service system were made as perfect as in many large country towns, even this period would be considerably extended.

We have now, we think, shown that the favourable judgment of the Duke of Richmond's Commission on the present sources, both as regards quality and quantity, still holds good; and we cannot do better than close this topic by quoting the opinion of the Commission on their merits generally. It is as follows:—

‘We are of opinion that the abundance, permanence, and regularity of supply, so important to a large metropolis, are secured much more efficiently by the great extent and varied geological character of a large hydrographical basin, such as that of the Thames, than by the necessarily very much more limited collecting areas that can be made available on the gravitation system. In the former case, also, the supply-streams are self-maintaining; while, in the latter, the channel must be subject to the accidents incident to its artificial construction.’

But whatever may be proved about the sources, the mainspring of the agitation, the desire for the transfer, will still remain active; and we may, in conclusion, say a few words upon it.

It has never been a well-settled matter to what sort of a body the water-supply should be transferred. The Royal Commission of 1869 merely said that it should be ‘a responsible public body,’ giving no name; and although the Metropolitan Board made repeated and clamorous assertions that they were the proper body to receive the trust, no one ever agreed with them.

Their successors, the London County Council, have higher pretensions, and have met with more favour. Their professions and their doings are kept well before the public; and as they make no secret of their views about the water-supply, their claims for it will be certain to have due consideration.

But it has been asked whether an affair of such magnitude ought to be tacked on to the work of a body already fully occupied, and who have other continually increasing duties before them. Is not the water-supply of London large enough to have a department of its own? This idea has been often encouraged. The Government in 1880 proposed to create a special Water Trust; Sir W. Harcourt's Committee did the same; and both the City Corporation and the Vestries advocated, during 1891, a similar arrangement. It would certainly seem that this mode

mode presents important advantages in regard to the management. No one accustomed to the working of large undertakings can doubt that a small, well-paid board of carefully selected men, of high intelligence and large experience, resembling the Board of Directors of a great Company, would be on many grounds better managers than the heterogeneous members of a popularly elected and party divided assembly. The Water Trust proposed by Mr. Cross in 1880 contemplated such a direction; and if the public really wish a transfer, it would be well to reconsider this alternative.

But *do* the public really wish a transfer? Is it the settled desire of the sensible and reflecting part of the inhabitants of London? or is it not rather the outcome of a craving for patronage and power and popularity on the part of a small number? We doubt whether any arguments have been used for it of sufficient force to carry conviction to thoughtful minds.

The first strong recommendation of it was made by the Duke of Richmond's Commission. This has been much insisted on, and we ourselves, in our former article, though we viewed it with some misgiving, respectfully gave it equal prominence with the other recommendations. But it was really in a different category; there was, we believe, some suspicion at the time that the Commissioners were not strong or unanimous about it, and certainly internal evidence shows an exceptional weakness in their reasoning, which may account for the fact that the recommendation has hitherto remained a dead letter.

The reasons that have been assigned for the change will none of them bear close examination. The general-policy argument, that the commercial interests of companies are antagonistic to the general interests of the public, would apply to every provision for our daily life and wants; and when these are supplied by powerful bodies under parliamentary privileges, where the ordinary rule of *caveat emptor* does not apply, it is surely competent for Parliament to protect the public. The provisions of water for sanitary purposes, for fires, for the poor, and so on, all come within this category, and we can scarcely imagine any obligation that may not thus be provided for. And as to the cost to the consumers, we are not aware that any advantage is promised in that particular. The special reason given by the Commissioners, that the constant supply could not be introduced by private companies, has been disproved over and over again, and it is pretty well known now that Corporations are often less capable of enforcing it than private companies with competent powers.

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The opinions of many men of business experience and cultivated judgment are by no means in favour of the change. Sir John Lubbock, Chairman of the London County Council, said in his opening address, June 2nd, 1890:—

‘I am one of those who believe that undertakings of this character are, as a rule, more conveniently managed by private enterprise than by public bodies. . . . On this point, however, I am in a minority.’

Then another eminent man, Mr. Littler, Q.C., Chairman of the Middlesex County Council, who has in his professional practice had a vast insight into the workings of companies and Corporations, answering Mr. Bidder, Q.C., before Sir M. Ridley’s Committee, said:—

‘I am by no means sure that London is not very well off as it is; but it seems to me a foregone conclusion that the water companies are to be bought up. . . . What I want is to have no foregone conclusions.’

Mr. Hawksley, without doubt the most eminent water engineer of the present day, told the Duke of Richmond’s Commission that he had not found the change from private to public proprietorship had been generally for the advantage of the town. He said:—

‘In general the management by public bodies is more defective than the management by Companies, and for obvious reasons. The public bodies in general are more under external influence, and are not capable as a rule (there are few exceptions) of checking waste; and the general experience is that the water is delivered nominally in larger volume, but not by any means more effectively, by public bodies than by companies.’

He has often repeated this kind of evidence, and his opinions have been confirmed by other engineers of large experience, who have good opportunities of watching the internal working of corporate management. Such men see, among other defects, that the most active members of the Committees who rule the water or gas affairs may often be persons with limited knowledge and doubtful judgment, under whom the responsible properly-qualified officers may find it difficult to carry on their work intelligently and successfully. When Captain Eyre Shaw, the best officer in the most difficult work that the metropolis ever knew, resigned his post the other day, and said to the County Council, ‘I am compelled to look at all the circumstances from a point of view which may not have presented itself to your notice, and I regret to have to express my conviction that under the existing conditions and terms I could not continue to hold my position,’ it is not impossible that he may have felt some difficulty of this kind. And

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we personally know the existence of similar discomfort in corporate water-works management, though it may not have gone so far.

The only reason of any weight that has been given for the change is that the present arrangements are unsatisfactory from their being in such divided hands. This is true, but the evil might be perfectly cured by amalgamation, as has been done in the case of gas. The London Gas Companies some years ago were, if we recollect rightly, about fourteen in number, but they have voluntarily amalgamated; their relations with the public have been taken well in hand by Parliament; and a system has been established, through independent paid scientific officers, by which a far more perfect control is maintained than ever has existed or can exist in a gas system managed by a Corporation. We see no reason why equally good results might not be obtained for the water-supply.

It is significant that, although Sir M. Ridley's Committee started with what Mr. Littler called a 'foregone conclusion' in favour of the transfer, they ultimately contemplated the possibility of a continuance of the present proprietorship, under a revised and extended control.

What is to be done now will depend chiefly on the attitude taken by Government. When the Conservative Ministry interested themselves in the water question in 1880, they took a practical and conciliatory course which would probably have settled the matter for all time. The companies would have retired contentedly; the public would have acquired a magnificent and long-coveted property at a fair commensurate cost; its future management would have been placed in efficient hands, and any necessary measures of extension or improvement would have followed as an easy sequel to the possession. Had the party remained in power, we believe a more calm and leisurely consideration would have brought the public to concur in their well-considered views and to support their proposals. But this was not to be; and the settlement is now obstructed by new principles and motives, which, to say the least, introduce complexity, suspicion, and strife, into what would be otherwise a simple and straightforward business transaction.

There is much said about further enquiries and investigations. If any proceedings of this kind are decided on, we most earnestly hope they may be entrusted to competent, unprejudiced, and impartial hands.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires du Général Baron de Marbot*. Three vols. 8vo. Paris, 1891.

IN view of the countless volumes of French memoirs of the Revolutionary period, it would be rash to speak in absolute terms of these latest additions. It is, however, allowable to say that they are, of their kind, by far the most interesting that have come under our notice. Such too appears to be the general opinion throughout Europe, if we may judge from the ready sale which succeeding editions have found; and all who have read them have, with common consent, greeted them as a real addition to the joys of life; the point principally at issue being apparently whether Baron de Marbot is to be most appropriately compared with our dear friend D'Artagnan, or with D'Artagnan's biographer, the elder Dumas; whether he appears to greater advantage as a man of action or a man of letters. For ourselves, we register our preference for the man of action; we hold to the D'Artagnan side of his career. Not that he is not an excellent *raconteur*, who will not lose in comparison with even the immortal Alexander; but there have been and are many excellent *raconteurs*: there has been but one D'Artagnan; and in so far as Marbot approaches the ideal, we take him to our arms as a friend of our boyhood.

There may indeed be some to whom the fact that he is an historic character in reality, not merely in name, as is D'Artagnan, may lessen the interest of his adventures; may seem to take them from the land of fiction and romance and faëry, to this work-a-day world, in which wounds are painful, and impecuniosity disagreeable or worse. To others, again, the truth of the story adds to its interest; and that the Baron de Marbot's story is, in the main, true, there can, we conceive, be no reasonable doubt. It is, of course, the story of his youth told by a man of over sixty, and apparently with but little assistance from notes or journals. The historical framework, too, is probably more or less patched from extraneous sources; the comments on it, the adventures, the personal reminiscences are his own, and are mostly new to all outside the family circle.

M. de Marbot was born in 1782, and entered the army in 1799, being just seventeen. The dates seem to speak for themselves, but the short summary of his service, which he wrote as a dedication to his wife and children, is a clear statement of the extraordinary scope of his experience:—

'When still very young, I was a witness of the great and terrible Revolution of 1789. I lived under the Convention and the Directory.

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I saw the Empire. I took part in its gigantic wars, and narrowly escaped being crushed by its fall. I frequently had access to the Emperor Napoleon; I served on the staff of five of his most celebrated Marshals—Bernadotte, Augereau, Murat, Lannes, and Massena; I knew all the distinguished personages of the time. In 1815 I was exiled. I often had the honour to see King Louis-Philippe when he was still only Duke of Orleans; after 1830, I was for twelve years the aide-de-camp of his august son, the new Duke of Orleans; and since the sad event which tore him from his loving people, I have been attached to the person of his son, the Comte de Paris. I have thus been a witness of many events. I have seen much, and remembered much; and as you have long desired that I should write my memoirs, including at once the narrative of my life and of the memorable deeds in which I have taken part, I now yield to your pressing wishes.

Given such a career and an unusual talent for telling a story, it is not to be wondered at that he wrote a book in which, now that it is published after the lapse of nearly fifty years, the heroes of the Revolutionary war live again; the soldiers of that wonderful army, which overran almost all Europe, pass once more before our eyes; and through all, stands Marbot himself, the central figure of adventures innumerable—under any other circumstances, we could almost say incredible.

Marbot, whom we must for the present distinguish by his Christian name of Marcellin, was the second son of a noble though untitled officer in the army, who, after serving some years in the Gardes du Corps of the King, was in 1781 appointed by Count Schomberg his aide-de-camp and captain in his regiment of dragoons. The service involved only three months' attendance in the year; during the other nine he resided on his estate near Beaulieu on the Dordogne, and there, in 1776, he married the sister of a brother officer, and also of the father of the future Marshal Canrobert. Besides Marcellin, there were three sons; Adolphe the eldest, Théodore the third, and Félix the youngest.

The meeting of the States-General in 1789 brought dissension, or rather discussion, into the family. Marbot, though noble, was in favour of the proposed reforms, 'not foreseeing the atrocities which the changes were to usher in.' His wife's brothers, on the other hand, were stoutly opposed to all innovations; and when the Legislative Assembly was convened, while Marbot went to Paris as a member of it, his brothers-in-law left the country. It was not long before the risings of the peasantry extended into the neighbourhood of Beaulieu. Led on by demagogues from the cities, they visited the several *châteaux*, nominally to search for *émigrés*, but really to burn the title-

deeds

deeds of feudal dues, or the *châteaux* themselves, when the fancy took them. Marbot had left home as a member of the Assembly, and was now serving as a captain of Chasseurs in the army of the Pyrenees. It might have been thought that his property would be secure and his wife and family safe. They were so for a short time, but then—

‘As the revolutionary torrent swept over all alike, the house of Saint-Céré, which my father had bought ten years before, was confiscated and declared national property, because the deed of sale was under private seal, and the seller had emigrated without ratifying it before the notary. My mother was only allowed a few days to take away her linen, and the house was then sold by auction and bought by the President of the district, who had himself suggested the confiscation.’

We have been made familiar with such doings by the vivid descriptions of M. Taine, but they seem to come more home to our feelings when they occur to people with a distinct personality, and still more, to a servant of the State; to a partisan, even, of the Government, as M. de Marbot then was. Nor were the aggressions of the reformers to stop there. A few days later:—

‘The peasants, hounded on by ringleaders from Beaulieu, came in a body to my father’s *château*, and, with all the delicacy in the world, and with even some show of politeness, told my mother that they were under the necessity of burning such title-deeds of feudal dues as we still had, and also of satisfying themselves that the *émigrés*, her brothers, were not hidden in the *château*. My mother received them with admirable courage, surrendered the title-deeds, and pointed out to them that as they knew her brothers to be men of intelligence, they must see that it was not likely they had emigrated only to return to France immediately and hide in her *château*. They admitted the justice of her argument; and after drinking, eating, and burning the title-deeds in the middle of the courtyard, they went off without further damage, shouting, “Vive la Nation et le Citoyen Marbot!” and charged my mother to write and tell him that they loved him very much, and that his family was perfectly safe among them.’

Madame de Marbot’s confidence in these assurances was not so firm as became the wife of such an esteemed citizen, and she promptly determined to quit the neighbourhood and take refuge with an uncle who had married a rich widow at Rennes. Marcellin was just then a weakly child, not able to travel, and was sent, as for a few months, to a convent at Turenne. He stayed there for four peaceful years, while outside the convent walls France was streaming with the bloodshed of the Terror, and the civil war was raging in Vendée and Bretagne. It was not till November 1793 that his father, who had by this time

attained the rank of General of Division and was just appointed to a command at Toulouse, came to see him, very different in appearance—with close-cropped, unpowdered hair, and enormous moustache—from the boy's childish recollections. He judged that it was quite time to take his son, now getting on for twelve, from a girl's school, and carried him off, to send him to a military college at Sorèze.

An incident of the journey impressed itself on the boy's memory. The general had determined to push on to Toulouse, travelling night and day, and was stopping at Cressensac to have the carriage wheels seen to, and to lay in a stock of provisions, when a party of National Guards came into the town with a number of prisoners—old gentlemen, ladies, and children. The sight filled him with fury, and he stamped up and down the room, declaiming against the Convention which had so marred the Revolution.

'I understood all my father said, and vowed, like him, a determined hatred to this terrorist party, which had spoiled the Revolution of 1789. But why, it will be asked, did my father continue to serve a government which he despised? Why? Because he thought that to drive back the enemy from French soil was a thing honourable in itself, which in no way rendered the soldiers parties to the atrocities committed by the Convention.'

Whilst pondering over what had escaped from his father, little Marcellin heard one of the children crying for something to eat, and a lady asking her guard to let her get down to buy some provisions. When he roughly refused, she handed him an *assignat* and begged him to buy some bread for her. 'Do you take me for one of your old lackeys?' answered the fellow. Shocked at his rudeness, Marcellin ran to the carriage where he had seen the general's servant stowing the provisions, and brought some to the lady. Her gratitude inspired him, and he forthwith began a distribution all round, which ended only when the stock was exhausted. The General, on his part, anxious to escape from the painful spectacle, would not wait for dinner, so that he was no sooner on the road than he began to look for the food, and rated his servant soundly when he could not find it. In vain did the servant swear by all the devils that he had filled the pockets: the fact was against him, till Marcellin, in fear and trembling, confessed what he had done. 'My father, however,' he says, 'tenderly embraced me; and many years afterwards he used still to speak with pleasure of my conduct on this occasion.'

After some five and a half years at school, Marcellin joined his father at Paris, in March 1799. Of the political situation

at the time, and the claims of the different men of note, he has given a very interesting summary; but it is necessarily second-hand, and has no particular value, beyond, indeed, its admirable clearness. In the summer the General was appointed to the command of a division in the Army of Italy; and as it had been determined that Marcellin should also be a soldier, he was, in September, enrolled as a private in the 1st Hussars, under the command of his father, with whom he travelled to Nice.

‘Though my father,’ he says, ‘was very kind to me, yet he inspired me with such awe that in his presence I was extremely shy, and he believed me to be still more so than I really was; so that he used to say I ought to have been a girl, and would often call me *Mademoiselle Marcellin*, which, especially now that I was a hussar, mortified me exceedingly. In order to overcome this shyness, he wished me to serve with my fellows; and, indeed, the only way of entering the army at that time was as a private soldier.’

By a singular misunderstanding, the initiation was more severe than the General had intended. The Colonel of the regiment was absent, but General Marbot had met him shortly before, and asked him to name a steady, well-conducted, non-commissioned officer to be the boy’s Mentor. The Colonel recommended Sergeant Pertelay; and accordingly the General now requested the Major in command to send Pertelay to him. It so happened, however, that there two brothers of the name, both sergeants.

‘The elder was a drinking, blustering, brawling bully—brave, indeed, even to foolhardiness, but completely ignorant of everything except his horse, his arms, and his duty before the enemy. The younger, on the other hand, was a gentle, courteous, well-educated, and remarkably good-looking man: he was, too, quite as brave as his brother, and would certainly have won rapid promotion, had he not, while still quite young, met his death on the battle-field.’

The General, of course, knew nothing of all this; but as he made no distinction, the Major took for granted that he meant the elder, supposing that he wished to knock the shyness out of the boy as soon as possible. And this is the description of the elder Pertelay as he appeared before the General in obedience to the summons.

‘A stout-built, devil-may-care sort of fellow, faultlessly dressed, indeed, but with his shako cocked over one ear, his sword trailing, his face fiery and marked by a tremendous scar; with moustaches six inches long and the waxed ends losing themselves in his ears, while two big love-locks fell in plaits from the temples on to his chest. In addition to all this, the look of a thorough-going scamp,

the effect of which was heightened by a brusque way of speaking in a most barbarous Franco-Alsatian jargon.'

The appearance and manners of the man were so utterly different from what General Marbot had expected, that he hesitated about entrusting his son to him; but on his aide-de-camp reminding him that the Colonel had recommended him as the *best* non-commissioned officer in the squadron, he thought it would be right to try him, at any rate. Under such guidance Marcellin's gentle, ladylike manners did not last long; and in a few weeks, drinking, swearing, brawling, he became more of a 'pandour' than his Mentor himself. Fortunately he won his promotion before the change had gone too far.

A party of fifty men, under the command of a lieutenant, was told off for a reconnaissance, but almost at starting the officer's horse blundered on a very bad piece of road, and the lieutenant, in falling, sprained his foot so badly that he was unable to go on. The command devolved on the senior sergeant, 'a good-looking young fellow, well educated, with plenty of ability, and, above all, of cheek,' but who proved to be wanting in the first essential of a soldier—animal courage. He pretended to be sick, refused to go on, and turned the command over to Pertelay. But Pertelay would not accept it, for, as he could not read, he could not understand the written orders. So said all the other non-commissioned officers, and by the unanimous vote of the detachment young Marbot was elected to the command. And exceedingly well he managed the business, carrying out the objects of the reconnaissance, surprising an advanced post of the Austrians, and bringing away some seventeen of them as prisoners in face of a brigade of the Austrian army. On coming back he was most honourably promoted at one step to be sergeant, with a strong recommendation for a commission, which, before they met the commander-in-chief, had been again won by a gallant piece of skirmishing. He was promoted to be sub-lieutenant in December 1799, less than three months after joining his regiment. He was then for a few months aide-de-camp to his father, who was severely wounded at Voltri in the retreat on Genoa, and died there of typhus fever during the siege.

Of the siege itself he has given a clear account, and discusses in a lucid manner the strategic gain of the remarkable defence. He repeats too, with several additions of detail, and some important variations, the terrible story told by M. Thiers of the wholesale starving of Austrian prisoners on board some hulks in the harbour. M. Thiers lays the blame of their death on Lord Keith, the English admiral. Marbot's account, which
seems

seems to be independent, refers it to General Ott. It was with Ott only that Massena corresponded; it was Ott alone who refused, in the first instance, to send in provisions; and it was still Ott who refused all subsequent offers,—whether, adds Marbot, from obstinacy or because Lord Keith would not lend the boats for fear of infection, typhus raging at the time with great virulence. So far as we can tell from Keith's correspondence, he knew nothing whatever about it from first to last, and this last, according to Marbot, was very horrible. After having eaten their belts, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, and even, it was believed, some of the dead bodies, the greater part of the prisoners died of starvation. When the place surrendered, out of three thousand who had been put on board the hulks, between seven and eight hundred were still living, and these died of surfeit in consequence of the undue liberality of their compatriots.

On his return to France, Marcellin and his elder brother Adolphe were both appointed to the staff of Bernadotte, then commanding in Bretagne. At the Peace of Amiens, several regiments were gathered in and round about Brest, under orders for St. Domingo. This gave Bernadotte, for the time, the command of eighty thousand men, a large proportion of whom had served with him, under Moreau, on the Rhine. It is familiarly known that there was a strong feeling of rivalry or even jealousy between the army of the Rhine and the army of Italy, and that the soldiers of the Rhine, devotedly attached to Moreau, were by no means pleased with the recent elevation of Bonaparte. Moreau and Bernadotte quite shared these feelings, and, says Marbot,

‘If General Bernadotte had had more firmness of character, the First Consul would have had reason to repent giving him such an important command; for without injury to any one, I can now state, as an *historical fact*, that Bernadotte did conspire against the Government of which Bonaparte was the head. I will give some details of this conspiracy, which are the more interesting, as they have never been known to the public, nor even, perhaps, to General Bonaparte.’

According to this story, in which, as will be seen, Marbot had a strong family interest, Bernadotte and Moreau, being discontented with the very small share in public affairs which had been given to them, resolved to overturn the First Consul and place themselves at the head of the Government. With this object, Bernadotte, who had a special talent for winning the affections of those under his command, lost no opportunity of attaching the men and officers to himself by presents, promises of promotion, and flattery, whilst to the seniors he used to
speak

speaking in very bitter terms of the First Consul and his Government. The regiments, being already ill-disposed, were easily brought to a state ripe for revolt, especially those under orders for St. Domingo, which they looked on as transportation. Under Bernadotte, the head of this conspiracy was General Simon, the chief of the staff, a clever but weak man, and—as his agent—a Major Fourcart, who, visiting the several garrisons, as though officially, formed the commanding and superior officers of the several regiments into a league against the First Consul.

Everything was ready, when Bernadotte, 'wishing, like a true Gascon, "to pull the chestnuts out of the fire with the cat's paw,"' persuaded Simon and the others that it was absolutely necessary for him to be in Paris when the deposition of the Consuls should be proclaimed by the army of Bretagne, so as to be ready, in concert with Moreau, to seize the reins of government; his real motive, of course, being to escape being implicated if the plot should fail. Before he departed, however, a proclamation had been drawn up addressed to the French people and to the army. Many thousand copies of this had been printed in Rennes; and to avoid the risk of having anything to do with another printer in Paris, it was his object to get some of these conveyed there for general distribution at the right moment. Naturally he was not going to carry them in his own carriage, but he desired Adolphe Marbot, as his aide-de-camp, to follow him to Paris by diligence, sending on his horse and cabriolet with his luggage. As soon, however, as Adolphe had started, General Simon had some of the luggage removed, and put in its place several bundles of the proclamation, which Adolphe's servant quite innocently carried off on the way to Paris.

Meantime suspicion had been excited at head-quarters. Orders were sent to M. Mounier, the Prefect of Rennes, to investigate the matter; and he, entirely ignorant of it, applied for information to General Simon. It was then half-past eleven, and at noon the regiments were to revolt. As Mounier put it, Simon thought that everything was discovered, lost his head, and told all he knew. General Virion, of the gendarmes, was the only officer of rank not implicated, and to him Mounier applied for assistance. Even so, it would have been too late, but for a sufficiently ludicrous incident. The signal was to be given at noon by Colonel Pinoteau of the 82nd Regiment, 'a capable, brave, and energetic man.' Twelve o'clock struck; the 22nd Regiment was drawn up on its parade-ground, and Pinoteau was on the point of going out to it, when he suddenly discovered

discovered that, in the pre-occupation of the morning, he had not shaved. He hastened to do so, and had his face covered with soap-suds, when General Virion with several officers of the gendarmes entered his room, took possession of his sword, and placed him under close arrest. The regiments on parade, without cartridges, were taken isolatedly, surrounded by large bodies of gendarmes, and disarmed.

On arriving at Versailles, Adolphe's cabriolet, as belonging to an aide-de-camp of Bernadotte, was stopped, searched, and found to be loaded with proclamations, 'in which Bernadotte and Moreau, after speaking of the First Consul in most violent language, announced his downfall and their own accession to power.' Moreau denied all knowledge of the affair, protesting that he had absolutely nothing to do with the Army of the West, and could not be held responsible for its conduct. Bernadotte, too, knew nothing about it; it was all Simon's doing, who had put his name to the proclamation, without a shadow of authority. And it appeared, in fact, that everything had been done by Simon; that against Bernadotte there was not a particle of direct evidence. Adolphe Marbot was, of course, arrested. His mother, already mourning for a younger son, Théodore, who had died suddenly at school, in consequence of a chill after bathing, was nigh distracted. Her friends applied to Bonaparte, who replied that,

'poor opinion as he had of Bernadotte, he did not think him so utterly void of common-sense as to confide such a secret to a lieutenant of one-and-twenty; besides which, General Simon had declared that he and Fourcart had put the proclamations into young Marbot's cabriolet; so that if he was guilty at all, it must be in a very slight degree. Still, as First Consul, he would not release Bernadotte's aide-de-camp, unless Bernadotte personally asked him to do so.'

Madame de Marbot hastened to Bernadotte, who readily agreed to what she desired; but days and weeks passed away without its being done.

'At last he said to my mother: "What you ask me to do is most painful. No matter! I owe it to your husband's memory, and to the interest which I take in your children. I will go to the First Consul this very evening, and will call on you as I return from the Tuileries; I shall then be able to tell you of your son's release." It will easily be understood how impatiently my mother waited through that long day. The sound of every carriage made her heart beat. At last, when 11 o'clock struck, and still Bernadotte had not come, my mother went to his house, and learned that General Bernadotte and his wife had just left for Plombières, with the

intention

intention of staying there two months. . . . My mother, in despair, wrote to General Bonaparte; and M. Defermon, who undertook to present her letter, was so indignant at Bernadotte's conduct, that he could not refrain from telling him the whole story. "That's Bernadotte all over!" said Bonaparte.'

Adolphe was, however, liberated at the insistence of his friends, but Bonaparte never forgot that he had been implicated in this conspiracy; and some little time after, he was shipped off to Pondicherry. That the Marbot family conceived a scorn and hatred of Bernadotte is not surprising; and it will be noticed that his name never occurs in the Memoirs without some suggestion of base conduct or baser motive, even when—as, for instance, in reference to the battle of Auerstadt—there is strong evidence to the contrary. So far as Bonaparte was concerned, he probably never trusted Bernadotte or Moreau again; but he did not feel in a position to take action against either of them. How he eventually disposed of them is well known. The weight of his indignation fell on the soldiers, who had indeed sinned only in the intention of their commanding officers. They were sent to St. Domingo, and there miserably perished. M. Lanfrey, in speaking of this deportation, absolves Bonaparte from any evil purpose; but he wrote in entire ignorance of this conspiracy of Rennes. With the story of it now before us, we should need greater faith in the single-mindedness of Bonaparte than we possess, not to believe that, in sending these troops to St. Domingo, it was with the full intention of never seeing them again.

Shortly after the renewal of the war, Marcelin was appointed on the staff of Augereau, whose career in the French army had received its first definite start as Adjutant-General at Toulouse, under General Marbot. Of Augereau himself, we have a somewhat detailed biographical sketch, extremely interesting and amusing, but which, as it has no immediate reference to Marcellin's career, we should pass over, were it not that it puts Augereau's character in a much more favourable light than it is commonly seen in. It will, however, be borne in mind that the Baron de Marbot was impressed with affectionate remembrance of one who repeatedly proved himself his friend, when he wrote:—

'Most of the generals who made a name in the first wars of the Revolution sprang from the lower ranks of society, and it has therefore been wrongly supposed that they were men without education, who owed their success solely to their impetuous courage. Augereau, especially, has been very much misjudged. He has been represented as a harsh, cruel, noisy, blustering bully. Nothing could

could be more wrong; for though very wild in his youth, and though he made several political blunders, he was of a kind, courteous, and loving nature. I have no hesitation in saying that of the five marshals with whom I served, he was the one who did most to alleviate the evils of war, who had most consideration for the people of the country, and who treated his officers the best—living with them, in fact, as a father surrounded by his children.'

According to Marbot, who—notwithstanding some confusion of dates—knew him intimately and must have often heard Augereau relate his extraordinary adventures, he was born of well-to-do parents, was well educated, and spoke German perfectly; excelled in athletic exercises, was a good rider and a first-rate swordsman—'une des meilleures lames de France,' as Saint-George had pronounced him. Before the Revolution, he had served not only in the French army, but in the Russian, the Prussian, and the Neapolitan, in which he obtained the rank of lieutenant. He did not enter the Revolutionary army till 1793, and then with the rank of captain. From that time his rise had been rapid, but, under the circumstances of the French army, not extravagant. He was now one of Bonaparte's Marshals, and commanded a corps of the Grand Army in the campaigns of 1805–6–7. Of these campaigns we have a personal narrative, which, though unimportant as a contribution to history, may, even as such, be instructive, from its admirable clearness. But above all, and primarily, it is interesting; and if we call attention chiefly to the personal episodes, it is that by these the book, as a literary venture, must stand or fall. From a military point of view, however, his criticisms have a distinct value, as being offered by one who, from his position on a Marshal's staff, had exceptional opportunities of observation, and who, between the ages of seventeen and thirty-three, saw more of the realities of war than most men of even that period.

In October 1805, for instance, after the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon, in his march on Vienna, in order to secure his left flank, placed two infantry divisions, under Marshal Mortier, on the left bank of the Danube, while the main army advanced on the right. The consequence was that when Field Marshal Kutusoff, at the head of 30,000 Russians, retired across the river at Krems, burning the bridge behind him, he found himself in front of Mortier's corps of 10,000, marching in two divisions, with a gap of several miles between them. A fierce struggle followed, known as the battle of Dürrenstein, or, in French, Dirnstein, in which, according to Marbot, 'le champ de bataille resta aux Français;' though he had only a few lines before written that 'Gazan's division . . . succeeded in regaining Dirnstein

Dirnstein just as Dupont's division . . . came up to its support ;' the fact being that Gazan was driven back several miles, and only held his own when he got into the village and was supported by the whole corps. It is, however, not the description of the battle, but the accompanying criticism that is the point of interest. M. Thiers acknowledges that Napoleon committed a fault : he was satisfied with ordering Mortier to keep his corps well in hand, and neglected to see that his orders were obeyed. It may be doubted whether the detail of the marching was not left to Mortier's judgment ; and in point of fact, the divisions were near enough to support each other and did support each other. But however that may be, Marbot's criticism strikes much deeper. He says :—

'It may seem presumptuous for me to criticise a plan of the Great Captain, but I must say that there was no sufficient reason for sending Mortier's corps to the left bank, and the mistake might have had most serious consequences. In fact, the Danube, after Passau, is, in winter, so broad that a man cannot be seen from one bank to the other with the naked eye ; it is, besides, very deep and very rapid, and thus guaranteed the perfect safety of the French left, which rested on it. Destroying the bridges, as the army advanced, would have effectually prevented any attack on our left, even if there had been any enemy who could possibly have attempted one ; but in isolating two divisions on the other side of the river, Napoleon exposed them to be taken or exterminated. . . . If it had not been composed of veteran soldiers, Mortier's corps would probably have been destroyed. The Emperor understood this so well that he lost no time in recalling it to the right bank ; and what proves to me that he recognised his mistake is that, whilst he liberally rewarded the brave regiments which fought at Dirnstein, the action, bloody though it was, was barely mentioned in the bulletins : there was no military reason to give for the operation on the other side of the river, and there was an evident desire to keep the consequences of it secret. And what still further confirms me in my opinion is that, in the campaign of 1809, the Emperor, traversing the same ground, did not send any troops across the river, but kept the army undivided the whole way to Vienna.'

The story of Austerlitz, a few weeks later, is told with many interesting details, including the miserable drowning of some 5000 Russians by firing at and breaking the ice on which they were retreating across the lake, or rather mere, Satschan. One of the consequences of this involved Marbot in a somewhat perilous adventure. It was the day after the battle, and Napoleon and some of the Marshals were conversing by a bivouac fire near the shore of this lake, when they perceived, at some little distance, a Russian sergeant lying on a floe of ice.

The

The man was badly wounded and unable to help himself; but conjecturing that the Emperor must be one of the splendid company before him, he began to call out for assistance. Napoleon ordered his aide-de-camp to do what he could for the man; and forthwith some of the staff launched a couple of logs that were lying by, got astride of them, and endeavoured to paddle off to the floe. Naturally enough, the logs rolled over, turning their riders, clothes and all, into the water. They were dragged out more dead than alive, and the Russian was as far off as before. Marbot happened to say that they ought to have stripped for it, so as to be freer in their movements, and not be exposed to pass the night in wet clothes. This was repeated to the Emperor, who said that Marbot was quite right, and that the others had shown zeal without discernment. Marbot did not at all fancy the task, but as the Emperor had spoken, he felt bound to attempt it; so he stripped to the buff and took to the water. It was excessively cold, and a film of ice had formed on the surface, which, as he swam through it, broke into an infinite number of sharp knives, and cut his naked body most cruelly. A lieutenant of artillery followed his example, but having a lane already broken for him, did not suffer to the same extent. When they reached the floe, their difficulties seemed only beginning: the broken ice formed a barrier round it; and the floe itself broke up as they tried to push it: its edges, too, were extremely sharp and gashed them painfully. To get within reach of the shore was a work of time; and when they were at last hauled out, they were all but spent. The Emperor complimented them on the courage they had shown, and gave them a glass of rum from his own flask. They were dressed; and Marbot, though much exhausted, got on horseback and followed the Emperor, who rode off at a gallop to Austerlitz. There he had to be helped to dismount, shivering all over and very ill. A surgeon took possession of him, made him drink a quantity of hot tea, had him well rubbed all over with warm oil, wrapped up in several blankets, and buried beneath an enormous heap of hay. Little by little a pleasant warmth crept through him; he fell into a quiet sleep and was all right the next morning. His companion was less fortunate: the chill brought on a violent inflammation of the lungs; he was sent to hospital, and lay there for several months between life and death. Nor did he ever quite recover from the ill-effects of it, and after a few years was obliged to invalid from the service.

Of the battle of Jena we have an anecdote of historical interest, which, to the best of our recollection, has not been told before.

before. The evening before the battle the Prussian army, some 40,000 strong, occupied a position on the road from Jena to Weimar, which led through a long and difficult defile in the Landgrafenberg; and there being at that time no other way, they considered that, in guarding this, they were in complete security, as it was impossible to turn their position. This is Marbot's account of what happened.

'It was with much regret that the Saxons saw themselves engaged in a war from which they could derive no future advantage, and which, in the immediate present, brought desolation to their homes. They therefore detested the Prussians; and a priest of Jena, looking on them as enemies of his king and country, thought himself at liberty to give Napoleon the means of driving them from the land, by showing him a path by which men on foot could mount the steep face of the Landgrafenberg. Up this path he led some officers of the staff and a company of voltigeurs. The Prussians, believing it to be impracticable, had neglected to guard it. Napoleon judged otherwise, and, on the report of the officers, went himself to see it, accompanied by Marshal Lannes and guided by the *curé*. He found that between the top of the path and the plain occupied by the enemy, there was a small rocky platform; and on this he determined to assemble a part of his troops, who should sally forth from it, as from a citadel, to attack the Prussians. For any one except Napoleon, commanding Frenchmen, the task would have been impossible; but he, sending to the engineers and artillery for four thousand pioneers' tools, set the infantry to work to widen and level the path, the battalions taking it in turns, each one for an hour, and as it finished its task, advancing in silence and forming on the top of the hill. . . . The nights were very long at this season of the year, and there was plenty of time to make the path practicable not only for columns of infantry, but for artillery and ammunition waggons; so that before daybreak the troops were massed on the Landgrafenberg.'

Of the rout that followed, it is unnecessary to say anything. Marbot everywhere speaks in the most contemptuous manner of the Prussian troops of this date, and at Jena, he says, 'the infantry fought very badly and the cavalry but little better.' The Saxons alone did well; but when the Prussians fled, they were surrounded, broken, and compelled to lay down their arms. Not the least curious point of this narration is that, while he praises the Saxons for their stout resistance even against great odds, he is unable to see that the Saxon priest, whose treachery entailed defeat and death on his countrymen and their allies, ought to have been hanged.

'The Emperor,' he says, 'loaded the *curé* of Jena with presents; and the Elector of Saxony, who became king as the result of the victories

victories of Napoleon, his new ally, also rewarded him. He lived in peace till 1814, when he took refuge in France to escape the vengeance of the Prussians. They seized and carried him off from there, and confined him in a fortress, where he passed two or three years. At last, the King of Saxony having interceded in his favour, Louis XVIII. claimed him as having been arrested without warrant, and, the Prussians consenting to release him, he settled in Paris.'

In January 1807 Marbot, with two of his fellow aides-de-camp, was promoted to be captain. Augereau, on giving them their commissions, said: 'We shall see which of you three will be colonel first.' 'It was I,' adds Marbot; 'for six years later I was in command of a regiment, while my two comrades were still captains—though indeed, in the meantime, I had received six wounds.' One of these—if it ought not rather to be counted as the whole six—was in the battle of Eylau, his description of which is as fine as his personal experience in it was remarkable. It is told in all the histories how, in this most bloody of battles, the corps of Augereau, advancing against the Russian centre, was almost annihilated by the furious cannonade to which it was exposed. The pitiful remainder fell back, leaving, however, the 14th Regiment of the line on the top of a small hill which it had been ordered to occupy, and from which, being surrounded by the enemy, it was not then able to retire. It became the focus of the enemy's fire; and the Emperor, seeing its very critical position, sent orders to Augereau to recall it. First one aide-de-camp and then another was sent with this message; but the intervening plain was swarming with Cossacks, and neither of them was heard of again. The third aide-de-camp for service was Marbot.

'As he saw the son of his old friend, and I may say, too, his favourite aide-de-camp, the face of the kind Marshal was moved, and his eyes filled with tears, for he could not disguise from himself that he was sending me to almost certain death. But the Emperor's order was positive, and must be obeyed. I was a soldier; he could not send another in my place, nor would I have permitted it; it would have been to dishonour me. So I galloped off.'

He goes on to say that, having noticed that the other two rode sword in hand, he concluded they had been killed while stopping to defend themselves; that it occurred to him that his only chance of reaching the hill was to ride as in a race, thinking of nothing but the winning-post. And so he did: riding a mare of remarkable speed, he passed through the Cossacks

Cossacks uninjured, and reached the hillock where stood the sadly-diminished remains of the 14th Regiment.

'As the slope of the hill was very gentle, the enemy's cavalry had charged up it several times, but had been so bloodily repulsed that the regiment was surrounded by a rampart of dead horses and Russian dragoons, which protected it against any further attacks of cavalry; and notwithstanding the assistance I received from the men on foot, I had much difficulty in passing over this horrible barricade. . . . When, amid a shower of bullets, I delivered my message to the commanding officer—that he was to quit the position and endeavour to rejoin the *corps d'armée*—he pointed out to me that the enemy's artillery, having been firing on the regiment for the last hour, had caused it such losses, that the handful of men that remained would infallibly be exterminated if it descended to the plain; and that, besides, there was no time for such a movement, as a column of Russian infantry advancing against them was not more than a hundred yards off. "I do not see," he said, "any way of saving the regiment. Return to the Emperor; carry him the adieux of the 14th of the line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and the eagle which he gave us and we can no longer defend. It would be too painful, in dying, to see it fall into the hands of the enemy;" and as he spoke he handed me the eagle, which the soldiers, glorious remains of this intrepid regiment, saluted for the last time, to cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*'

A few minutes later they were overwhelmed by the Russian column, and, fighting manfully, were slain to the last man. And Marbot? He escaped in a strange, almost miraculous manner. He was riding that day a beautiful mare, gentle, perfectly broken, tender-mouthed, easy in her paces, and with an extraordinary turn of speed, but a fiend incarnate in the stable: '*elle mordait comme un boule-dogue*,' and savagely attacked anyone she took a dislike to. She had killed at least one groom before Marbot bought her for a mere trifle, as a dangerous brute. It took four or five men to saddle her, and she could only be bridled by first blindfolding her and tying up her legs. Marbot's servant had at last partially tamed her by giving her a hot roast leg of mutton to bite at; and as she found it burnt, she was afterwards more moderate, and in a little time allowed Marbot or his servant to saddle her: once mounted, she was perfectly quiet.

When Marbot received the eagle, he found it both heavy and awkward, and he was bending forwards, trying to break the staff short off, when a cannon-shot struck the back peak of his cocked hat, passing within a line or two of his head, and partially stunning him by the concussion, as well as by the forcible jerk of the chin-stay. The eagle fell from his hands.

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He was still able to see and to understand, but was deprived of all motion and speech: he remained in the saddle, but neither by hand, nor leg, nor voice could he communicate to Lisette, the mare, his desire to be gone. She stood motionless; and the tide of battle and the terrible death-struggle raged around. As the only mounted officer, Marbot was naturally a special object of attack: several musket-shots were aimed at him, several bayonet stabs, but only one took effect—in the arm. A Russian, endeavouring to reach him more fatally, stumbled, and stabbed Lisette in the thigh. The smart roused the sleeping devil within her, and

‘dashing at her enemy, in one bite she tore off the whole of his mask, making a bloody, living death’s head. It was horrible to see! Then, plunging madly into the midst of the combatants, Lisette, kicking and biting, upset everything which she met in her passage. A Russian officer attempted to seize her bridle: she caught him by the middle, lifted him up, carried him out of the throng, and down the hill, where, after tearing out his bowels with her teeth, and crushing his body under her feet, she left him, and went off at full gallop in the direction she had come.’

Thanks to the hussar saddle, Marbot—all this time unable to move—kept his seat, while the mare, mad with pain and fright, tore wildly along. She ran straight at a battalion of the Old Guard, who in the mist and snow fancied she was the head of a charge of Russian cavalry and opened fire on her; she passed through it unhurt; and though her rider’s saddle and cloak were cut to pieces, he himself was untouched. She ‘went through the three ranks of the battalion as lightly as a butterfly passes through a hedge.’ But the strain and the loss of blood had exhausted her, and a little further on she fell and rolled over on one side, Marbot rolling off on the other. There he lay senseless in a heap of snow. Murat’s great cavalry charge swept by him, or over him, without recalling him to life; he did not become conscious till some hours after, when he found himself stark naked, with the exception of his hat and right boot, which an artillery driver was trying to pull off. When the fellow discovered that his subject was still alive, he left it, though he carried off the rest of the clothes. This proved fortunate; for afterwards, as he was showing his booty, the pelisse was recognized by one of Augereau’s servants, a man who owed Marbot a debt of gratitude, and who now paid it. He went to look for Marbot’s body, found him alive and brought him in, as well as Lisette. Both recovered and were together again in the Friedland campaign. After the Peace of
Tilsit,

Tilsit, when Marbot was leaving to rejoin Augereau in Paris, he sold off all his horses, except Lisette. Her he lent, for an indefinite time, to a friend. Wounds and hardship had thoroughly tamed her, and she carried her new master's wife for the next seven or eight years, and died at last of old age.

After a spell of six months in Paris, Augereau, who had been badly wounded at Eylau, and was still unequal to active service, procured Marbot an appointment on the staff of Murat, whom he accompanied to Madrid in the spring of 1808. His remarks on the political situation in Spain, and his criticisms on the conduct of Napoleon, will be found especially interesting to Englishmen, to whom this part of the Napoleonic history more directly appeals. He had been in Spain before, in 1801; he had then learned Spanish, and he now mixed in the society of Madrid. He was there from the beginning of the troubles, at the first uprising of the Spaniards, and the first burst of the war; so that few, out of the diplomatic circle, could have been better placed for forming an opinion, and his narrative is everywhere clear and rational. Murat entered Madrid on March 23. Five days before, Godoy, Prince of the Peace, had been almost torn to pieces in a popular insurrection: from this fate he had been rescued by a picket of the Life Guards, and had been thrown, wounded and bleeding, on a dunghill. He had afterwards made his escape into the country, and been again seized by a party of soldiers, who loaded him with chains, and brought him towards Madrid, with the intention of handing him over to the mob. This was the very day on which Murat arrived, and he at once despatched Marbot and a squadron of dragoons, with orders to prevent the Prince being brought into the city, and to intimate to the leaders of the escort that he should hold them responsible for his safety. They were still some ten miles from the city when Marbot met them.

‘Horribly wounded and covered with blood though the unfortunate Prince was, he had irons on his hands and feet, and was chained by the body on an open cart, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and to the myriads of flies attracted by the blood of his wounds, which were barely covered with some coarse rags.’

The escort consisted of a hundred of the Life Guards, supported by a demi-battalion of infantry. Marbot explained his errand to the officer in command, who answered ‘with extreme arrogance,’ that he did not take orders from the commandant of the French army, and that he was going on to the city. On this, Marbot, in the same tone, said that as he, for his part, did take orders from Prince Murat, he was going to oppose their further advance

advance by every means in his power, and forthwith formed the dragoons in readiness to charge. This led to discussing the matter in a lower tone; and as the commandant of the infantry proved to be an old friend of Marbot, and now agreed with him, the officer of the Guards yielded, and it was arranged that Godoy should be put, for the present, into the lock-up of the adjacent town of Pinto. On Marbot's further representations,

'the irons were taken off his hands and feet; so that though they would not dispense with the chain, even in prison, he could at least move a little, and could lie down on the mattress which I obtained for him. It was five days since he had been wounded, but his wounds had not been dressed. His shirt, which was saturated with blood, was stuck to his skin; he had only one shoe, no handkerchief, was half naked, and in a burning fever. Our surgeon attended to his wounds; and our officers, under-officers, and even the privates, contributed some linen, which the prisoner received in a grateful, yet dignified manner, that was very touching.'

It has been commonly stated that, after all, Godoy's life was saved only on the assurance that he should be brought to trial. This—according to Marbot, who had a large share in the business—is incorrect. He says:—

'As the Emperor had given his brother-in-law instructions that Godoy's life was to be saved at any price, Murat addressed himself in the first instance to the Junta, to which Ferdinand had entrusted the direction of affairs during his absence. But as the Junta, under the presidency of Don Antonio—Ferdinand's uncle and Godoy's enemy—replied that it had no power to release a prisoner of such importance, Murat took the matter into his own hands, and during the night surrounded the castle of Villaviciosa with a French brigade, the general of which had orders to bring Godoy away, by fair words or by force. And as it was said that the Prince's guard and the commandant of the castle were prepared to put him to death sooner than give him up, they were warned that, if they did so, they should every one be shot on the Prince's dead body. On this, they referred the matter to the Junta, which, learning Murat's determination, gave the order to surrender the Prince to him. The unfortunate man reached the camp outside Madrid ill, without a coat, with a long beard, and altogether in a deplorable condition, but delighted to find himself in the midst of Frenchmen, away from his implacable enemies.'

Murat provided him with everything necessary for his comfort, put him into a carriage, and sent him off to Bayonne under an escort of cavalry: and so he passed out of the Spanish history of that time.

It is, of course, familiarly known that on May 2, as Murat proceeded to carry into effect the Emperor's orders to send the

remaining members of the royal family to Bayonne, there was a violent insurrection of the mob of Madrid. English opinion, in this connexion naturally hostile to the French, has always maintained, with the Spaniards, that this riot was quelled with needless and brutal severity. Marbot admits the severity; but he represents the mob as having killed many isolated Frenchmen before the troops arrived, and afterwards as fighting hard and with murderous effect. It may have been so. The fault was not so much that the French soldiers defended themselves and avenged the death of their comrades, as that they were there at all. Such as it was, the insurrection of May 2 marked the beginning of the crisis, which Napoleon, being absent, and blinded by self-conceit, was unable to foresee. It had too—Marbot tells us—the effect of inspiring the Spaniards with a fierce hatred of Murat, so that it was impossible to nominate him King of Spain, as he believes Napoleon had previously intended. Failing that, Murat was made King of Naples, and proposed to his aides-de-camp to take them with him to Italy. Most of them accepted his offer; but Marbot—determined never to wear any uniform but the French—returned to Paris, and, as Augereau was still an invalid, was placed again on the staff of Lannes, with whom he had served at Friedland. This took him back to Spain, with no pleasant anticipations, if we may accept the tone of his Memoirs. Writing, it must be remembered, nearly forty years after the date of these transactions, he stints not to describe the forced abdication of Charles and Ferdinand as ‘the most iniquitous spoliation of which modern history makes mention.’

‘As a soldier,’ he says, ‘it was my duty to fight the men who attacked the French army; but in my inmost heart I could not help seeing that our cause was a bad one, and that the Spaniards were right in endeavouring to drive out the foreigners, who, after coming among them as friends, aimed at dethroning their sovereign and forcibly annexing their kingdom. The war, therefore, seemed to me an impious one; but I was a soldier, and could not refuse to fight without being accused of cowardice. The greater part of the army were of the same opinion, and nevertheless obeyed, just as I did.’

It would enormously increase the interest of these reflections if we could know how much of them was due to 1808, how much to 1844. Lannes had accepted the task of reducing Saragossa, whose successful defence, in the summer of 1808, was considered as a dangerous precedent, if it was not speedily reversed. The fortifications had been renewed, the garrison had been largely augmented. Vast numbers, too, of the surrounding peasantry had crowded into the town with their wives
and

and their cattle. Everywhere were inexperience, confusion, and filth; but on one point there was perfect unanimity, to defend the place to the death. It is unnecessary here to speak of the extraordinary obstinacy with which this resolution was carried out. The account which Marbot gives of the final surrender introduces a detail which has not, we think, been published before.

'In a convent which was taken by assault on March 20, the French found, in addition to the nuns, more than 300 women of different ranks, who had taken refuge in the church. These were treated with all respect and brought before the Marshal. The convent had been closely blockaded for several days, so that no provisions could be sent in from the town, and the poor creatures were dying of hunger. Marshal Lannes immediately ordered food to be brought for them, at his own cost, and afterwards sent them safely back to the town. As they re-entered it, the population, which had been watching from the roofs and steeples, rushed to meet them and hear what had happened to them. They were unanimous in their praises of the Marshal and the French soldiers. From that moment the fury of the unhappy people abated, and it was agreed to surrender. That same evening Saragossa capitulated.'

We know, however, that the inhabitants had already been brought to admit the necessity of this, and on the 19th had sent a flag of truce to ask for a suspension of arms for three days. This Lannes refused, doubtless understanding it as merely the beginning of the end. According to Marbot, the share of Palafox in the stubborn defence has been greatly exaggerated. In fact, he says:

'He contributed very little to it, for he was taken seriously ill in the very beginning of the siege, and gave over the command to General Saint-Marc, a Belgian in the service of Spain. It was thus Saint-Marc who withstood our attack with such remarkable courage and skill; but as he was a foreigner, Spanish pride gave all the glory of the defence to Palafox, whose name will go down to posterity, while that of the brave and modest Saint-Marc has remained unknown, for no history has mentioned it.'

This may, however, be doubted. It is well enough known that Palafox was down with the fever when the town surrendered, and that he was at the time delirious. But this seems to imply that he had not been ill very long; and thus, to some extent also, that the defence collapsed when he was no longer able to command it. In any case, Marbot had no special facilities for learning the truth. He was himself barely convalescent from a very dangerous wound, and he is probably repeating the idle gossip of the French camp.

With the fall of Saragossa the mission of Lannes in Spain came to an end, and he set off at once to join the Emperor in Paris, and a few days later to accompany him to Germany, where war with Austria was on the point of breaking out. The story of the campaign; the storming of Ratisbon, where Lannes and two of his aides-de-camp, Marbot and Labédoyère, shouldered the ladders and led the storming party,—all this is matter of history, which Marbot passes lightly over to speak at greater length of more entirely personal adventures a few days later.

The army was encamped in and round Mölk, on the right bank of the Danube, some sixty miles above Vienna, the Emperor having his head-quarters in the celebrated monastery on the rock which towers over the river. It had rained incessantly for a week; and Marbot and his comrades, well pleased at being under a dry roof, were making merry over their supper, when he was sent for by the Marshal. To turn out into the wet was especially disagreeable under the circumstances, but he had to go. At the monastery he was told that the Emperor had asked for him: his friends added, 'No doubt to give you a commission as major—*chef d'escadron*.' He was ushered into a large gallery, where Napoleon was at dinner with several of the Marshals. The Emperor rose and went towards the balcony, followed by Lannes: Marbot heard him say, 'The scheme is impossible; it would be uselessly exposing this brave officer to almost certain death.' To which Lannes answered, 'I am sure, Sir, that he will go: at any rate, we can propose it to him;' and then, taking his aide-de-camp by the hand, he opened a window looking over the river. It was swollen by the heavy rains to three times its natural breadth, and was rolling along furiously, from the force of the flood and the violent wind which was raging.

'No one was near us—Napoleon, Marshal Lannes, and myself—and the Marshal said to me, "There, on the other side of the river, is the Austrian camp. The Emperor is most anxious to know if General Hiller's corps forms part of it, or if it is still on this side. To ascertain this, a stout-hearted man is needed, who has the courage to cross the Danube and bring off one of the enemy's soldiers; and I have assured the Emperor that you will go." Napoleon then said to me, "Take notice that this is not an order: it is only a wish. I fully see that the enterprise is exceedingly dangerous, and you may refuse it without fear of displeasing me. So step into the next room and think it over for a few minutes; then, come back and let us know your decision."'

The Marshal's proposal was sufficiently startling; but the fact of being singled out from the whole army appealed strongly

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to Marbot's professional pride while the Emperor was still speaking, and he answered without hesitation, 'I will go, Sir, I will go. If I perish, I leave the care of my mother to your Majesty.' 'The Emperor,' he says, 'took me by the ear as a mark of his satisfaction, and the Marshal, holding out his hand to me, exclaimed, "I was right in telling your Majesty that he would go. That is what you may call a brave soldier!"'

The going, however, was materially as well as morally difficult. A corporal, who spoke German, and five grenadiers of the Old Guard, readily volunteered; to get the boatmen was another thing. So six, who were pointed out as the best boatmen in Mölk, were carried down to the landing-place, were made to choose the best boat, and were forcibly put on board, protesting piteously that they were being taken to certain death. Then they shoved off; and after a most perilous navigation—perils from the waves, from the current, from the storm, from the logs which were hurtling down the stream, from submerged trees, and from the terror of the boatmen, who were kept to their work only by threats of instant death—they at last reached the opposite side, found a clear beach, evidently used as a watering-place, and, lying in ambush there, succeeded in kidnapping three men, who were gagged, bound, and thrown into the bottom of the boat. After which, they pushed off for the return voyage. At this moment they were seen, and started under the fire of the Austrian batteries and small arms. It was, however, very dark, and the force of the stream quickly swept them out of gun-shot; and so, after another dangerous navigation, they fetched the right bank again, though some two leagues lower down,—fortunately, not beyond the French camp. The corporal had meantime extracted from the prisoners that they belonged to the corps of General Hiller, thus placing it beyond doubt that Hiller had joined Prince Charles on the left bank, and that, on the right, the road to Vienna was open. Having learnt thus much, and borrowed a horse, Marbot set off at full gallop to report himself to the Emperor, leaving the others to follow in carts, as quickly as possible. It was broad daylight when he reached the gate of the monastery, the approach to which he found blocked by the whole population of Mölk, surrounding the wives, children, and relations of the boatmen. He was able to reassure these, and, passing through the crowd, was at once admitted.

'Marshal Lannes came to me, and embracing me cordially, took me at once to the Emperor, exclaiming, "Here he is, Sir; I was sure that he would come back. He brings three prisoners of General Hiller's corps." Napoleon received me in the most flattering manner:

manner : and though I was wet, and plastered with mud from head to foot, he placed his hand on my shoulder, not forgetting his greatest mark of satisfaction, pinching my ear. I leave you to judge how I was questioned ! The Emperor wished to know, in detail, everything that had happened during my perilous enterprise : and when I had finished my account, his Majesty said,—“I am very much pleased with you, *Major Marbot*.” These words, which were just as good as a commission, completed my happiness. At this moment, a chamberlain announced that breakfast was ready. I took for granted I should have to wait in the gallery until the Emperor had finished : but pointing to the dining-room, he said, “You shall breakfast with me ;” an honour the more flattering as it had never before been shown to an officer of my rank.’

The corporal and grenadiers were decorated and pensioned ; the boatmen, who had refused to go for 6000 francs a-piece, were now rewarded with 12,000, paid down in gold. This was the crown of their joy, and they kissed the Emperor’s hand, saying, ‘Now we are rich !’

‘Seeing their delight, Napoleon laughingly asked their chief if, at the same price, they would undertake the same journey the next night. But the man answered that having, by a miracle, escaped what he had considered certain death, he would not undertake another such voyage, amid the same dangers, not if Mgr. the Abbot were to offer him the monastery and all that belonged to it.’

The whole, as a story of adventure of which we have been able to give but the barest outline, is extremely well told, and shows us Napoleon at his best. Even the prisoners were dismissed with presents ‘to make them forget the fright we had caused them, and that it might not be said that soldiers, even enemies, had spoken to the Emperor of the French, without receiving some benefit.’

The occupation of Vienna, the battle of Essling, and the death of Lannes followed within a few days. The last message which Marbot carried for Lannes affords a curious illustration of the bad feeling which prevailed between so many of Napoleon’s Marshals, and which, indeed, Napoleon would seem to have carefully fostered. He certainly knew of the bitterness amounting to hatred which existed between Lannes and Bessières, and must have experienced a diabolical glee in placing Bessières under the orders of Lannes in the battle of Essling. Lannes had many old grudges to gratify, and he took an opportunity of sending an aide-de-camp to Bessières to tell him ‘*que je lui ordonne de charger à fond*,’ the sting of which lay not only in the *ordonne*, a word unusual between officers of such high and equal rank, but still more in the *à fond*, which conveyed an implication

implication that his previous charge had been half-hearted. The aide-de-camp returned, and in answer to Lannes' question said that he had told Marshal Bessières 'que votre Excellence le priaît de faire charger toute la cavalerie'; to which Lannes, shrugging his shoulders, replied, 'Vous êtes un enfant.' Another aide-de-camp was sent with verbally the same message, and returned to give a similar answer. Lannes turned his back on him, and seeing Marbot, who had just returned to his station, called him up, out of his turn, and reminding him of Augereau's assurance that he was a man to be depended on, desired him to take the message to Bessières, laying a stress on the offensive words, and repeating, 'Vous entendez bien, Monsieur, *à fond*.' Marbot was extremely shocked, but, as Lannes was his chief, he was obliged to obey, and, riding up to Bessières, asked to speak to him privately. 'Speak up, Sir!' said Bessières sharply. So he spoke up, in presence of his numerous staff and a crowd of generals and colonels. Bessières was furious. 'Is that a way to speak to a Marshal?' he roared: 'What! *ordonne! charger à fond!* You shall be severely punished for such insolence.' 'The stronger your Excellency thinks the expressions I have used, the more convinced you should be that I have only obeyed orders,' answered Marbot, as he saluted again and rode off. 'That's right!' said Lannes, when the message reached him; 'there's at least one aide-de-camp with some sense.'

After nightfall, Lannes, on his way to the Emperor's bivouac, turned aside to see Massena, in Aspern, taking Marbot with him as a guide. They both dismounted and walked into the village, when Marbot went on in front to look for Massena. He found him a few steps further on, talking to Bessières, who, recognizing Marbot, came towards him, saying, 'Ah! 'tis you, Sir! If what you said a while back came from yourself, I will teach you to choose your words better when you speak to your superiors. If you were only obeying your Marshal, he shall give me redress for the insult, and I charge you to say so to him.' Then Lannes, rushing up, said, 'I think you are very bold to find fault with one of my aides-de-camp. . . . Bessières objected to the terms of the message. 'They are quite right, Sir,' said Lannes: 'I dictated them. Did not the Emperor tell you that you were under my orders?' Bessières answered with some embarrassment, 'The Emperor informed me that I was to defer to your opinion' ('que je devais obtempérer à vos avis'). 'You must know, Sir,' cried Lannes, 'that a soldier does not *defer* to, he *obeys orders*' ('on n'obtempère pas, on *obéit à des ordres*'). . . . As to the charging home (*à fond*), I ordered it because you had been posturing before the enemy

all

all day, without ever seriously attacking him.' 'You insult me!' cried Bessières in a towering passion; 'you shall give me satisfaction!' 'This instant, if you like,' answered Lannes, drawing his sword. But here, Massena, who had been vainly trying to calm the opponents, took a higher tone. 'I am your senior, gentlemen,' said he; 'you are in my camp, and I will not allow you to exhibit to my troops the scandalous spectacle of two Marshals, sword in hand, and that, too, in presence of the enemy'. . . . So they separated, and Lannes went on to the Emperor, to whom he gave an account of what had happened. Napoleon immediately sent for Bessières, and, taking him on one side, seemed to be reproaching him bitterly. Bessières appeared much confused; and still more when Napoleon, going to dinner, placed Lannes at his right hand, and did not invite Bessières to join them.

The next day, May 22, Lannes was mortally wounded, and on the 30th he died, his head leaning on Marbot's breast. Marbot had himself been wounded in the battle, and, his wound having been neglected, he was now obliged to go to hospital. On his recovery, he was appointed on the staff of Massena, with whom he served at Wagram, and afterwards in Spain and Portugal—at Ciudad Rodrigo, Busaco, Torres Vedras, and Fuentes de Oñoro. His descriptions of these and of the campaign, of course from a French point of view, contain many details which could only be known to an officer on the staff, and may profitably be compared with those of our own Napier. It will be seen that the difference as to facts is immaterial; the explanation of the facts, the criticism, or the forecast of possibilities—that, of course, differs sometimes very considerably.

The account of the battle of Busaco is a case in point. Napier considers that Ney was right in the first instance, in suggesting the front attack; right also in the second, in advising against it; he attributes the French defeat entirely to Massena's absence and want of promptitude; and condemns, in very strong terms, the flank march by which the French army afterwards arrived at Boialva. Marbot, on the other hand, with an intimate knowledge of what was going on at the French headquarters, says that Ney's condemnation of the front attack was entirely an after-thought, but that, at the time, he and Reynier and Junot urged it as the only possible course, and this certainly as late as the evening of September 26. He says that he—Marbot—assured Massena that there was a road to the right, from Mortagao to Boialva, by which the enemy's left could be turned, and that he himself, under the guidance of a peasant,

peasant, traced this road into the mountains. Massena would only reply that Ney and Reynier had stayed forty-eight hours at Mortagao, and declared there was no road but that through Busaco. He naturally placed more dependence on the assurance of Ney and Reynier than on that of Marbot, though he afterwards adopted Marbot's suggestion and crossed to Boialva. But this, which Napier calls 'a dangerous flank march,' Marbot speaks of as 'turning the enemy's left,' and the only fault he finds with the movement is its not having been made in the first instance.

Sir William Napier's version of a romantic incident of the battle has often been quoted:—

'Towards evening,' he says, 'happened an affecting incident, contrasting strongly with the savage character of the preceding events. A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.'

Marbot was perhaps in a better position to know the truth of all this, and his account, though somewhat less idyllic, is much more probable. It is that when General Simon—the old conspirator of Rennes—was wounded, his servant attempted to go to him, with some clothes, but was fired at and driven back by the English. Hearing of this,

'A poor *cantiñière* of the 26th of the line, one of Simon's brigade, took the things from the servant, put them on her donkey, and started, saying, "We'll see if the English will dare to kill a woman." She climbed the mountain, passing quietly through the midst of the skirmishers of each party, who made way for her, and ceased firing till she was past. She then met an English colonel, to whom she told the object of her coming. She was taken to General Simon, attended him, nursed him, remained with him for several days, till his own servant arrived. Then, refusing all remuneration, she mounted her donkey, passed again through the enemy's army and rejoined her regiment, without having been offered the slightest insult, although she was young and very pretty.'

One interesting feature of the Memoirs during the Peninsular period is their frequent reference to the state of things at headquarters, by which we are enabled to see behind the curtain, and to understand much that has been hitherto obscure. Other writers, for instance, have spoken in general terms of the jealousy and want of unanimity between the French Marshals and

and generals. Marbot comes to the particular, and points out the special instances of resulting failure; as at Torres Vedras, where Ney positively refused to obey orders, and at Fuentes de Oñoro, where Bessières refused to co-operate. He tells us, too, how the insubordination of Ney and the others who were directly subject to Massena's orders, was, in the first instance, due to Massena's bringing his mistress with him, and living with her, even in camp. On one occasion—it was shortly before Busaco—he asked Ney to take her into dinner. Ney considered it an insult, and, though he gave her his arm, sat beside her without speaking. Then Mme. X—— ‘had a violent attack of nerves and fainted;’ and so the party broke up, Ney expressing his indignation in very audible terms. ‘From that day,’ says Marbot, who was present at the dinner, ‘Ney, Reynier, Montbrun, and Junot were on the worst possible terms with Massena, who, on his part, was much incensed,’ and anything like cordial co-operation became impossible.

When, after the battle of Fuentes de Oñoro, Massena returned to Paris, it was understood that Marbot was to be promoted. He was the senior *chef d'escadron* on the staff, and was excessively disgusted when he learned that the promotion was given to a junior,—a man, too, of claims inferior to his own, but who had an uncle to whom Massena was under some pecuniary obligations. The disappointment may account for much of the bitterness with which Massena is frequently spoken of, and for the extremely amusing, but not too flattering sketch of his career, according to which, Massena, with many of the best qualities of a soldier, went wrong in the matter of money whenever he had a chance. One anecdote of this is worth repeating, if only for the doubt it throws on the tabulated statistics of the losses of English merchant ships during the war. It was the custom, Marbot tells us, during the ‘continental blockade,’ for English vessels, loaded with forbidden merchandise, to be sent out, by arrangement, to be captured by French privateers and taken into some port occupied by French troops, whose commanding officer gave, or rather sold them a license to land the goods. The profits of this novel system of smuggling were enormous, and the price paid for the licenses was proportional. When Massena was commanding in Naples, he made the business very lucrative, and paid into a Leghorn bank a sum of 3,000,000 francs. This came to Napoleon's ears, and he wrote to Massena requesting him to *lend* him 1,000,000 francs. Massena, ‘*rugissant comme si on lui arrachait les entrailles*,’ replied that being a poor man, with a large family and many debts, he was quite unable to do so. Then

Napoleon

Napoleon sent, officially, to the bank; demanded the 3,000,000 of army funds which Massena had lodged there, and was now wanted by the Government. The money was paid on the Government receipt, and, of course, Massena did not get a centime of it. And though he was liberally paid and pensioned both as Marshal and Prince of Essling, he never ceased to complain of the scandalous way in which he had been plundered.

Not having been promoted, Marbot was under orders to join the 1st Chasseurs à Cheval, to which he had been appointed, when—paying a visit of ceremony at the Tuileries on the New Year's Day of 1812—he was sent for by Napoleon, who told him, in the kindest manner, that he had intended to promote him; but as special reasons had prevented his doing so, he was going to give him the actual command of the 23rd Chasseurs à Cheval, whose colonel, M. de la Nougarède, was so crippled with gout that he could scarcely get into his saddle.

'So,' he continued, 'I send you as his coadjutor. *You will be working for yourself*, for if Nougarede's health should be re-established, I shall make him a general; if not, I shall appoint him to the gendarmerie, and in whichever way he leaves the regiment, it is you who shall be colonel of it. So I repeat that you are going to *work for yourself*.'

Marbot accordingly joined the 23rd Chasseurs at Stralsund, and was very cordially received by M. de la Nougarède, who was much pleased with being allowed to keep the regiment and with the prospect of speedy promotion. He assembled the officers and formally delegated his authority to his 'coadjutor,' until his health should be sufficiently re-established, and a regimental order to the same effect was issued; so that 'with the exception of the rank, I was, in fact, the *chef de corps*, and the regiment speedily accustomed itself to consider me as its real head.' His promotion was not signed till the following November, and, under the circumstances, did not reach him till some months later.

At the time of his joining, the regiment was, he says, one of the best that he ever saw; the men were all old soldiers, who had served at Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram; and the officers were a very good set, intelligent, capable, and living as true *brothers in arms*. It was with this regiment that he made the Russian campaign, his account of which is most interesting and instructive. It is unnecessary to follow it through the history of the war, which is, to a great extent, common property; nor in his speculations on the burning of Moscow, which are plausible; nor yet in his arguments on its

results,

results, which, he maintains on rational grounds, have been enormously exaggerated. But the conduct of the regiment, which appears to have been altogether exceptional, and for which Marbot was alone responsible, calls for special notice.

The 23rd Chasseurs was part of the Second Army Corps, which, under the command of Marshal Saint-Cyr, was stationed from August at Polotsk. Saint-Cyr was a man of remarkable skill in the handling of troops and in the direction of a battle; but at other times he lived in complete seclusion, seeing no one, playing on the violin, and entirely neglecting all measures which might conduce to the comfort, health, or discipline of the men, as things with which he had no concern. Marbot was thus left to himself, to provide for the well-being and the efficiency of his regiment in any way he pleased, and he gives a full account of his proceedings. He seems to have received no assistance from his superiors, nor, on the other hand, to have met with any restraint or opposition. The whole story may be studied as a striking illustration of the maxim that 'Heaven helps those who help themselves:' here it can only be referred to. Round Polotsk there was corn in abundance, and this the men reaped and threshed, but they had to pound it as they best could, for the mills had been destroyed. Marbot succeeded in getting two of them repaired, and from that time issued regular rations of bread. The adjacent woods were full of cattle which had been abandoned, and which parties from the different regiments hunted from time to time, thus getting an occasional meal of beef. Marbot formed and kept up a herd of from 700 to 800 head, under the charge of some of his men, whom he mounted on the country ponies, so that the ration of beef was as regular as the ration of bread. He entered into a contract with some French Jesuits who had a large farm and a distillery, but no farm labourers to cut the corn, and many of the utensils had been carried off. Marbot supplied labour, procured utensils, and received in return a sufficiency of brandy (*eau-de-vie de grain*) for his regiment. He built stables, too, for the horses, and had them solidly thatched. These were all measures for the immediate wants of the men, and it seems almost incredible that they were not generally adopted. Another, perhaps the most important, was more provident. He compelled every man to provide himself with a sheepskin coat, from the vast numbers found in the abandoned villages.

'Soldiers,' he says, 'are great children who must be taken care of, in spite of themselves, so to speak. Mine would have it, at first, that the pelisses were a useless and heavy encumbrance; but by October they were glad to put them on under their cloaks, and when

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the severe cold came, they were very grateful to me for having compelled them to keep them.'

On the retreat, with the thermometer down to 20° below Fahrenheit's zero,

'Thousands,' he says, 'were left dead in the bivouac each morning, and I congratulated myself on having forced my men to supply themselves with the sheep-skin coats, a precaution which saved the lives of many of them. So also with respect to the twenty-five days' provisions that they carried, without which it would have been necessary for them to struggle in the crowd for the carcasses of the dead horses.'

Incidentally, he says that the stock story of starving soldiers eating human flesh is not true, for there was always plenty of horseflesh; but he says also that there was abundance of good food within a few miles on either side of the line of march, and that he and other colonels of cavalry organized strong foraging parties and brought in large supplies. In the prevailing disorganization, however, these raids seem to have been carried out on a comparatively small scale, on the initiative of a few regimental officers. And indeed, the impression which the terrible story leaves, is that the overwhelming loss, largely due to the immature age and total inexperience of many of the French soldiers, was at least as much so to the selfishness, carelessness, or ignorance of very many of the French officers. Of the allies, especially the Bavarians, Marbot speaks throughout with the utmost contempt; and the Italians, Neapolitans more especially, died wholesale.

Another measure adopted in the 23rd, which turned out very fortunately, was the sending all the men whose horses died or were killed, to Warsaw. The orders were to send them to Lepel, in Lithuania, where there were no horses, nor likely to be any. The dismounted men at Lepel gradually accumulated to the number of upwards of 9000, who were all made prisoners, or perished in the retreat. At Warsaw, on the other hand, there were plenty of horses; and after the campaign, the men who had been sent there rejoined their regiment on the Vistula, with new clothes, new equipments, and well mounted. It was thus that in February 1813, when the 23rd was quartered in Dessau, Marbot was able to report that of 1048 men who had crossed the Niemen, 693 were then present and effective. Of the rest, 109 had been killed, 65 maimed by wounds, 77 taken prisoners, and 104 missing. As this loss was considerably less than half of the average of the French regiments, and so much of even it was due to the ordinary accidents of war, Napoleon thought there must be

be some mistake, and ordered General Sebastiani to inspect the regiment and examine the nominal lists. When the fact was thus put beyond doubt, the Emperor's official thanks were conveyed in a letter 'most flattering,' he says, 'to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and especially to me.'

With the Russian campaign the Memoirs, as such, come practically to an end. They are indeed nominally continued to the downfall of the Empire, and give an interesting commentary on the political position and the military events of the closing years; but the personal element, the hairbreadth escapes, the perils and adventures of the earlier volumes are almost entirely wanting. The colonel of a regiment had fewer opportunities and graver responsibilities than a rollicking young aide-de-camp; and the disasters of the campaigns were, in themselves, enough to quell any exuberance of tone. It will therefore be sufficient to note here that at Dresden on September 28th, 1813, Napoleon nominated Marbot, in a rare duplication of honours, baron and officer of the *Légion d'honneur*; and on June 17th, 1815, promoted him to be General of Brigade; but the commission was not signed, and after Waterloo the promotion was not confirmed. We have already said that at the Restoration he was exiled; he did not return to France till the Revolution of 1830, when he was made a general, and served on the staff of the Prince Royal at Antwerp and in Algeria. In 1845 he was created baron and peer of France. He died at Paris, in November 1854. The Baron de Marbot was known in his day as a gallant, prudent, and capable soldier, dauntless before the enemy, tender and affectionate in his private relations. To us he now appears with the additional merit of being the writer of an admirable book, which, as a sketch of military life or military criticism, has few equals, and, as a tale of adventure, has no superior.

ART. V.—1. *The Satires of Horace.* By Professor Palmer. London, 1885.

2. *The Epistles of Horace.* By Professor Wilkins. London, 1885.

3. *The Works of Horace.* By the Rev. E. Wickham, M.A. Oxford: Vol. I. 1874; Vol. II. 1891.

4. *Horace for English Readers.* By Sir Theodore Martin. Edinburgh and London, 1870.

5. *De Horatio Lucilii Æmulo.* Scripsit J. Ilgen. Montabaur, 1872.

6. *Quatenus in Satiris Horatius videatur imitatus esse Lucilium.* Scripsit V. Zawadzki. Halis Saxonum, 1880.

7. *Studies in the Odes of Horace.* By A. W. Verrall, M.A. London, 1884.

8. *Horace et Virgile.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris, 1886.

9. *De Horatio poeta.* Scripsit I. I. Hartman. Lugduni Bata-
vorum, 1891.

THE fastidious author of the 'Characteristics' called Horace the most gentlemanlike of the Roman poets, and many who have tried to analyze the secret of his charm, especially for Englishmen, have used a great many more words, and yet have not been so successful as the Earl of Shaftesbury in hitting off the salient quality of the mind and manner of Horace. Yet in the narrowest meaning of this 'grand old name,' which has so often been

'Soiled with all ignoble use,'

none of the great Roman poets less deserved the title of gentleman. All his immediate predecessors in poetry strictly so called—we are not speaking of the dramatists—and his contemporaries and successors, were of high, or at least of more than respectable birth. Catullus and Calvus belonged to the aristocracy; Lucilius was a wealthy knight; Lucretius was born in a high position; Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid were of equestrian rank; Virgil's father was a man of property; but Horace was the son of an emancipated slave. Yet perhaps never, before or since, has such a literary position been won and held with such a complete maintenance of dignity and self-respect. Sir Theodore Martin, in his excellent 'Life of Horace,' in the series of Classics for English Readers, points to Béranger as another poet who, having scored a great success, not only did not conceal, but even flaunted in the face of society his lowly origin. But Béranger's 'Je suis vilain et très vilain' is almost as alien from the refined indifference of Horace,

'Too proud to care from whence he came,'

as

as is the obsequious coxcombr of Moore or the petulant self-consciousness of Pope. Burns has more in common with Horace.

‘My freedom’s a lairdship nae monarch can touch,’

is quite in the manly tone of the Roman; but this independence is not so marked a feature in the poetry of the Scot, which did not lead him into those personal details which Horace gives us so abundantly. The gentlemanliness of Horace’s style is as of one to the manner born, and reminds us sometimes of Addison and oftener of Thackeray. We know of no poem in English—not professedly an imitation—more Horatian in tone than Thackeray’s ‘Age of Wisdom.’ Who has not called to mind Horace’s genial acceptance of middle age, with his ‘*lenit albescens animos capillus*,’ and a hundred like phrases, in reading:

‘Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

‘Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was passed away?

‘Gillian’s dead—God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian’s married, but I sit here,
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.’

Nor has any social satirist come nearer to Horace than Thackeray in the readiness with which he shows up his own weaknesses and peccadilloes, thus disarming criticism and blunting an obvious retort. It is his boldness and independence of spirit which has made Horace so popular in

‘The land where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will,—

so popular that Gibbon never travelled without a copy of his poems in his pocket, that Hooker fled with him to the fields from the reproaches of a railing wife, that Thackeray is content if the future man of the world on leaving school should have enough Latin ‘to quote Horace respectably through life.’

His manliness of character and complete freedom from sycophancy and snobbishness—in a word, ‘his good form,’ as it would

would now be termed—did not show itself merely in his style. It penetrated his life and influenced his conduct. In his first interview with Mæcenas * we do not find a glib and clever adventurer showing off before a powerful patron. His own words were few and hesitating, and the replies of Mæcenas were curt and commonplace. They did not meet again for nine months, but thenceforth the intimacy ripened quickly. Within a year Mæcenas took him as his companion on his journey to Brundisium, undertaken to bring about an *entente cordiale* between Antony and Octavius, and about three years afterwards he presented him with the Sabine farm. The position which Horace gained in the friendship of Mæcenas excited the wonder and envy of subsequent poets. Martial says there would be no lack of Virgils if there were enough Mæcenases; † and Juvenal ‡ declares that the future of poetry depends solely on that Court patronage for which Martial and perhaps Propertius sued in vain. But the attitude of Horace towards Mæcenas was always one of resolute but not ostentatious independence. The very idea of patronage of any kind seems to us now incompatible with real dignity, but we must remember under what different conditions from those which now prevail the work of Horace was done. There was no copyright. A man might of course arrange with the brothers Sossii or some other firm in the Argiletum, which was the Paternoster Row of Rome, for a share in the profits arising from the sale of his work; and some such arrangement must have been common, else why should Horace have betaken himself to verses as a refuge from poverty? or why should Martial § ironically have directed a friend, who was perpetually trying to borrow his book of Epigrams, to his publisher, Atræctus of Argiletum, who would give him the book for five denarii? But we can see that the profit to be derived from the sale of a book cannot have been very considerable, when we remember that every wealthy Roman who aspired to be a man of taste kept an establishment of literary slaves for the purpose of copying, and no statute or sentiment forbade him to multiply copies of a favourite author until he and all his friends had enough. Nay he might, without infringing any law written or unwritten, even offer superfluous copies for sale. Under these conditions a publishing firm would not give an author much for a work which would be public property as soon as a few copies got about. Martial tells us || that his verses are on men's

* Sat. i. 6, 56.

† VIII. 56, 5.

‡ VII. 1.

§ I. 118, 9.

|| XI. 3, 5.

lips even in remote Britain, but adds, 'What good does that do me? My purse never discovers the fact.' A poet, therefore, in Rome, if he desired to support himself by his work, was obliged to have recourse to a patron. The humiliation, inseparable from a relation in which genius is subordinated to position or even to mere wealth, was largely mitigated by the existence in Rome of the time-honoured institution of clientship; but the Satires of Juvenal show us how many indignities the client had to suffer from his patron. The position of a dependant on a great man was no doubt far less disagreeable under Augustus than it afterwards became,

'When single thought was civil crime
And individual freedom mute;'

but even in Horace's age the parasite and professional diner-out existed, and had sometimes to taste the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction. This is what makes us regard with such admiration the dignity which Horace maintained in his relations with Mæcenæas.

This extraordinary man certainly had not one of those happy natures with which it is easy to live and difficult to quarrel. On the contrary he was self-willed and eccentric; he formed and held original views about life and happiness, and acted on them. While the low-born Agrippa raised himself to the highest position in the State, the descendant of Etruscan kings aspired to no higher dignity than his ring denoted. On two occasions only, during the war in Sicily against Sextus Pompeius, and again when he was conducting the diplomatic measures which were to cement peace between Antony and Octavius, does he appear to have held any official position or title whatever; and Mommsen is probably right in believing that even then he did not bear the familiar designation of Prefect of the City, but a new title, Prefect of the Prætorium, invented for himself, and specially devised to show that he was not to be regarded as a member of the Roman bureaucracy. His aim was to govern, not to reign; but though he despised the objects of common-place ambition, it was not because he surpassed his fellow-men in fortitude and strength of mind. He trembled at what many ordinary men can meet without fear. He dreaded death, or rather felt an aversion for it; and, what is more singular, he was bold enough to confess what he felt. This strange being, to whom even Seneca—no admirer of his—ascribes a powerful and masculine spirit,* has left behind him

* 'Ingenium et grande et virile.' (Epist. 92, 35.)

the most pitiful wail in which man ever owned his desire 'to grunt and sweat under a weary life':—

'Paralysed in hand and thigh,
Toothless, humpbacked, lame,
Only bid me not to die—
Life is all I claim.
Give me, powers above me, give,
Be it on the rack, to live!'

The gods lent too ready an ear to his craven appeal. He endured through many years of ill-health the burden of life which he coveted. Pliny tells us† that he was afflicted by a fever which never left him, adding the incredible statement that for three years before his death he never had even a moment's sleep. Though he so violently recoiled from death, not Lucretius himself was more indifferent to its sequel. A fine utterance of his, preserved by Seneca,

'No useless sepulchre I crave,
Nature gives all her sons a grave,'‡

is perhaps another instance of his cynical pleasure in running amuck at popular prejudices, and mocking the forlorn dignity of those whose ashes were stored in the tombs that lined the Flaminian and the Latin roads.§

The eccentricity of his character was reflected in his outlandish style, which drew upon it the ridicule of Augustus. It is strange that the two Etruscans, who are conspicuous in Roman political or literary history, should have been the two Latin writers most remarkable for wilful obscurity and involution of style. Even the contorted phrases of Mæcenas, which Augustus called *calamistri* or 'curling pins,' can hardly have surpassed in affectation and oddity some of the experiments in

* Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tuber adstrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes:
Vita dum superest, bene est
Hanc mihi, vel acuta
Si sidam cruce, sustine.' (Sen. Epist. 101, 11.)

Beside these verses the sentiment of Claudio in 'Measure for Measure' is comparatively elevated:

'The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

† N. H. vii. 52.

‡ 'Nec tumulum curo, sepelit natura relictos.' (Sen. Epist. 92, 35.)

§ Juv. i. 171.

language in which Persius delights. Never did even the most gnarled or caliginous of our modern poets or essayists go so far out of his way in search of the eccentric as Persius when, wishing to describe a man who was so greedy of gain that his mouth watered at the prospect of it, he wrote that 'he greedily gulped down Mercurial spittle.'* Again, 'the letter (Y) which spread into Samian ramifications'† and 'mumble mad-dog silence,'‡ are expressions which might well engage the attention of those societies which refuse to accept the aphorism 'si non vis intelligi debes negligi.'

Nor were the speculative opinions or the literary style of Mæcenas more marked by singularity than the conduct of his life. Who but the Etruscan eccentric would have bought up the hideous purloins of the Esquiline, the haunt of obscene hags and desperate criminals, the ill-omened quarter where slaves were buried and convicts executed, when he wanted a site for the gardens which afterwards became so celebrated, and for the lofty tower to which the ailing Augustus was carried to recover his health, and from which Nero gazed on the spectacle of burning Rome. This was the man whose slovenly dress provoked the laughter of the passers-by, and whose constant quarrels and reconciliations with his wife Terentia gave rise to the *mot* of Seneca, that he was married a thousand times, though he never had had but one wife.

And this was the man with whom Horace lived on terms of intimate friendship and social equality. Not only was he the honoured guest, but the frequent host, of the great man. And he owed this position to no subservience or undue complaisance. M. Gaston Boissier acutely remarks that though Mæcenas was a poet—a bad poet—and would, if he was human, have welcomed a little encouragement from Horace, yet we do not find in the latter a word about the poetry of Mæcenas, or about any of his literary projects except a prose history of the achievements of Augustus, which he had not yet begun, and which, therefore, Horace might commend without compromising his own literary judgment. If it is true that under the name of Malthinus, the young satirist ridiculed the slovenly dress of his future patron, the latter did not make this a reason for refusing him his favour, nor did he withdraw it when Horace ridiculed

* 'Glutto sorbere salivam Mercurialem.' (Pers. v. 112.)

† 'Quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos.' (Pers. iii. 56.) The meaning intended to be conveyed is that the letter Y was a symbol with Pythagoras of Samos, the stem standing for innocent childhood, and the divergent branches figuring the alternative paths of right and wrong offered to the responsible adult.

‡ 'Rabiosa silentia rodunt.' (iii. 81.)

those who, like Mæcenas, aspired to lead the fashion in gastronomy, and make certain dishes invented by themselves *de rigueur* at fashionable entertainments.*

We have clear and unmistakable evidence of the spirit of Horace in the long and clever epistle (I. 7) in which he firmly but courteously denies the right of his patron to abridge his holiday in the country and order him back to Rome. He had gone to the country in the beginning of August for a week, and when his sojourn there had extended over a month, Mæcenas, impatient of the prolonged absence of his friend, seems to have remonstrated with him somewhat sharply, and probably to have reminded him of the obligations under which he lay. Horace says he will not return till the spring: 'Your poet will return, my kind friend, with the zephyrs and the first swallow.' Even his Sabine farm would be dearly purchased at the price of his independence. Sooner than that, he boldly says,—

'I give up all I've got without a sigh.' †

He declares that no material comforts compensate for the loss of liberty, and boldly exclaims—

'He that finds out he's changed his lot for worse,
Let him betimes the untoward choice reverse.'

Never was there a more outspoken, yet perfectly friendly, statement of the limits which should bound the patron's control over the private life and conduct of him to whom he has extended his favour. We recognize the bold spirit of the man who in the earliest of his writings which we possess, composed during his campaign under Brutus in Asia, records with apparent approval how the money-lender of Clazomenæ, playing on the name of Rupilius Rex, reminded Brutus that it ran in his family to put down kings—a joke not likely to be enjoyed by the Emperor, then only recently established on the throne; and we remember the independence (of which Bentley sought to rob him) which made him, in an ode addressed to Augustus, count among the glories of Roman history the 'noble death' of Cato in Utica.

So far we have only dwelt on those qualities of courteous

* Pliny, N. H. viii. 68, tells us that Mæcenas introduced as a dish (*instituit epulari*) a certain dainty, which, however, fell out of use on the death of its inventor: *post eum interit auctoritas saporis*. Professor Palmer thinks that the Catius ridiculed in Sat. ii. 4 was the Matus whose admirable letter to Cicero, describing his state of feeling towards his murdered friend, Julius Cæsar, is preserved among the letters *ad familiares*. His reasons for holding this view are very well put. His whole theory of the use of pseudonyms by Horace deserves careful attention.

† In the quotations from the Satires and Epistles we give the excellent version of Conington.

manliness

manliness and unobtrusive good sense which have secured for Horace, especially in England,* such a general sympathy and admiration, and have forged a link of union between intellects so diverse as those of Dante, Montaigne, Bossuet, Lafontaine, and Voltaire; Hooker, Chesterfield, Gibbon, Wordsworth, and Thackeray.

We have now to consider some more detailed and precise analyses of the way in which the poet reveals himself to us in his different works, and of the extent to which these reflect his actual opinions and experiences. On these topics much has been written, and much would be familiar to our readers. We will confine ourselves in the main to points on which we conceive the existing evidences to have been to some extent overlooked or misapprehended. 'Horace,' writes an excellent critic, the late Professor Sellar, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' 'establishes a personal relation with his reader, speaks to him as a personal friend, tells the story of his life;' and again—

'From his Satires, which deal chiefly with the manners and outward lives of men, we know him in his relations to society and his ordinary moods; from his Epistles, which deal more with the inner life, we best understand his deepest convictions and the practical side of his philosophy; while his Odes have perpetuated the finest pleasure which he derived from art, nature, and the intercourse of life.'

Are his writings really the artless and candid expression of his personal feelings and experiences? We think the answer to that question should not be as unqualified as that given by Professor Sellar and the great majority of modern critics. While we recognize as just in the main, the words in which the scholars of to-day broadly characterize the work of Horace, we cannot help feeling that there are some aspects of the question which have been almost entirely neglected. One of these is the relation of the poet towards his predecessors, and especially Lucilius. We think our readers will agree with us that the facts, which we will put forward, show that from this point of view the estimate of the nature of Horace's work must be considerably modified.†

* Sir Theodore Martin, quoting the letter of a correspondent in Milman's 'Life of Horace,' tells us that at the present day English travellers visit the site of the Sabine farm in such numbers, and trace its features with such enthusiasm, that the resident peasantry, who cannot conceive any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted than that of compatriotism or consanguinity, believe Horace to have been an Englishman.

† The view put forward in the text has been maintained, but not very fully, by J. Ilgen and Victor Zawadzki, the titles of whose works are prefixed to this article. The references to Lucilius are to the edition of his fragments by L. Müller: Leipzig, 1872.

Horace, like all the poets of his time, conceived it to be the function of his art either to reproduce in Latin the masterpieces of Greek literature, or to adapt to the taste of his own age the old poets of his own land. When he went to school at Rome, Orbilius, that ancient Dr. Swishtail whom the fame of his pupil has immortalized, made him learn Homer in the original Greek, and the translation of the *Odyssey* into Latin Saturnian verse by his fellow-countryman Livius Andronicus. The course of the schoolboy's studies prefigured the two careers open to the man's literary aspirations. Horace might either attempt to reproduce for his Latin readers the poetry of Hellas, or to set in a modern and more musical key the rough notes already uttered by the Calabrian Muse. He did both, and fortunately for us he made a wise choice in adopting his models in both cases. In the one, instead of addressing himself to Callimachus, Euphron, and the Alexandrine School, which so fascinated Catullus, Propertius, and even Virgil, he went back in his Odes to the well-head of Greek poetry, to Alcæus, Alcman, and Archilochus; in the other, he left Nævius and Livius to be thumbed by schoolboys in their native uncouthness, and turned his attention to the polishing of the rude satire of Lucilius, in which he rightly detected an affinity to the Old Comedy which was the crowning glory of the Attic Stage. He found in the Satires of Lucilius not only a rough-hewn commentary on life and manners, but even literary criticism, and easy-going descriptions of everyday events, which only required some polishing and refining to make them thoroughly acceptable to the court of Augustus and the *salon* of Mæcenas. In fact Horace seems to have done for Lucilius very much what Pope did for the coarse tales of Chaucer, for the rough philosophizing of Dr. Donne, and even for the Epistles of Horace himself. In the descriptive pieces especially we recognize in the Latin satirist the same art which enabled his English imitator to recommend Chaucer's tale of January and May to the more refined susceptibilities of the court of Queen Anne. Horace did not feel bound even to take the course of Pope, who remodels his *dramatis personæ* to suit modern times. Malthinus and Pantolabus are Lucilian characters; the Mænius and Nomentanus of Lucilius are adopted by Horace as typical spendthrifts of his own day. Gallonius is still with him the would-be gourmet, and Pacideianus the eponymous boxer, because they filled that position in the *Saturæ* of the older poet. Now and then we come on fragments of Lucilius showing clear traces of a narrative which ran parallel with that of Horace; and in these cases we find that the difference between the two is to be found just in the absence of those defects which

which Horace points out as the salient blots on the style of the old poet—roughness of structure and diction, prolixity, and immoderate use of Greek words and phrases. Confirmation of this will be found in many of the passages which we shall compare, but it may be instructive here to adduce one clear instance of the correction in the Horatian restoration of each of these faults in the Lucilian original.

In a well-known passage Horace is inculcating that duty of moderating one's desires which he so often preaches. He ends with the remark* :—

'Say you've a million quarters on your floor:
Your stomach is like mine: it holds no more.'

Quite similar is the argument as well as the illustration in a fragment of Lucilius,† but the concluding words corresponding to 'you can't eat more than I,' are 'æque fruniscor ego ac tu,' where *fruniscor* is an old form of *fruor* only to be found in ante-classical Latin.

As a specimen of the prolixity of the old poet we may refer to a fragment preserved by Porphyry on Epist. i. 1, 73, where Horace refers very briefly to a well-known apologue:

'I'll give the fox's answer to the lion:
"I'm frightened at those footsteps; every track
Leads to your home, but ne'er a one leads back."'

In the Lucilian fragment‡ we have evidence that the condition and looks of the lion were described, and the perverse impulse which made the fox approach the den, and then there was a regular dialogue between the two beasts.

The tendency to use Greek expressions, when Latin would have served the purpose just as well, would receive illustration from most of the parallel passages in the two writers, but one will serve. The familiar phrase 'sic me servavit Apollo,'§ which concludes the episode of the bore encountered on the Sacred Way, no doubt had its origin in the Lucilian τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξεν Ἀπόλλων.

Before entering further into the question what may be inferred from Lucilian echoes in Horace, it will be necessary to remind our readers of the way in which these fragments have come down to us. They have not been preserved by the reverent hands of collectors of literary gems or pregnant aphorisms. They have been handed down by grammarians who wished to provide their rules with examples and exceptions. The old poets were used by them chiefly to illustrate irregularities of

* Sat. i. 1, 45, 46.

† XVIII. 3.

‡ XXX. 80-87.

§ Sat. i. 9, *fin.*
expression,

expression, and it is quite possible that this circumstance has led us to form an exaggerated conception of the roughness and uncouthness of early Latin poetry. Except a few verses quoted here and there by literary men of the world like Cicero and Quintilian, we owe our knowledge of Lucilius entirely to grammarians, who wished to illustrate an unusual gender, such as *palmes* masculine, a singular usage, as *rixtus* applied to human beings, or rare forms, such as *manducari* deponent and *comest* for *comedit*. It is to a passage preserved by Nonius * to illustrate the last two forms that we owe a fragment which seems to show that the bore whom Horace met on the Sacred Way, far from being Propertius, as a French critic maintained, had no objective existence for Horace at all, but was only a Lucilian bore *réchauffé*. The fragment is,†

'Surprising his victim, in closest embrace
He enfolds him, and browses all over his face,'—

words which seem plainly to point to the importunate effusiveness of one who would fain claim a far closer intimacy than really existed; the more clearly when we remember that the Satire begins with words found together in Lucilius—*ibat forte* is quoted from him by Nonius—and ends with words which we have already met in their Greek dress, '*sic me servavit Apollo*.'

By a similar chance the surviving fragments of Lucilius present us here and there with expressions which make it seem highly probable that the celebrated account of the journey to Brundisium—though no doubt actually taken by Horace in the company of Mæcenas—is not a genuine record of adventures which they actually met, but rather a polished version of a piece in which Lucilius, as we know, gave a versified account of a journey from Rome to Capua, and thence to the Straits of Messina. The fragments have come to us solely from the grammarians, and nothing but the chance that they contained some anomaly of diction or usage has preserved them for us. They are, in our opinion, enough to show that Horace took his idea of writing a metrical itinerary from a similar performance on the part of the older poet, and introduced from it into his own account incidents which are hardly likely to have occurred to two independent travellers. Two different journeys might of course have many features in common; but some coincidences are so minute that we cannot but believe that the later account

* XXIII. 15.

† 'Adæquitur neque opinantem, in caput insilit, ipsum
Commanducatur totum complexu' comestque.' (Frag. IV. 42.)

adopted

adopted them from the earlier. To begin with, the same criticism on the state of the roads is to be found in both, except that the old poet describes their condition as *labosum*,* and the later, characteristically avoiding the archaism, as *factum corruptius imbre*. Then, some quarrel or semi-humorous exchange of scurrilities, like that between Sarmentus and Messius Cicirrhus, is clearly indicated in Lucilius; but while Sarmentus compared his adversary to a wild horse, the Lucilian *scurra* describes † his opponent more violently as a

‘Buck-tooth’d Bovillan with projecting tusk—
An Æthiop rhinoceros.’

Of the ‘many retorts’ of Cicirrhus thus lightly dismissed by Horace there seem to have been some on the part of his Lucilian prototype which would much better have been suppressed; but he, as well as Cicirrhus, concluded with an allusion to the meagre and puny figure of his adversary, much more violent, however, in its expression; for ‘so meagre and diminutive’ ‡ is the modified form in which appears the vigorous Lucilian phrase,

‘A dead-alive sketch of an atomy.’ §

To make assurance doubly sure, an incident mentioned in the 85th verse of Horace’s Satire (I. 5) had its counterpart in Lucilius (III. 55), as we learn from a note of Porphyrius on Sat. I. 6, 22, telling us that in old times skins of beasts were used as bedclothes. Finally, we have in the Lucilian itinerary gritty bread, a town not to be expressed in a hexameter verse, and *macros palumbes* corresponding to the *macros turdos* of Horace. Surely Horace took in hand the poem of Lucilius, and, in describing a similar journey made by himself, introduced into it whatever incidents he found amusing in the old poem, toning down roughness and archaism of expression, pruning redundancy, and omitting the coarsest details. Gibbon, in reference to some of the episodes in this particular poem, asks, not unnaturally, How could any man of taste reflect on them the day after? We may further feel a difficulty in the fact that, when Mæcenas was going on a mission of *haute politique*, he took no one with him but literary men little conversant with politics, and buffoons like Sarmentus and Cicirrhus. It would seem that these difficulties may fairly be met by the

* III. 10.

† III. 8.

‡ ‘Gracili tam tamque pusillo.’ (Sat. I. 5, 69.)

§ ‘Vix vivo homini ac monogrammo.’ (II. 20.)

theory that the trivial—sometimes far from pleasing—incidents of the journey are merely survivals from the Lucilian poem, which Horace felt bound to introduce into his own with somewhat less startling realism, and that he omitted such actual circumstances of the tour and persons of the *entourage* as did not fall conveniently into the Lucilian framework.

In the dinner of Nasidienus did Horace describe an entertainment at which he was actually present, or did he merely refurbish a Lucilian account of a similar occasion?—Horace, no doubt, may have been the guest of a rich and vulgar *parvenu*, but if he was, so was Lucilius; and the Lucilian host, like the Horatian, rubbed the table with a purple cloth (*gausape purpureo*), praised the fare which he had provided, claimed the honours of a discoverer in the science of gastronomy, and lectured his guests on the influence of the moon on articles of food. Moreover, as Horace and his fellow-guests found the dishes to have a strange and unfamiliar taste,*

‘For fish and fowl—in fact whate’er was placed
Before us—had, we found, a novel taste;’

so the goose served on the Lucilian table was fed on grass, not corn; the endive was gathered from the roadside, and the cheese smelt of garlic—the criticism on the dinner being the same, but the details, as usual, fuller in the old poet. Chance has not preserved for us any allusion to the downfall of the hangings; but we have some commonplaces of consolation quite in the same vein as the platitudes with which Nomentanus and Balatro affected to comfort Nasidienus under the disaster of the descent of the awning on the table: ‘Life is but a game of chance; let us take what we can get, it will be all the same in a hundred years.’† Just as Pope perceived that some of the tales of Chaucer might be made quite acceptable to the court of Queen Anne, if unintelligible archaism and excessive coarseness were removed, so Horace saw that the humour and keenness of observation which made the Lucilian *Saturæ* household words to Cicero might still win their way pleasantly to the *molles auriculæ* of Augustan Rome, if modernised and pruned of redundancy and pedantry.

It was not only in the descriptive pieces that Horace reset and polished the uncut diamonds of his rude predecessor. Sometimes we find that the whole train of thought in one of his moralizing essays on man is due to the elder poet. It is a singular accident—indeed, it almost amounts to a

* Sat. II. 8, 28.

† XIV. 10.

miracle,

miracle, when we remember what was the vehicle of the fragments—that chance should have sometimes preserved for us several apparently consecutive utterances of the old satirist, and that thus, in some cases, beside the restored structure we can discern the traces of the original edifice. The first Satire of Horace seems to be as clearly a modernized version of Lucilius as Pope's imitations are modernized versions of Horace. Nonius, in illustrating a meaning of *olim*, quotes a passage* from Lucilius which shows that the latter, like Horace, had adduced the ant as a type of foresight. We have already referred to the passage in which Horace drives home the Lucilian lesson that enough is as good as a feast, using the same illustration, but banishing the obsolete verb *fruniscor*. The rest of the Satire deals with the insatiableness of the fool,† the universal and excessive pursuit of riches,‡ and the undue weight given to property in the estimate of a man's worth.§ All these notes are, as we have seen, struck in the fragments of Lucilius, and in both poets|| the lesson is enforced by the instance of the punishment of Tantalus.

Again, in the third Satire of the First Book there is reason to believe that the train of thought is in the main Lucilian. Nonius, in proving the use of *differre* in the sense of 'to be different from,' quotes a verse in which Lucilius uses *verruces* to point a moral, as Horace does in the seventy-third verse of this Satire in recommending mutual forbearance; and there are clear statements in the *Saturæ* of the Stoic paradox so familiar in Horace, that the ideal wise man is master of every art, not only beautiful, rich, and puissant, but even the best cobbler.¶ In touching on the same theme of avarice in the Second Book of the Satires (III. 155), we find that he has taken from Lucilius (XXVIII. 33) the physician's warning to the miser that he is killing himself to save the cost of a basin of rice-gruel, and that in the fifth Satire of the same book he has borrowed the visit of Ulysses to Tiresias in the underworld (XXX. 113) to enquire how he is to amass wealth and repair the inroads made on his fortune by the greedy suitors of Penelope; and that the

* *Sic tu illos fructus quæras adversa hieme olim
Queis uti possis et delectare domi te.* (XIX. 2.)

† v. 48.

‡ *Rugosi passique senes eadem omnia quærunt:* a fragment handed down by Nonius as an example of *passus*, 'dry.'

§ *Quantum habebas tantum ipse sis tantique habearis* (v. 22), preserved by a scholiast on Juv. III. 142, and clearly the origin of *'nil satis est inquit quia tanti quantum habebas sis.'* (Hor. Sat. I. 1, 62.)

|| Hor. Sat. I. 1, 68; Luc. III. 59.

¶ *Sarcinatorum esse summum, suere centonem optime.* (XXVIII. 45.)

two poets agree in making light of her fidelity to her absent spouse. The favourite Horatian doctrine (*e.g.* Sat. II. 2, 129-135) that we have no abiding city here, and that the goods of fortune are but a loan to us, finds characteristic expression in a fragment of Lucilius (XXVII. 7), in which he says that he feels he has only the use, *chresin*, not the possession of all that is counted his. And the celebrated passage in the same Satire (II. 2, 28), the keynote of which is 'cocto num adest honor idem,'

'What? Do you eat the feathers? When 'tis drest
And sent to table, does it still look best?'

is obviously borrowed from the Lucilian

'Cook cares not a jot for the gaudy tail, if the fowl be
plump and fat.'*

The Gallonius who points the moral is a Lucilian character, and we have in the fragments the fish 'caught between the bridges' of Sat. II. 2, 32.† Even in the condemnation of undue admiration of the ancients, the Augustan satirist seems to have walked in the steps of the Republican, whom we find ridiculing a passage from the *Thyestes* of Ennius, and the monstrous compounds of Pacuvius.‡

It is to be observed that we have not dwelt on mere coincidences of expression, which of course are frequent, but only on such coincidences as seem to show that certain pieces of the two poets had a common basis and frame, and proceeded from the same starting-point along the same lines to the same conclusion. Parallelism, even in the use of rare expressions, such as *cerebrosus* for 'angry,' and *sententia dia* for 'a wise saw,' do not, of course, add material support to our argument, except as showing a mind thoroughly imbued with the vocabulary of the *Saturæ*. But more significant is the employment by both poets of a far from obvious figure. When Horace writes (A. P. 431) that the wailing of a hired mourner at a funeral is often more expressive and affecting than genuine grief,

'Hired mourners at a funeral say and do
A little more than they whose grief is true,'

he does not think it necessary, as a modern writer would, to

* 'Cocu' non curat caudam insignem esse hilum dum pinguis siet.' (XXVII. 12.)

† 'Pontes Tiberinu' duo inter captu' catillo.' (Incert. 50.)

‡ 'Nerei repandirostrum incurvicervicum pecus.'

tell his readers that he did not conceive the simile himself, but took it from the Lucilian couplet—

‘As hireling mourners o’er a bier, with tearing of hair and shrieks,
Eclipse by art the heartfelt pain of woe that hardly speaks.’ *

Nay more, Horace in drawing upon Lucilius would have claimed and received the praise of originality as conceived by the Latin poets and critics, who sincerely ascribed that quality to any writer who selected a new model instead of merely producing a new imitation of an already hackneyed masterpiece. Thus we find Plautus complaining that it is hard to find a Greek play which enforces the moral that honesty is the best policy, and in which virtue triumphs in the end. The idea of constructing such a plot does not seem even to have occurred to the Latin dramatist.

It is not in the Satires only that Horace has addressed himself to the task of refurbishing the work of his predecessor. The fourteenth Epistle of the first book is clearly a Lucilian restoration. The Epistle professes to be addressed to his *vilicus* or farm-bailiff, who, being obliged to live in the country, longs for town. Horace contrasts with this feeling his own preference for the country, and accounts for that preference by his sense of the immunity which rural retirement enjoys from the besetting sins of envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. This is not the kind of letter which we should have expected the poet to address to a common drudge (*mediastinus*); nor was it ever meant to meet his eyes; it was written to be admired by Mæcenas and his friends as a clever restoration of an antique. There is not a remarkable expression in the letter which has not its origin in Lucilius; and it is very singular that the accident whereby grammarians have preserved for us several words and phrases from the old piece should have revealed a fact which would otherwise never have been suspected. Horace tells his bailiff that there are weeds of the mind as well as of the soil, and proposes to try whether he or his bailiff will prove the more successful weeder, the one in the moral field, the other in the material:—

‘Let’s have a match in husbandry: we’ll try
Which can do weeding better, you or I.’

Now Nonius, in illustrating a strange use of the verb *stare*, quotes from Lucilius a phrase,

‘My soul’s thick-set with thorns,’ †

* ‘Ut mercede quæ conductæ fient alieno in funere
Præfices multo et capillos scindunt et clamant magis.’ (XXVII. 18.)

† ‘Stat sentibu’ pectus.’ (V. 4.)

which strikes the dominant chord of the piece. Further, each writer* describes his mind as chafing against the restraints of the body, and longing to burst its barriers and be away. Lucilius† sighs for a sphere in which he is not 'given a squint' (*strabonem fieri*) by looking askance at the blessings of his neighbours; Horace says that in the country no one looks askance at (*obliquo oculo limat*) the good things of others, and that that is the reason why he likes it better than the town. Horace declares that the 'savage wilds' (*inhospita tesca*), as some people call them, are charming to him; Lucilius says that as he roams through the 'savage wilds,' using the very same words, all his imaginings take on a new grace and charm. It can hardly be questioned that we have in this case a clear Lucilian basis for a Horatian piece; and that Horace did little more than soften down the asperities of the earlier poem, and give it an imaginary connexion with his own daily life.‡

In the Epodes and Odes the models of Horace were nearly altogether Greek, but we come occasionally on a figure of speech or fancy which does not suggest a Hellenic origin. Goethe once complained of the 'fearful realism' of Horace, and we certainly have some examples of this in the Odes, where it would seem most out of place. Perhaps one of the most tasteless efforts of fancy in the Odes is the comparison between the insatiable desire of riches and the unquenchable thirst of dropsy,§ and it can hardly have had a Greek source. If he did not take the idea from Lucilius, it is certainly a curious coincidence that that poet, with whose works he was so familiar, should have said that a covetous person had a 'spiritual dropsy.'¶ Probably enough, many of the expressions of Horace which have been condemned by modern taste as unsuitable to lyric poetry, would be found to be due to Lucilius and the old Latin literature, though chance has not disclosed their origin. This would account for such strange deviations from the lyric manner as he makes when in an Alcaic ode he calls his she-goats 'wives of a fœtid spouse;'¶ sings of 'long-eared

* Hor. Epist. l. 14, 69; Luc. v. 2, 3.

† xxvii. 8.

‡ A very curious parallel in our own literature to the Horatian use of the raw material of Lucilius has lately been brought to light by a letter of Mr. Walter Skeat to the 'Athenæum' of Aug. 8, 1891, in which he shows that Shakspeare, in the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, 'To be or not to be' (Act. iii. Sc. 1), adopted largely the train of thought of a long passage in the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and even borrowed some of the expressions.

§ 'Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops.' (Carm. II. 2, 13.)

¶ 'Aquam te in animo habere intercutem.' (xxviii. 27.)

¶ 'Olentis uxores mariti.' (Carm. l. 17, 7.)

oaks,'

oaks,* and 'the lust that drives mad the horses' dams;'† or pictures Venus as 'snuffing up the incense,'‡ and Doom, with her paraphernalia of huge nails, wedges, cramps, and lead.§ Probably if we had more numerous fragments from the works of Lucilius, or if they had come down to us in a *florilegium*, like that in which Stobæus preserved so many of the gems of Euripides, we should find that the Epodes owed a great deal to the old poet. At present we cannot find in them any trace of Lucilius, except a line preserved to illustrate the meaning of *sudum* as applied to 'fair weather,'|| which recalls the clearly insincere execrations hurled on the departing Mævius in Epode X.

Many different views have been taken of the nature of the Odes and the relation of that portion of Horace's work to the rest. Diametrically opposite theories have been propounded. Between the *dictum* of Gruppe, 'Horace is Horace only in his Odes,' and that of Lehrs, 'The real Horace is never found in his Odes,' almost every intervening shade of opinion has found defenders. Dr. Verrall, in his highly ingenious work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, sees in them the most pointed yet covert allusion to obscure incidents in the private history of the Augustan Court, its supporters and its assailants, and the secret intrigues which threatened the yet unstable throne of the Emperor. Others, like Sir Theodore Martin, are content to dwell on 'the consummate grace and finish of the Odes,' and to regard them only as the passing expression of varying phases of artistic feeling, but not as conveying, at least in the love songs, the sincere sentiment of the writer. The most recent of the critics of Horace, whose views we shall put before our readers anon, sees in them nothing but mere exercises in the handling of the Greek metres. But in one judgment all must agree: good or bad, real or artificial, they have defied imitation. No attempt to reproduce their effect has had even a moderate measure of success. Since Statius so completely failed to revive in his *Silvæ* the Horatian Sapphic, no attempt either in Latin or in any other language has done anything

* 'Auritas quercus.' (Carm. i. 12, 11.)

† 'Quæ solet matres furiare equorum.' (l. 25, 13.)

‡ 'Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura.' (iv. 1, 21.)

§ 'Te semper anteit ævea Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ænea, nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.' (l. 35, 17.)

|| 'Nec ventorum flamina flando suda secudent.' (xxix. 102.)

more than add a new proof that the mould in which they were made was shattered when it fell from the hands of Horace. Quintilian, with his usual acuteness, saw that their essential quality was that they were unique; no one has characterized them with greater judgment and moderation, and his criticism is as true now as when he wrote it:—

‘He is the only lyric poet worth reading in Latin literature; he sometimes attains to elevation, and always abounds in charm and grace, while his fancy and diction have a happy boldness all their own.’ *

A consideration which seems to us to have been hardly sufficiently taken into account by the many critics of the Odes is the fact that Horace looked on himself as a restorer, as one whose task it was to clothe the beauties of Greek lyric poetry in a Latin garb. Keeping this view before us, we may doubt the objective reality of the incident related in the fourth Ode of the third book, how the wood-pigeons that draw the car of Venus found the child-poet, destined to be the singer of Love, asleep on the hillside, weary and drowsy after his play, and covered him with leaves to protect him from the snakes and wild beasts. There is little doubt that both here and also in a much less fanciful passage, when he tells how he joined in the flight at Philippi, ingloriously leaving behind him his shield, he is merely introducing, as in duty bound, into the life of the Roman lyricist the legends connected with the masters of the Greek lyre. If divine protection was vouchsafed to the infancy of Pindar, Stesichorus, and Æschylus, surely the Muses of Calabria must have been equally careful of the tender age of the Roman lyricist; and if Alcæus, Archilochus, and Anacreon fled weaponless from the field of battle, why should Horace fail to make in his own case a similar confession? There was no fear that it would be understood literally. The very Pompeius, to whom he addressed that confession, had often borne the brunt of battle beside him in the campaign under Brutus. He would no more take in its literal sense the self-accusation of cowardice than he immediately succeeding boast that Mercury carried the poet unhurt through the foe, like the favourites of the gods in Homer, wrapped in a dense cloud.

When Mæcenas presented Horace with his Sabine farm, he conferred on him the very gift which was most suitable to the poet's requirements and desires. He tells us himself how the first fig is the signal for the undertaker's train to appear in the

* Inst. Or. x. 1, 96.

streets of Rome,* and how the leaden breath of Auster then gives an unmistakable signal to city folk to seek the seaside or the Latin or Sabine hills. Horace seems generally to have managed to turn the head of his little mule towards the country in the malarious months, sometimes going so far as Tibur or Tarentum, which, he tells us,† were his favourite resorts. But it was not until he experienced the generosity of Mæcenas that he ever left Rome, save at seasons when it was an imperative necessity to go. It was this very intimacy with Mæcenas which made a rural retreat absolutely indispensable. Juvenal maintains that ease of circumstances and material comfort and luxury are essential conditions of success in the poet's art. If Virgil had had nothing better than water to drink, all the snakes would have fallen from the viperous tresses of Allecto. But Horace was an exception to his rule. He tells us that it was the boldness inspired by stern necessity which drove him to poetry. As long as he was the poor hack whom poverty had driven to literature he could call his time his own, even in Rome; but as the friend of Mæcenas, privacy became for him impossible. We read again and again how he was besieged by politicians, literary aspirants, even professional newsmongers and diners-out, for information direct from the fountain-head of policy and fashion; and how men shook their heads and admired his profound reserve, when he told them that he was not the depositary of the secrets of Augustus and Mæcenas. There was no secure leisure in Rome for the intimate of Mæcenas, and no real work could be undertaken unless there were a refuge to which to fly. When Mæcenas conferred on him a farm in the Sabine hills, about thirty miles, or a day's journey, from Rome, he gave the poet what was not only a luxury but a necessity.

But Horace was not a lover of the country for its own sake. It is to him delightful only as a retreat from the worries of town; and when he is most enthusiastic in the praises of his life in the country, we find that the pleasures on which he dwells most are those which belong more fitly to town. 'O noctes

* 'Ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris.' (Epist. i. 7, 5.)

†

'Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiæque.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi

Rura Phalantho,' (Carm. ii. 6, 5-12.)

*cenæque Deûm!** is his exclamation when he thinks, not of the entertainments of Mæcenas and Pollio, but of the dinners in his Sabine farm, where the local notabilities sat round his plain but plentiful table and discussed, not art or scandal, but philosophy and the conduct of life, garnished with homely but appropriate 'old saws and modern instances.' In the Odes, where especially we should expect to find genuine love of Nature, if any such feeling were his, he alludes to Nature, not to express his æsthetic pleasure in her various moods, but to point his philosophic maxims. The changes of the weather and the courses of the seasons are described only to introduce the reflection that our hopes, too, and our fears have for their objects only that which is mutable, and our griefs as well as our joys should be moderate and brief. His Odes, as Sir Theodore Martin has observed, often breathe a spirit which recalls to us the sad smile of the Persian Omar Kayyam :

'What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday—
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?'

In one of the prettiest of them we read how the heavy and gloomy pine, and the light poplar white in the wind, love with their wedded boughs to make a friendly shade, while the prattling brook frets in its haste down its winding channel. But why this pretty picture? To remind us that, though now Nature smiles on us, death will soon be on us all, both high and low. Peace of mind is to be gained neither by seeking rural scenes nor by crossing wide seas. Man carries happiness and unhappiness with him wherever he goes, and cannot fly from himself though he leave his fatherland far behind him. Indeed, that very poem which of all that Horace has written enters with most zest into the delights of country life, is, rightly viewed, a clear proof of the poet's insensibility to these delights. It is nothing but an elaborate piece of ridicule directed against those who then were prone, as some are now, to become ecstatic about the country, though quite unqualified to appreciate its charm sincerely. In the best of his Epodes, the second, the work of his ardent youth, we have a glorification of rural life which enters into every detail of its joys with an enthusiasm hardly less than that which inspires Virgil in the Georgics and Eclogues. It is only after sixty-six verses of high-wrought sentiment that we discover that the speaker is not Horace, but

* Sat. II. 2, 65.

the usurer Alfius, and that the moral of the poem is, that speculative enthusiasm has very little chance against a ruling passion of a practical kind, and that many praise the country who would be very unfit and very loth to live in it. The best parallel we know to the sustained irony of the Epode is the piece in which the delightful author of 'Fly Leaves' describes the City clerk who left the heat and noise and brass bands of Camden Hill to enjoy his well-earned holiday. We read how he laughed when he felt the cool breeze fanning his cheek, and the salt spray on his lip, and when all the sights and sounds and fragrances of the country, described with Horatian skill, were wafted to him; then, how, when he thought of the dusty streets he had left,—

‘At the thought
He laughed again, and softly drew
That “Morning Herald,” that he’d bought,
Forth from his breast, and read it through.’

It is with some diffidence that we have ventured to put forward some considerations, which, if they do not seem to convict Horace of a certain degree of insincerity, at all events would tend to show him as a mere restorer where he has been held to be a creator, and a literary *poseur* where he has been thought to be a poetical exponent of his real feelings. But for one department of his work it would be idle to claim the merit of sincerity. Even his warmest admirers have detected a false ring in his odes of love. Sir Theodore Martin writes, ‘His deepest feeling is but a ferment of the blood; it is never the all-absorbing devotion of the heart.’ His love ditties are like bright scentless flowers, which charm the eye, but are not charged with the message of association and memory which perfume can carry. Even when we think we have found in Cinara, of whom he sometimes writes naturally, a genuine though fleeting romance of his salad days, we begin to doubt if his youthful fancy deserved even the name of calf-love, when we find him boasting that in his youth he had found favour, though empty-handed, in the eyes of that ‘insatiable’ girl.* The most recent continental criticism goes much further in the way of scepticism about the genuineness of his expressed feelings. We propose in connexion with it to examine some curious features in the lyric poetry of Horace.

No reader of the Odes, however careless, can have failed to notice the extraordinary difficulty of discovering in them

* ‘Quem scis immunem Cinaræ placuisse rapaci.’ (Epist. i. 14, 33.)
anything

anything like a connected train of thought. We do not hesitate to say that hitherto there has been no even moderately successful attempt to solve this problem. Bentley's method was, as might be expected, to have recourse to wholesale correction of the text. But his ingenuity addressed itself mainly to difficulties of expression and construction, and indeed hardly a correction of his is now accepted in constituting the text of the Odes. Peerlkamp, the most Bentleian of Bentley's successors, developing the principle of his master, boldly declares, 'I do not accept as the work of Horace anything but what is so exquisitely perfect that you cannot change it without spoiling it.' The result is, that there is hardly an Ode in which Peerlkamp did not detect corruption and interpolation, hardly one in which he did not resort to emendation, excision, and transposition. The slightest deviation from the most exquisite taste, from the most natural and logical march of thought, from the most flawless accuracy and beauty of expression, was a complete proof that the offending passage could not have come from the hand of Horace. Goethe, going to the opposite extreme, held hardly anything to be unworthy of Horace, to whom he denied all poetic gifts, unless deftness in the use of language and skill in reproducing the Greek metres could be so described. Hartman goes nearly as far as the great German poet and critic. He regards the Odes simply as exercises in metre, and holds that Horace did not trouble himself about consecutive thinking, provided the verses flowed smoothly; and that he was always ready to surrender ease of transition and even correctness of expression when the exigencies of his dainty metres demand the sacrifice. And, truly, in some cases he has much to say for his theory. When we read how 'Virtue will refuse the name of *happy* to kings, and will give (not the name of *happy* but) the kingly throne and diadem to him who, without turning to gaze again, can look on huge heaps,'* we cannot help asking ourselves whether the poet has really said what he wished to say. Heaps of what? Of treasures, of course, say the commentators. But Horace has not written 'heaps of treasures,' he has only written 'heaps.' Then, Virtue having refused the name of *happy* to kings, grants that of *king* to him who has subdued covetousness; and 'eye unturned-back' is certainly far from clear. Peerlkamp rewrites the stanza, inserting *auri*; the English commentators translate as if Horace had written *auri acervos*, but leave the words untouched;

* Quisquis ingentes oculo inretorto
Spectat acervos.' (Carm. II. 2, 24.)

Hartman says Horace would gladly have written *thesauros*, but, unfortunately, it would not scan.

In point of fact, there would have been more to excite our surprise if Horace had really succeeded in producing genuine poetry rather than exquisitely musical *vers de société*, when we consider his own account of the spirit in which he approached his task. He has told us candidly that it was his poverty and not his will which consented; that he would look on himself as an incurable lunatic if he would not rather be asleep than writing verses, unless compelled thereto by the spur of actual want;* and he quotes the case of the soldier of Lucullus, who could do prodigies of valour when destitute, but declined to take any further trouble when he no longer had his living to get. Horace does not compare himself to a melodious nightingale or soaring lark; he is, he tells us,† an industrious bee, and with infinite toil he fashions elaborate strains. He is not of those who can say,

‘I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.’

He is of those who sing for their supper. And what was his earliest song? His own boast was that in his Epodes he gave to his fellow-countrymen a specimen of the vigour and versification of Archilochus, though he had not the materials or the motive of him whose lampoons drove Lycambes mad.‡ Hence we have in the fourth Epode a furious tirade against—nobody! At least nobody is mentioned by the lampooner, and not even the ancient scholiasts could identify the object of his *brutum fulmen*. It is to show how angry he could be if he were angry, how he could tear in pieces a passion completely provided with every requisite save an object. It is—

‘A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.’

* ‘Decisis humilem pennis inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem: sed quod non desit habentem
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare ciuitas
Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus?’ (Epist. II. 2, 50-54)

† ‘Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.’ (Carm. iv. 2, 27-32.)

‡ ‘Numeros animosque secutus
Archilochi, non res et agentia verba Lycamben.’ (Epist. I. 19, 25.)
Pretty

Pretty nearly the same account may be given of the sixth Epode, in which, after heaping abuse on some unknown offender, he bids him take care lest he bring on himself the terrors of his (the poet's) tongue—'Venomous liar, fool, coward, hound, look out, or I shall call you names!' We have already expressed our belief that the tenth Epode is no more than a Lucilian restoration; but, whatever it is, it carries its insincerity on its face. It is probably a Lucilian piece re-dressed in the metre of Archilochus. In the Odes, too, we cannot help observing not only the prevailing shallowness of the sentiment, but an occasional sacrifice of correctness of expression when the metre, which is never anything but absolute perfection, proves too exacting. What is the meaning of to 'join Libya to the distant Gades'? * Surely, 'to unite Africa to Spain by a long bridge.' But what the writer meant was 'to hold sway over both countries conjointly.' 'This is the birthday of Mæcenas,' is expressed by words which should mean 'from this day forth Mæcenas revises the calendar.' † In Carm. III. 8, 15, ‡ what he intends to say is, 'Keep the lamps alight till dawn;' but Peerlkamp rightly contends that what we now read means 'endure (the glare or smell of) the lamps until dawn.' 'Neither Falernian vines nor Formian hills temper my cups,' § is as odd a fashion as could be devised of expressing the sentiment 'the wine I drink with water is not of an expensive vintage.' Carm. II. 20 || supplies a stanza which will compel each editor to declare himself a follower of Peerlkamp's or of Goethe's method of criticism. Every reader of taste must be offended by the verse in which, after comparing himself to a soaring bird, he goes on to describe how the skin is shrinking and roughening on his legs, and pursues the details of an actual transformation into a winged creature. 'Furchtbaren Realität,' exclaims the follower of Goethe. 'Horatio plane abjudicandum' is the verdict of the disciple of Peerlkamp. 'An exercise in metre,' says Hartman, 'and the metre is perfect.'

* 'Libyam remotis Gadibus jungas.' (Carm. II. 2, 9.)

† 'Ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus adfluentes
Ordinat annos.' (iv. 11, 18.)

‡ 'Vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem.'

§ 'Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites neque Formiani
Pocula colles.' (Carm. I. 20, 10.)

|| 'Jam jam residunt eruribus asperæ
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.'

The fifth Ode of the second book * contains figures and expressions which do not quite conform to modern standards of taste, but it would be a charming little piece, were it not for the last two stanzas. Nothing could be prettier than the comparison of the girl Lalage, too young to be a wife, to a playful heifer, and a cluster of grapes still unripe. The too eager lover is assured that the years ripening Lalage will gallop for her and creep for him: she will soon be old enough, and he will not be too old. Lalage will presently be wooing him, and the happy lover will meet her advances with a passion—'greater than he felt for the shy Pholoe, or Chloris, who is as brilliant as moonlight on the sea, or as Gyges, who would be mistaken for a girl.' What a bathos! After sketching with a few exquisite touches the *piquante* unripeness of the girl, he goes on to say, 'When she is old enough for you, you will love her—better than shy Pholoe or Chloris,' comparing the latter to the moon, and to Gyges, to whom he then devotes an elaborate stanza. The runnel is exquisitely smooth, but its shallow waters flow where they will from their natural channel, and end in a puddle.

The theory that the Odes are little more than experiments in the Greek lyric metres, having little or no train of connected thought or feeling, becomes very tempting when we consider the straits to which commentators have been reduced by their determination never to admit that Horace wrote mere *vers de société*, or dashed off little *vignettes* in verse, intended only to show his felicity in the choice of words, and his rare deftness in handling the metres newly imported from ancient Hellas. That school of expounders of the Old Testament, who insist on finding symbolism even in the candlestick and 'his knops' in Leviticus, have not shown more ill-placed industry than has been expended on the well-known poem beginning—

'O navis referent in mare te novi
Fluctus,' †

in which Horace warns the barque which has just escaped the storm to put back into port; the wind is rising again, it cannot live in the sea, which is ever growing angrier. The barque, according to the type-hunting editors, is the ship of the State; the mast, the sails, the Cyclades, the Pontic pine—everything must be symbolical, and have its exact counterpart in the thing symbolized. For instance, one commentator suggested that the *Pontic* pine points to Sextus Pompeius, whose father was the conqueror of Mithridates of *Pontus*. The meaning of the Ode,

* 'Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet,' &c.

† Carm. i. 14.
therefore,

therefore, according to his theory, is that Sextus Pompeius must not again embark in a war with Octavian after the treaty of Misenum, B.C. 39. As well might we discern in the mention of a 'Damask blade' an allusion to the Crusades. Pontus was the traditional source of timber for shipbuilding, as we learn from a poem of Catullus,* and the Cyclades are proverbial as presenting difficulties of navigation. Horace no more had in his mind the Mithridatic wars when he wrote *Pontica pinus*, than Tennyson thought of the Wars of the Roses when he wrote:

'She left the novel half uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf.'

On the same principle the next Ode,

'Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus,'

is by some maintained to be an elaborate allegory of Antony and Cleopatra. Ritter draws the parallel in the minutest detail. Paris hidden by Venus in Helen's chamber is Antony taking refuge in Cleopatra's ship at Actium, and so forth. The scholiast tells us that he is imitating Bacchylides in this poem. Whether this be so or not, it is certainly remarkable that the Grecian heroes, with whose prowess Nereus terrifies Paris as he flies with Helen, are not those who were foremost in the Achæan ranks; not those who in the ancient myths are said to have met the adulterer in combat, to have put him to flight, or finally to have slain him; not Menelaus or Philoctetes; but—such heroes as have names which fit the Asclepiads in which the piece is written—Ajax the son of Oileus, Laertiades, Nestor, Teucer, Sthenelus, Meriones, Tydides. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that we find Horace in another poem,† closely akin to this in subject, adducing, not the prominent heroes in both hosts, but Teucer, Idomeneus, Sthenelus, on the Grecian side; while from the Trojans no champion save Hector is named but the metrically convenient Deiphobus.

It cannot be denied that Hartman's view of the nature and genesis of Horace's lyric poetry, based as it is on the massive authority of Goethe, accounts for a good many qualities in the Odes which it is hard to explain on any other hypothesis. To succeed in concealing the art which was requisite to accommodate the Latin language to a metre so *exigant* as the Asclepiad, the Sapphic, or the Alcaic in the hands of Horace, it was often necessary to sacrifice the sense to the sound, to introduce superfluous tags, to omit a word essential to the

* *Dedicatio Phaseli*, iv. 13.

† *Carm.* iv. 9.

meaning.

meaning. Of the last defect we have had an instance above, where we have seen that the poet could only find room for 'heaps,' when 'heaps of gold,' or some such phrase, was demanded by the sense of the passage; and surely Horace was struggling in the shackles of his metre when, in warning Pollio how difficult and delicate was the task of writing a history of the Civil War, he tells him that he is walking on treacherous ashes which conceal a fire beneath.* This ought in fitness of language to convey the sense that the task which Pollio essayed, though it looked easy and smooth, was really dangerous and difficult; but this is plainly not his meaning, for the dangers and difficulties of writing the history of a recent civil war are obvious and unmistakable, and Horace has already dwelt on them in this poem. Indeed, any new theory, however daring, would be acceptable, if it were only to account for those extraordinary parenthetical accretions which disfigure some of the finest Odes, notably the fourth of the fourth book, which begins with such spirit with the words,

'Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,'

and in which the verses 18-22 † seem to be added by the poet in mockery of the art to which his poverty drove him, and which he considers it would be lunacy to practise if one could afford to be idle.

We have already referred to the ring of insincerity in the love poems of Horace, the false note which sounds so cracked and thin amid the sighs of Propertius and the groans of Catullus. He is merely playing the lover because a lyric poet ought to be in love, and sometimes he misrepresents almost ludicrously the signs of a real passion. 'It is only three years ago that I was mad about Inachia,' he tells Pettius in the eleventh Epode, 'and here I am in love again.' Three years! Three days without love is a life-time to the real lover:—

'So thou hast come at last! Thrice night has followed the day.
Three days longing! And one were enough to leave me grey!'+

In another love ditty (Epod. XIV.) he tells Mæcenas that he cannot

* 'Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.' (II. 1, 7, 8.)

† Quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli,
Nec scire fas est omnia.'

‡ ἡλυθες, ὃ φίλε κῶρε, τρίτη συν νυκτὶ καὶ ἄοι.
ἡλυθες οἱ δὲ ποθεῦντες ἐν ἡματι γηράσκοντι. (Theocr. XII. 1, 2.)
write

write poetry because he is in love—a strange reason—with Phryne, who, however, is not satisfied with him alone, and has other admirers; but this does not seem to disturb our philosophic lover, and only leads him to congratulate Mæcenas on the greater happiness of his lot because the girl he loves is—faithful to him alone? No. Because she is so very pretty. What? Was Phryne then plain as well as faithless? We do not know; her adorer seems to have forgotten all about her before he finished the epode, just as he forgot all about Lalage when he began to think of Chloris and Gyges. Then, how sweetly but uncharacteristically reasonable is the lover who bids his servant summon the charming Neæra in all haste,* adding, however, ‘If there is any difficulty about her coming, never mind; return without her.’ In somewhat the same spirit Mercury is summoned† to bring the magic of his lyre to win the obdurate ear of Lyde, but so little does the poet really care about the success of his suit that he fills a long ode with the recital of the miracles music can work, telling how it can beguile the pain even of the sufferers in the underworld, Ixion, Tityos, and the Danaids, whose entirely irrelevant story he tells with great command of language and metre, but very little reference to Lyde.

We must not look for ardour or passion in Horace. The ‘occasional elevation’‡ of style, ascribed to him by Quintilian in a passage already quoted, is found, not when he sings of love, but when he dwells on the joys of the serenity and security conferred on the world by Augustus. Not Lyde and Cinara, but Peace and Plenty, are the objects of his passion. Hence we find that those of his contemporaries and immediate successors who have left behind them their judgment of Horace, ascribe to him no higher qualities than metrical skill and felicity of expression. He was no doubt admired by Augustus, Mæcenas, and Pollio; and, under Nero, Petronius Arbiter accredited him with *curiosa felicitas*; but not by the critics near his own time do we find him admitted to the Valhalla of the Roman poets. Ovid calls him *numerosus*§ or ‘musical;’ but in another passage,|| in which he enumerates, and sometimes rapidly characterizes the Latin poets, Tibullus, Propertius, Gallus, Varro, and Virgil, we have not a word about Horace; nor does Velleius¶ add his name to those of Catullus,

* ‘Dic et argutæ properet Neæra
Murrheum nodo cohibente crinem;
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.’ (Carm. III. 14, 21.)

† Il. 11.

‡ Art. Am. III. 333.

§ ‘Insurgit aliquando.’

§ Trist. IV. 10, 49.

¶ Il. 36.

Tibullus,

Tibullus, Virgil, and Ovid. It is true that in the poetry of Tibullus, Propertius, and especially Ovid, there will be found expressions and passages which call to our minds parallel passages from Horace. But many of these are commonplaces of Latin poetry, and many are mere coincidences.* No literature is more conventional than the Roman poetry of the Augustan Age. A stock subject—for instance, the glorification of the Golden Age or of the imperial position of Rome—is at once the signal for a procession of familiar tropes and figures, in the treatment of which one Roman poet hardly differs at all from another. We do not find Horace admitted to the goodly company in which Virgil is supreme by the critics of his own age or that which immediately succeeded it; indeed, we doubt if there is any distinct recognition of him as a Roman poet, and not merely an ingenious versifier, before the time of Fronto, who, writing to Marcus Aurelius, speaks of him as ‘a distinguished poet between whom and myself Mæcenas and his gardens form a link of connexion’†—not words which would be used naturally of a poet who had long won securely his niche in the temple of Fame.

We have seen that it is still a debated question whether Horace was a poet. Whatever the answer to that question may be, and whether it be considered a question which requires to be asked or not, it cannot be denied that he possesses in perfection the mechanical requisites for the gay art, an exquisite ear for rhythm, and curious felicity of expression. And while we must deny to him the genuine ardour which makes the passion of Catullus breathe and burn, we cannot but recognize in him qualities which will secure for him the admiration and love of every lover of literature, as long as there exists in the minds of men a sympathy with an honest, manly, and cultured spirit, a genial friendliness, sound common-sense, and urbane self-respect. It is not difficult, judging by recent indications, to transport ourselves in imagination to an age when the literature of ancient Greece may have little or no influence on English thought and fancy, and when Lucretius, Catullus, Propertius, Ovid, even Virgil, may be forced to make way in our schools

* The most trifling coincidences of expression have been adduced to show the influence of Horace on the literature of his age. But really Propertius could have said *hoc erat*, or *horam durare*, or *i puer*, and Ovid could have said *fideles lyrae*, even though Horace had not used these words first. When Tibullus wrote *sum quodcumque tuum est*, or Ovid *quod vivo . . . gratia, Musa, tibi*, is there anything so very striking in the phraseology that it could not have been used had not Horace first written *quod spiro et placeo si placeo tuum est*? Was Ovid's *donari jam rude* necessarily a reminiscence of *donatum jam rude*?

† ‘*Memorabilis poeta, mihi que propter Mæcenatem ac Mæcenatianos hortos meos non alienus.*’

and colleges for the Natural Sciences and modern languages. But we can hardly conceive a state of society in which Horace will have ceased to form part of the mental furniture of every cultivated Englishman. Fortunately there is no sign at present of the imminence of such an era. The works prefixed to this article show that the attractive personality of the genial man of the world has lost none of its old fascination for men of letters and scholars. The year just closed has witnessed the completion of Mr. Wickham's handsome and useful edition of Horace; and quite recently school editions of the Satires by Professor Palmer and of the Epistles by Professor Wilkins have made genuine contributions to the knowledge of Horace and of Latin, contributions well worthy of the reputation of our classical school, and indispensable to teachers as well as learners. In the Satires especially, which make the largest demands on the critical faculty, the improved methods of modern criticism have made themselves very visible in the work of Professor Palmer, whose text and commentary will bear comparison with any which have issued from the English or foreign press. For of the brilliant feats of Bentley and Peerlkamp we can only say, it is magnificent but it is not criticism; and Keller and Holder exhibit a strange unsteadiness in their critical method, sometimes adhering to the manuscripts when they are well-nigh demonstrably wrong, and anon deserting them to introduce conjectures of their own, some of which involve usages impossible in Horatian Latin. The prospects of Horatian study in England are not less encouraging than the retrospect. Mr. Page's work on the Odes, so far as it has gone, promises well; and while these sheets have been passing through the press, Horatian literature has been enriched by the publication of a long-expected work, which will doubtless prove to be of the highest value. The late Professor Sellar, a genuine scholar, an acute critic, and a brilliant writer, had completed, or nearly completed, before his lamented death an elaborate study of the life, mind, and style of Horace. This has just been given to the world, and we anticipate that he who is so pleasant and instructive in his volumes on the poetry of Republican Rome and on Virgil, will certainly be no less attractive in dealing with a poet of whom he himself has said that he 'establishes a personal relation with his reader, and speaks to him as a personal friend.'

- ART. VI.—1. *A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London.* Edited by E. Arber. 1875.
 2. *A List based on the Registers of the Stationers' Company of 837 London Publishers between 1553 and 1640.* By E. Arber. 1890.
 3. *The Earlier History of English Booksellers.* By W. Roberts. 1889.
 4. *The Laws of Copyright.* By T. E. Scrutton, M.A. 1883.

WHEN the great question of the perpetuity of copyright came for decision, in 1774, before the House of Lords, Lord Camden is reported to have spoken as follows: 'Knowledge has no value or use for the solitary owner: to be enjoyed it must be communicated. "Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter." Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views: I speak not of the scribblers for bread, who tease the press with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a privilege for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, and Locke, instructed and delighted the world; it would be unworthy such men to traffic with a dirty bookseller. When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his "Paradise Lost," he did not reject it and commit his poems to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labour; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it.'*

'The scribblers for bread!' 'The dirty bookseller!' It is instructive to compare this sweeping patrician sneer—the origin of which may perhaps be traced to Cicero and Plato—at those who make money by the sale of ideas with the views of the subject which prevail in our modern democracy. The scribblers for bread, transformed into Syndicates and Societies of Authors, are far from sharing Lord Camden's opinions as to the fitting remuneration for literary labour. 'The glories of our birth and state,' they hold, 'are shadows, not substantial things;' on the other hand, the just division of profits in the money-making concern of literature is with them a serious question. But though they are by no means disposed to refer this question to the judgment of posterity, they one and all agree as to the justice of the character which the eminent Whig lawyer gives to their partner in the business of publication. From every quarter come approving references to Peter Pindar's epigram on the use made by the publisher of the author's skull, to

* 'Parliamentary History,' vol. xvii. p. 1000.

Campbell's toast in honour of Napoleon for having shot a bookseller, and his humorous suggestion that Barabbas was a publisher. The 'Memoir of John Murray,' however, should make the impartial reader pause before he accepts these violent judgments on an ancient and venerable trade; and he will do well to ask, What is the evidence of history as to the conduct of the English bookseller?

A clear and concise answer to this question in the shape of an account of Bookselling in England is difficult to procure. Materials for what may be called the romantic side of the subject are to be found scattered in abundance through Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' and these have been pieced together with considerable literary skill by Charles Knight in his 'Shadows of the Old Booksellers.' Knight's account of the growth of the trade itself, however, is much more perfunctory; and, coloured as it is throughout by his passion—a passion in him associated with the most honourable motives—for the cheapening of literature, is often extremely erroneous in its statements. Had he, as a member of the Stationers' Company, consulted the early Registers of that Society, he would certainly have seen reason to modify his opinions. These Registers have since been transcribed and published by Mr. Edward Arber, whose labour, in its magnitude and in the fine fidelity with which it has been accomplished, deserves to be ranked with the early reproduction of manuscripts issued from the press of a Manutius or a Stephens. Dim and uncertain as is the light the Registers throw on the infancy of the Stationers' Company, it is in them that the historian of bookselling in England must look for the outlines of his work. In this article, founded on the materials which Mr. Arber has supplied, studied in connexion with the Company's Charter, with the various Decrees of the Star Chamber and Statutes for the regulation of the Press, and with the scattered notices in literature of the later ages of bookselling, we shall attempt to furnish the reader with a brief but general survey of the development of the trade.

The history of the Stationers' Company before the close of the last century may be divided into four periods: (1) the period preceding the introduction of printing, in 1471, during which the Stationers, through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a poor and despised body, with the revival of learning so far increased their numbers as to be able to form themselves into a Guild or fraternity; a period which may be therefore called that of the Stationer: (2) the period between the introduction of printing and the grant to the Company by James I.

in 1603, of the sole privilege to sell Psalters, Primers, Almanacs, and Prognostications; an epoch including the issue of the Royal Charter to the Company in 1556, as well as the first Decree of the Star Chamber in 1586 for the licensing of printed books, and marked by the supremacy of the Printer in the economy of the Company: (3) the period between the first combined enterprise of the Company as an association of Merchant Monopolists, and the lapse of the Licensing Laws in 1694, within which limits are comprised the celebrated Decree of the Star Chamber in 1637, and the Licensing Acts of 1643 and 1662, and within which the Bookseller proper is the most prominent member of the Stationers' craft: (4) the period following the disappearance of the Licensing Laws, during which the Copyright Act of Queen Anne is passed, and the great question as to perpetuity of copyright is raised and decided in the famous case of *Donaldson v. Beckett*. Through this stage of his history the Stationer combines the characteristics of the great booksellers of the seventeenth century and of the publisher pure and simple, such as we see him in the present day.

I. The word 'Stationer' is a monument alike of the conservative tendencies in language, and of the varied history of the Company to which it gives a name. It is in our time commonly applied to the retail tradesman, who sells, among other goods, in his shop (*statio*) the pens, ink, and paper which are necessary for the production of every book. But when, in the last century, Pope, describing the institution of heroic games by the Goddess Dulness, wrote

'With Authors Stationers obeyed the call,'

he was thinking of the Tonsons and Lintots of the time, a class of tradesmen who kept a shop, chiefly for the sale of books, but who, like the great publishers of our own day, derived the larger part of their fortunes from the 'copies' which they purchased from authors. Looking back yet further to the early days of the Stationers' Company, we find that the association covers the various trades concerned in the production and publication of a book, the bookbinder and the book-illuminator, as well as the printer and the bookseller. There was, however, a yet more remote epoch, before the Stationers had become numerous enough to form a guild, when the books they sold consisted of a few manuscripts, for the multiplication of which pen, ink, and paper were the articles most in request, as well as the labour of a copyist,—a scribe whose name is still familiar in Government offices, but who, in the sphere of stationery, has

left traces of his existence only in the important words 'copy' and 'copyright.'

Books of the kind which excited the desires of the young Alfred, from the beauty of their writing and their illuminations, were in the Middle Ages luxuries for the use of a very few rich and noble persons; for centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire there was no such demand for literature as would have enabled a tradesman to support himself by the sale of manuscripts. It was in the Universities that the need of machinery for the multiplication of books first began to be felt. When an author at any European University desired to publish his thoughts, his book was read over twice in the presence of the authorities, and, if approved, might be copied and exposed for sale—a practice in which the germs for State licensing may be readily distinguished. It was evidently necessary, however, to keep a strict watch over the persons employed in this business, and the Statutes of the University of Paris show that the booksellers were subjected to a very severe discipline. They were obliged to keep a list of the books they sold and to exhibit their scale of charges, and they were forbidden to purchase any manuscript till it had been duly approved by the authorities, and publicly exposed to view for four days.* After the University scholar the best customers of the booksellers were the clergy, and one of the favourite places for a bookstall was the church porch. This custom has left an abiding mark upon the trade. Readers of Boileau's 'Lutrin' may remember that the ammunition for the fierce battle between the contending ecclesiastics was supplied from a bookseller's shop in the neighbourhood of La Sainte Chapelle. St. Paul's Churchyard makes a yet greater figure in the history of the trade. The surviving names of the streets in which the old Stationers of the City of London carried on their business indicate the character of their stock. In Paternoster Row, not far from Creed Lane and Ave Maria Lane, the cradles of their race, the great London publishers still pursue their profession; and where, in the fifteenth century, a solitary schoolmaster or a passing devotee asked at rare intervals for an A. B. C. or a Psalter, orders are now issued every hour to a thousand printing-presses, or are received from the remotest regions of the English-speaking world.

In 1403 the writers of Text-letter, with the bookbinders,

* 'Item quod nullus Librarius librum venalem expositum ab alio Librario, Magistro, vel Scholari, emat, nisi primitus fuerit portatus publice per quatuor dies in sermonibus apud Fratres (Prædicatores) et venditione expositus, et ceteris petentibus, omni fraude amotâ.' ('Statut fait par l'Université pour les Libraires.' Chevillier, 'Origine de l'Imprimerie,' Part IV. chapter i.)

booksellers, and book-illuminers of London, obtained from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen authority to form themselves into a Guild under the government of a Master and two Wardens. Though the name of Stationer is not found in connexion with this fraternity, there seems little reason to doubt that the new association was identical with the Stationers' Company, which did not enter upon a chartered existence till 1556. We know that, as late as the eighteenth century, it was common in the bookselling trade to unite in one establishment the various functions necessary for the production and publication of a book. Jacob Tonson, for example, had his own printers and bookbinders, and sold in his own shop the books of which, in his capacity of publisher, he had purchased the copyright. The Stationer, as representing the final, and most important, stage in the business, at that time gave his name to the whole trade. Documentary evidence further proves that before the reign of Henry VIII. the text-writers and book-illuminers were comprehended under the name of 'Stationer;' and it is therefore natural to suppose that, when the different members of the trade first organized themselves in one community, this term was selected for the guild as the one commonly applied to all its branches.* As the Stationers are spoken of in ancient records as identical with text-writers, it may further be supposed that copyists formed a regular part of a bookseller's establishment; indeed a trace of this institution is perhaps to be found in the connexion between the Law

* Mr. Arber takes a different view of the origin, or at least of the nomenclature, of the Stationers' Company. He considers that there is no direct proof of its identity with the Guild of Writers of Text Letter; and holds that the name 'Stationer' did not come into common use on the Continent, or in England, till after the invention of printing, which caused the multiplication of books. But against these arguments it may be urged:—(1) The name Stationer is allowed by Mr. Arber himself to occur (even if not in frequent use) before the introduction of printing. (2) Mr. Arber further admits the existence of the Stationers as an organized craft before the Charter was granted to the Company; and this makes it probable that the craft existed before the introduction of printing: had it not been so, and had the Stationers only sprung into importance after the introduction of printing, the craft would have taken its title from the Printers, as the most influential branch of the trade. (3) The Company itself, in a Memorial presented to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen in 1645, dated back its origin 240 years, bringing it to about the year in which the Guild of Writers of Text Letter was formed. (4) Christopher Barker, in his Report in December 1585, of the Printers' Patents of 1558-1582, says: 'In the tyme of King Henry the eighte there were but few Printers, and those of good credit and competent wealth, at which time and before there was another sort of men that were writers, lymners of bookes, and diverse thinges for the Church and other uses called *Stationers*.' This seems to show that while, in the Petition of the Text-writers to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the individual members of that craft are formally specified, all branches of it were in the ordinary usages of speech comprehended under the name of Stationer.

Stationers and their writers of the present day. Precariously employed and ill-paid, this class of scribe was often little qualified by education for the business it professed, and Chaucer's humorous maledictions on his scrivener show that the old authors had better grounds for complaining of the discredit brought on them, through their copyists' errors in grammar and prosody, than have their modern successors, who have at least an opportunity of correcting the compositor's proof.

II. Scarcely three quarters of a century had passed since the formation of the Stationers' Guild when the conditions of the trade were completely revolutionized. The first book printed by Caxton in England, in 1471, must have excited the most opposite sentiments in the different branches of the society. To the scribes or copyists the multiplication of books by mechanical means would have been a warning of the total disappearance of their craft in the not distant future. The limner would have perceived that, though the first-fruits of the press exhibited some of the characteristics of the manuscripts, the delicate designs and exquisite colours, with which his hand was accustomed to decorate the Missal or the Psalter, were not likely to be long retained in the pages of the printed volume. Increased occupation, on the other hand, was immediately provided for the bookbinder; and the bookseller, perhaps, had a prophetic vision of the time when the growing numbers both of readers and printers would enable him to re-assume that commanding position in his profession of which the recent invention seemed temporarily to have deprived him. For the moment, however, the Printer, the sole adept in the new mystery, being also his own bookseller, was master of the situation, and his accordingly is the character which, from this period till the beginning of the seventeenth century, gives an interest to the annals of the Stationers' Company and moulds the fortunes of the trade.

There is a wide difference in the characters of the early English printer and his contemporary of the same class on the continent of Europe. The latter was in the first place a scholar, and only in a secondary degree a tradesman. Perfecting his invention at the high tide of the revival of letters, he shared the passion of the *litterati* for the new learning, while he was master of an art by which this treasure could be made easily accessible to the people. He was therefore everywhere received with the honours due to a great artist and inventor. Popes treated him as a confidant and favourite; emperors granted him coat-armour, and allowed him to wear gold and silver like a noble; John Gutenberg and Nicholas Jenson were actually enrolled among the nobility. The printer became, like the great

painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a citizen of the world. If, as was often the case, he suffered from the suspicion of the Church, and was forced to leave his own country, he was always sure of a welcome in the court of some letter-loving monarch; so that he passed with indifference from one region to another, observing a calm neutrality in the quarrel between the Papacy and the Reformers, acquiring with ease and versatility the language and manners of the people among whom he set up his press, and finding ready entrance into any society that was interested in the promotion of science and literature.

The character of the English printer during the same period presents none of these features. We do not find, for example, among our early typographers a Robert Stephens exposing his proofs to the examination of the public, and offering a reward to the critic who should detect an error; an Aldus Manutius burying himself in more than monastic seclusion for the elucidation of obscure manuscripts; a Paulus Manutius emulating the Latinity of Bembo; or a Turnebus anticipating the scholarship of Bentley. The English printer is an honest and painstaking interpreter of his text, a good typesetter, a keen man of business: he does not pretend to be also a scholar and a critic.

For this mediocrity of merit there is a very simple explanation. In respect of learning, the aristocracy of England were behind their peers in Italy, France, and Germany. Semi-barbarous tastes still prevailed in society. While the nobles and princes of the Continent were amusing their leisure with the editions of the Latin classics issued from the press of the Spiras, the great houses of England were decimating each other in the Wars of the Roses. A small and impoverished remnant of the old nobility sought entertainment after the war was ended in the fables of romance, or in the handbooks of feudal manners and pastimes, which offered a reflection of the golden days of knighthood. Caxton shared the sympathies, and endeavoured to gratify the imagination, of his time.* 'The Game and Playe of the Chesse; 'A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason; 'The Boke of Seynt Albons; 'The Boke of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knighthode,' are the typical productions of his press. A generation later, indeed, the study of Greek established itself at

* In his preface to 'The Boke of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knighthode,' he laments the decay of the system: 'O! ye knights of England, where is the custom and usage of noble chivalry that was used in those days? . . . How many knyghtes bee there now in England, that have th' use and th' exercise of a knyghte? That is to wit that he knoweth his horse and his horse him?'

Oxford and Cambridge; but the Reformation soon turned the activity of the English intellect into other channels. Though the patrons of learning were fewer, the reading public in England was probably more varied and extended than on the Continent; hence many tracts on the questions of leading contemporary interest, as well as many translations from the classics, were published in the vernacular tongue. At or about the period when the most characteristic product of the Continental press was the 'Thesaurus' of Robert Stephens, the most popular book in England was Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.'

For the English printer there was accordingly plenty of occupation as a tradesman. As he was obliged, in conformity with the custom of the time, to enrol himself in some Guild before he could practise his art, he naturally joined the organized fraternity of the Stationers. In becoming a member of a corporation, he of course surrendered something of his private liberty, so that, even if his patrons had equalled in refinement the princely *virtuosi* of Italy, it is probable that the English printer would have displayed less individual genius than was to be found in the Continental members of his craft. On the other hand, on its political and commercial side, the character of our old printers has a distinction of its own, and the history of the Stationers' Company is full of interest, not only on account of the vivacity of the intestine conflicts between its various members, but also as showing the manner in which the Crown came gradually to assert its prerogative over the press, and the mutual services performed for each other by the State and the Company in restraining the free publication of books.

Before the invention of printing the copyright of a book was naturally of little value. The expenses of copying, and the limited number of readers, gave small opportunities of profit to the bookseller; while the author, lay or clerical, found the fruit of his labours, not in the sale of his productions, but in his advancement to high offices in the Church or to posts of honour and trust under the State. Nor did the introduction of the new art raise any immediate questions of literary property. Caxton was master of the whole situation, and was no doubt able accurately to measure, and for a time to satisfy, the tastes of his noble readers. But as the circle of students rapidly extended itself, the English printing-presses being unable to meet the demands made upon them, an Act was passed in 1485, allowing the importation of printed books from abroad. Questions as to the right of reprinting soon began to arise. The first printer was at the expense of acquiring and deciphering the manuscript, and, when the book was a translation, had also to recompense the

the translator, all which charges could be avoided by another printer if he were allowed simply to reproduce the newly-published volume. Such a reproduction was not unnaturally regarded by the man who had initiated the enterprise as an act of piracy. But the conditions of the case being entirely new, the first printer seemed to be without remedy under the Common Law, and he accordingly turned to the quarter in which he could most easily find protection—that is, to the Crown. Monopolies had become frequent during the reign of Henry VII.; the printer therefore sought to issue his work under the authority of Letters Patent. In 1518 a book was first published *cum privilegio*, with a colophon in Latin to the effect that it was ‘printed with privilege granted by the King to restrain any one from printing this oration in the realm of England for the space of two years, or from importing and selling in the same realm of England a copy of it printed elsewhere.’* Henceforth the practice of publishing with royal privilege became common among the leading English printers, who, like the horse in the fable, in his quarrel with the stag, forgot that, in the eager pursuit of their private gains, they were surrendering the general liberties into the hand of a master.

On the other hand, the growing spirit of Protestantism in England encouraged the production of much controversial literature, which, finding a speedy sale, did not require Royal protection.† These tracts and pamphlets were, moreover, of a kind which often struck at the foundations of all authority, and Queen Mary, with her councillors, was of course anxious to destroy them at the root. To effect her purpose she made use of the spirit of monopoly, now widely spread amongst the most eminent professors of the printer’s art. In 1556 she granted a charter to the Stationers’ Company, the political object of which is manifest in the preamble:—‘The King and Queen to all of whom, etc., greeting. Know ye that we considering and manifestly perceiving that certain heretical books, rhymes, and treatises are daily published and printed by divers scandalous malicious schismatical and heretical persons, not only moving our subjects and lieges to sedition and disobedience against us our Crown and dignity, but also to renew and move very great and detestable heresies against the faith and sound Catholic

* ‘Cum privilegio impressa a rege indulto, ne quis hanc orationem intra biennium in regno Angliæ imprimat, aut alibi impressam et importatam in eodem regno Angliæ vendat.’—Ames, ‘*Typographical Antiquities*’ (Herbert), vol. i. p. 264.

† ‘In King Edward the Sixt his dayes Printers and Printing began greatly to increase.’ (Report of Christopher Barker in 1585.)

doctrine of Holy Mother Church, and willing to provide a suitable remedy on this behalf—to this end ninety-seven persons, who are named, are incorporated as a Society to follow the ‘mystery’ of a stationer; and no person in England but these is allowed to practise the art of printing. The Society is empowered to search for, to seize, and to burn all prohibited books (*i.e.* books of a heretical kind, or others *published outside the Company*), and to imprison any person who may be found exercising the art of printing beyond the chartered sphere. The Stationers’ Company was in fact established as a kind of State Police, with a monopoly for their pay. Their authority, so far from being diminished under a Protestant *régime*, was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth in 1559, and was extended by a decree of the Star Chamber in 1586. The records of the Company show that their powers of seizing books and imprisoning delinquents were freely exercised.

It was not long, however, before this alliance between the monopolists and the State produced civil war in the printing world. A conflict of interests arose between the printers and the stationers proper. Caxton, favoured by the Royal patronage, and familiar with the tastes of a Society eager to amuse itself with a new invention, could choose his ground of operations without fear of rivalry, and distribute his productions with no doubts regarding his profits. His assistants, Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, were in an almost equally strong position, and were able to unite the trades of printer, bookbinder, and bookseller. But the printer-bookseller soon began to find himself in difficulties. Readers rapidly multiplied; the Reformation and the New Learning roused throughout the country the spirit of doubt and curiosity; the printer himself, occupied with the mechanical improvements which his art required, had little time to observe the tendencies of the popular taste, or to attend to the distribution of his books. In these necessities of the printer the old stationer, or bookseller, found his opportunity. As a seller of manuscripts he had become familiar with the elementary conditions of the trade; and now that the number of printers had so greatly increased, he was able to employ the poorer among them in printing the ‘copies’ which he himself proposed to sell.* Finding themselves exposed to
this

* ‘The provision of letters and many other things belonging to printing was so exceedingly chargeable that most of those printers were driven through necessitie to compound before with the booksellers at so lowe value that the printers themselves were most tymes small gayners and often losers. The booksellers, being growne the greater and wealthier number, have now many of the best copies, and keepe no printing howse, neither beare any charge of letter
or

this competition, the richer printers, who occupied the chief posts in the Stationers' Company, made use of their wealth and influence to obtain from the Crown a monopoly of the different *classes* of books which were then in most request, and which appear to have been 'Commentaries on the Scriptures, Psalm Books, Law Books, Grammar Books, School Books, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek Books, and Books of Physick.'* So widely did the monopolising printers cast their nets, that, according to the plea of one of the unprivileged stationers, nothing was left to their less fortunate brethren but the comparatively unremunerative province of Ballads.†

As a very large number of persons now obtained their living by practising the craft of a stationer, in one or other of its branches, this abuse of privilege produced intolerable distress. Rebellion arose. The unprivileged portion of the stationers seem to have made common cause with those who asserted their right to print, even though they were not members of the Company. A secret organization being formed, the 'copies' of the monopolists were pirated; and though the latter endeavoured to protect themselves by the peculiarity of their binding and other trade-marks, their wares were so successfully counterfeited that an enormous contraband business was carried on. Two men especially distinguished themselves as leaders of the insurgents, John Wolfe and Roger Ward. The former was not a member

or other furniture, but only pay for the workmanship.' (Christopher Barker's Report in 1585.) The experience of the French printers was the same, and is recorded in the old epigram:

'Noster alit sudor te, Bibliopola, tuique
Consimiles, quibus est vile laboris opus.'
(Chevillier, 'Origine de l'Imprimerie,' Part IV., chap. v.)

* Christopher Barker's Report in 1585. The plea which Barker puts forth in defence of this monopoly is interesting: 'I speake not this (though it be very true), as wishing any restraynt to Bookesellers or Bookebinders, but that they may print, and have printed for them, such good bookes as they can orderly procure; for even some of them, though their skill be little or nothing in the execution of the art, have more judgment to governe and order matters of printing than some Printers themselves. But unlesse some fewe printers be well mayntayned, it will bring both the one and the other to confusion and extreme poverty.' (Arber's 'Transcript,' vol. i. pp. 1, 115.) Besides the books enumerated by Barker, 'Prayer Books' formed an important class of privileged publications. In 1578 William Seres and his son claimed the exclusive right of printing all books of prayer; but on reference to the Master Wardens and Assistants of the Stationers' Company, the latter awarded to no less than seventeen different printers the right to print during their lives certain specified books of prayer, upon condition of paying to the claimants the sum of 1s. before commencing to print 'anie impression.' On the death of a printer his prayer book was thenceforth 'to be printed onelie by the said William Seres and William Seres and their assignes, according to the tenor and limytacion of their said privileged and letters patent.' ('Stationers' Company's Records,' Book A.)

† 'Robert Bourne's Plea.' (Arber's 'Transcript,' vol. ii. p. 803.)

of the Stationers' Company. He belonged to the Company of the Fishmongers, and perhaps rested his claim to print on the recognized right of every enrolled member of a City Guild to exercise any craft allowed by the municipal authorities. He compared himself as a reformer of his trade to Luther, declared that the first right of a man was to live, and spoke contemptuously of the prerogative of the Queen.* Ward was a stationer, but in the eyes of the monopolists a pirate, for he had infringed the privilege of John Day to sell the 'A. B. C. with the Little Catechism,' and had had the audacity to print 10,000 copies of this work. He was aided in his enterprises by the prowess of his redoubtable wife. On one occasion the Stationers' Company, in the exercise of their chartered powers, sent their officers to search his shop for the contraband goods that were stored there; but the premises were defended by Mrs. Ward with the valour of a Countess of Derby, and the Company's myrmidons were forced to retire. At last, worn out with an endless warfare, the monopolists appealed to the Crown. A special Commission was appointed to examine the matter, and the result was the re-settlement of the affairs of the Company, and the Decree of the Star Chamber of June 25, 1586.

As far as the Company was concerned, the struggle ended in a compromise. The patentees were confirmed in their privileges, but they consented to surrender some valuable 'copies' for the benefit of the poor of the Company. To provide occupation for the numerous printers who were members of the Guild, it was further provided that, except in a few specified cases, no impression of a book should exceed 1250 copies—an ordinance clearly designed to counteract the greed of the stationer, whose interest it was, knowing as he did the extent to which a popular book was likely to circulate, to lay in large stores against the sale. The leaders of the revolt were admonished for their contumacy, and Wolfe seems to have acknowledged the error of his opinions respecting the nature of the Royal Prerogative. In return for this submission he was appointed Printer to the City of London, in which capacity it is reasonable to suppose that he maintained the rights of his office as vigorously as, while only an unprivileged Fishmonger, he had asserted the Rights of Man. The Crown, on its side, seized the opportunity of the quarrel in the Company to extend enormously its own control over the Press. By the Decree of the

* He said: 'It was lawfull for all men to print all lawfull bookes, what commandment her Majesty gave to the contrary.' And again: 'Luther was but one man, and reformed all y^e world for religion, and I am that one man that will reform the government in this trade.' (Arber's 'Transcript,' vol. ii. p. 20.)

Star Chamber

Star Chamber it was ordered that no book should be published henceforth without a license from the recognized authorities; indeed the State pushed its interference so far as to prescribe the number of presses which might be worked in London, and even to determine how many apprentices might be employed by each master of the trade.

Bred up in this atmosphere of religious, political, and commercial warfare, the English printer of the period naturally exhibits in his character little of the dignified and scholarly genius of his brethren on the Continent. In the days before the Reformation there were indeed some few exceptions to this rule. In his honest reverence and enthusiasm for the text of his author, Caxton shows himself no unworthy rival of Aldus Manutius. Finding that his first edition of Chaucer was printed from a faulty manuscript, he at once began a new impression, 'for to satisfy,' as he said, 'the author, whereas to fore by ignorance I had erred in hurting and defamyng his boke.' But his genius, like Chaucer's, was of the practical English kind: he is most himself when reflecting the manners of his country and his age. His naïve expressions of affection for the books of chivalry which he published, and his evident love for the marvellous and romantic, mark him as one of the last scholars of Froissart; while his persevering efforts to fit the vernacular tongue for the purposes of translation entitle him to admiration among the earliest fathers of English prose.

His successors took their full share in the troubles and persecutions of their time. A tragic interest surrounds the memory of William Carter, the defender of Mary Queen of Scots, who, in 1584, was hanged, drawn, and quartered for venturing to print his 'Treatise on Schism.' Protestantism, too, had its sturdy professors among the printers even in its times of misfortune, and among the most notable, John Day, who left the country during the Marian persecutions. Returning before the death of that Queen, he became the most famous living master of the craft in England, but only after a struggle which affords us suggestive glimpses of the jealousies then burning in the heart of the Company. The great value of the patents which he had obtained provoked the jealousy of his brother Stationers; and though he had in the press two or three thousand pounds' worth of books, yet, the historian says, 'living under Aldersgate, an obscure corner of the City, he wanted a good vent for them.' The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who were his friends, allowed him to set up a small shop or book-stall in St. Paul's Churchyard; but the Stationers, on their side, called in the aid of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to forbid its erection.

erection. Thereupon Day and his clerical allies appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and his Grace having laid the matter before the Privy Council, Queen Elizabeth caused letters to be issued ordering that the printer should be allowed to proceed with his building. The shop, after thus provoking a war comparable to that which raged over the famous reading-desk in the Chapter of La Sainte Chapelle, was set up, and is described by Strype as being 'little and low, and flat-roofed and leaded like a terrace, railed and posted, fit for men to stand upon in any triumph or show, but could not in any wise hurt and deface the same.'* Over his shop in Aldersgate, Day exhibited his ensign, after the manner of the trade, 'Arise, for it is day!' a motto which was, no doubt, intended not only to pun upon his name, but to signify the Protestant nature of his opinions. He died in 1584, and was buried in the Church of Bradley Parva in Suffolk, where an epitaph, swarming with the literary conceits of the period, celebrates the largeness of his charity and the number of his children.

'Daye spent in print his wealth,
But God with gayne returned his wealth agayne,
And gave to him as he gave to the poore.
Two wives he had partakers of his payne,
Each wife twelve babes, and each of them one more.'

Mention has been already made of the hardy rebel, John Wolfe, and of his equally obstinate opponent, Christopher Barker, Master of the Stationers' Company and King's Printer. Robert Barker, Christopher's son, who succeeded his father in the latter capacity, may perhaps be regarded as the last of the old race of printer monopolists. His career was not without misfortune. Having issued an impression of the Bible, in which, through the mischief or malevolence which distinguished the printer's apprentices in the early history of the trade, the word 'not' was omitted from the seventh commandment, he was ordered to publish another edition, and to pay what was in those days the great fine of 3000*l*.

III. Throughout the third period in the history of English bookselling, the two great principles on which the Stationers' Company was founded—Monopoly and State control—are found to be still working together, but with an ever-increasing tendency on the part of the State to swallow up the freedom of the Company. The famous decree of the Star Chamber of

* Strype's 'Life of Archbishop Parker,' vol. ii. pp. 525-6. See also Archbishop Parker's letter to Lord Burghley on the subject, cited in Arber's 'Transcript,' vol. i. p. 454.

July 11th,

July 11th, 1637, extended the precedent created in the decree of June 25th, 1586, by limiting the number of printers to twenty, and the number of letter-founders to four; but while, like the charter of the Company and the decree of 1586, it professed to ground itself on the necessity of suppressing 'seditious, schismatical, and offensive books,' it still employed the machinery and guarded the privileges of the Company. Thus Clause 2 provided that 'every book should be licensed and entered into the Registrar's book of the Company of Stationers;' and Clause 7, 'That no person within this kingdom or elsewhere shall imprint or import . . . any copy . . . which the said Company of Stationers, or any other person or persons, shall have . . . the right, privilege, authority, or allowance solely to print, nor shall put to sale the same.'

In 1643 the Long Parliament passed the first Licensing Act. This Act appears to have taken the police powers out of the hands of the Company, but to have duly protected its commercial interests. The preamble recites 'that the late orders had proved ineffectual for suppressing the great late abuses and frequent disorders in printing so many false and forged, scandalous, seditious, libelling, and unlicensed papers . . . to the great defamation of religion and government . . . and notwithstanding the diligence of the Company of Stationers to put the orders in execution . . . and further, that divers of the Stationers and others, contrary to former orders and the constant custom used among the Stationers' Company, have taken liberty to print, vend, and publish the most profitable and vendible copies of books belonging to the Company and other Stationers.' The Act prescribed penalties both for piracy and for unlicensed printing.

When we come to the Licensing Act of 1662, we find that a long step has been taken towards abolishing the ancient power of the Company as well as the liberties of the press. The Act asserted in the plainest terms the King's plenary prerogative in the matter of printing. The preamble recites that 'the well government of and regulating of printing is matter of public concern.' But the interests of the Company are scarcely mentioned in the Act, an omission which is very readily explained by the creation in the following year of the office of Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses. After the Act was passed a question arose as to the manner in which it

* This Register has existed ever since the incorporation of the Company, and was a continuation of one kept by the Brotherhood or Society some years prior to 1556. It was apparently a record of books or copies belonging to members of the Company.

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should be administered, and the Stationers' Company appear to have prayed that the business of searching for illegal books might, as formerly, according to the terms of their charter, be confided to themselves. The famous Roger L'Estrange, however, having been commissioned to enquire into the subject, reported strongly against the expediency of trusting the Company with this duty, and supported his views with numerous arguments, which he summed up in the following interesting paragraph:—

'To conclude, both printers and stationers, under colour of offering a service to the publique, do effectually but design one upon another. The printers would beat down the bookselling trade, by managing the press as themselves please, and by working upon their own copies. The stationers, on the other side, they would subject the printers to be absolutely their slaves; which they have effected in a large measure already, by so increasing the number that one half must either play the knaves or starve.'

From this it appears that the conflicts in the trade which have been noticed in the Report of Christopher Barker in the previous century were still proceeding, and were made a pretext for depriving the Company of its chartered powers. As Surveyor of the Press, L'Estrange obtained not only the power of licensing every printed book (with a few specified exceptions), but of publishing all news, and of searching for and seizing 'unlicensed and treasonable, schismatical and scandalous books and papers.'

Meantime the principle of monopoly in the constitution of the corporation was assuming a new form. During the sixteenth century the Stationers, in their commercial aspect, were no more than an association of individual monopolists, subject, like any other City Guild, to their own bye-laws. But towards the close of this century, we find the members of the Society frequently combining together in partnership to print Bibles and other privileged books, till at length the Company, observing the large profits made by its patentees, resolved to take advantage of its privileged position and to trade upon its own account. The rights of individual members in numerous books were bought up, and in 1603 a charter was obtained from James I. granting to the Company a perpetual copyright in Psalters, Primers, Almanacs, and Prognostications. Warned, however, by the recent disorders in their midst, the promoters of the new scheme wisely determined to divide the benefits of the monopoly equally between the different grades of the Society. It was settled that the capital, which was at first limited to

14,400*l.*,

14,400*l.*, but afterwards increased to upwards of 40,000*l.*, should be held in three parts,—one-third being assigned to the Court of Assistants, one-third to the Livery, and one-third to the Yeomanry. The stock-keepers chosen to manage the business employed printers at their discretion, and the profits (which soon swelled to very substantial proportions) were, after provision had been made for the poor freemen and their widows, and the corporate expenses of the Company, distributed *pro rata* among the shareholders. Such was the origin of the still existing English Stock of the Company, and the success of the undertaking led to the foundation of several other branches of business, called the Latin Stock, the Bible Stock, and the Irish Stock.* Nor can it be doubted that the practice of sharing in ‘copies,’ thus encouraged by the corporate action of the Company, gave rise to the ‘trade book,’—an institution which took deep root in the eighteenth century, and of which more will be said when the bookselling of that time comes under notice.

As to the general history of the bookselling trade at this period, it is wanting, as might be expected, in the individuality and human interest which it possesses in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. No such characteristic figures present themselves as Caxton and Wolfe, on the one hand, or as Tonson and Curll on the other. The struggle between the printers and the stationers, so severe in the sixteenth century, had practically ended in the predominance of the bookseller. The conflict between the publisher and the author had not begun, for the simple reason that the class of general readers, whose tastes are provided for by the work of the poet, the novelist, the essayist, and the historian, was not yet constituted. Great scholars and philosophers like Bacon, Newton, and Locke, did not write in the first place either for the general public or for the bookseller. On the other hand, the dramatist—the author then of the chief source of public entertainment—looked mainly to his audience in the theatre, and few readers cared to peruse in their studies the lines to which they had listened on the stage. The classes of books enumerated as valuable in Christopher Barker’s Report were still those in most request, and the following transcript of a page from the register of the seventeenth century will suggest the general character of the reading of the time:—

* From the information of C. R. Rivington, Esq., Clerk to the Stationers’ Company, to whose kindness and courtesy in answering questions about the Company’s history we are greatly indebted.

5th October, 1659.	Francis Brewer and Henry Hills.	Humble Representacion and Peticion of the Officers of the Army to the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England.
8th October.	Andrew Kember.	A Serious Exhortation to a Holy Life. Thomas Wordsworth.
10th October.	Joseph Leigh.	The Unlearned Alchemist. Richard Miller.
13th October.	John Williams.	The Perspective Practique. Translated from the French.
18th October.	Robert Pawley.	Pia Desideria.
18th October.	Neville Symonds.	A Treatise of Self Denial.
18th October.	Robert White.	$\frac{1}{3}$ share Rawleigh's History of the World.
	Robert Ibbetson.	$\frac{1}{2}$ share Buxtorff's Hebrew Lexicon.

This is not attractive metal ; and in the absence of all biographical interest in the history of bookselling during the supremacy of the Licensing Laws, we can only recover an idea of the life and movement of the trade by reference to such scattered notices of the practices of the craft and the character of the stationer as are to be found in the literature of the period.

By the close of the sixteenth century a large part of the learning of antiquity had been restored to Europe. The scholar had ransacked every hiding-place for manuscripts, and the printer had reduced to type the manuscripts which the scholar had discovered. The mission of the learned printer was accomplished : the field was left clear for the bookseller. It was an age of books, when every English nobleman or gentleman of position was beginning to lay the foundation of a library. Under such circumstances the centre of learning and literature naturally shifted from the printing house to the stationer's shop, which, well-stored with copies of the Fathers and of the Classics, became to the *literati* of the time what the Coffee-house was to the wits and politicians of the eighteenth century. The headquarters of the trade were moved from Paternoster Row to Little Britain. In 1663, Sorbière, a French traveller, says :—

'I am not to forget the vast number of booksellers' shops I have observed in London; for besides those who are set up here and there in the City, they have their particular quarters, such as St. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain, where there is twice as many

as in the Rue St. Jacques in Paris, and who have each of them two or three warehouses.'

These are the shops which Roger North, in the true spirit of the *laudator temporis acti*, contrasts with the booksellers' shops of the eighteenth century, so much to the disadvantage of the latter.

'This emporium (*i.e.* Little Britain),' says he, 'is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons who, to make good their monopoly, ransack not only their neighbours of the trade that are scattered about the town, but all over England, aye, and beyond sea too, and send abroad their circulators, and in this manner get into their hands all that is valuable. The rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, with which, and the fresh scum of the press, they furnish one side of the shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller rather than a real one; but instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for; of whom each hath his book-factor, and, when wanting anything, writes to his bookseller and pays his bill. And it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work, with the help of the press, these demi-booksellers make. They crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets, at hard meat, to write and correct by the groat, and so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness; and there is six shillings current for an hour-and-a-half's reading, and perhaps never to be read or looked upon after. One that would go higher must take his fortune at blank walls, and corners of streets, or repair to the sign of Bateman's, King's, or one or two more, where are best choice and better penny-worths. I might touch other abuses, as bad paper, incorrect printing and false advertising; and all of which and worse are to be expected if a careful author is not at the heels of them.'*

From this invective we may infer that the good Roger is lamenting the gradual disappearance of the roomy shop in Little Britain where the customer might be supplied at once with any copy of a Latin or Greek author, and could discuss on the premises with the learned divine, or even with the bookseller himself, the sense of such obscure passages as the book might contain. The Bateman mentioned in the above passage is the same bookseller from whom Swift, as he tells Stella in his Journal of January 6, 1710-11, purchased for 48s. 'three little volumes of Lucian in French.' He seems to have been a tradesman of a decided character. Many of his rivals made a profit by allowing their books to be read on their premises for

* 'Life of the Honourable and Reverend Dr. John North.' By the Honourable Roger North, Esq.

a small subscription. Bateman, however, would not suffer any one to turn over his books in the shop without buying.

'I suppose,' said he, 'you may be a physician or an author, and want some recipe or quotation; and if you buy it I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after, as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned to my very great loss and prejudice.' *

As regards what North says about 'false advertising,' while the art of advertising was in its infancy, while there were yet no critical notices of literature to be found in the newspapers, and when the means of communication were so difficult that the sale of books proceeded almost entirely in the bookseller's shop, much of the stationer's success in disposing of his goods depended upon his personal energy. It was necessary for him not only to print and bind his books attractively, but to be able to criticise their contents, and to recommend them ingeniously to his customers. This is a practice which can be traced back even to the early days of printing.† In many books of the seventeenth century and even in the early part of the eighteenth—as, for example, in the mock address of the Publisher to the Reader in the first edition of the 'Dunciad'—we find the bookseller discoursing briefly on the character of the volume he offers to the public. A typical instance is the 'dedication' to Thomas Randolph's 'Hey for Honesty,' published in 1650, which ran as follows:—'Reader, this is a pleasant comedy; though some may judge it satirical, 'tis the more like Aristophanes, the father; besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live; then biting for biting.' Samuel Simmons, who purchased the copyright of 'Paradise Lost,' and employed, to get rid of his stock, many devices not altogether unknown to the modern publisher, announces, in a Preface to the edition of 1688: 'Courteous Reader, there was no argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that desired it is procured.' The new book, open at the advertisement, was displayed outside the shop in a position which, from the frequent allusions to it in our older writers, shows that the 'rubric post' of Lintot, satirised in the 'Dunciad,' was only a

* Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' vol. i. p. 424.

† Thus Robert Stephens, in his capacity of printer, addresses the reader in the second edition of his Latin Dictionary:

'Immensum modico venundatur ære volumen.

Uberior fructus. Consule quæque boni.'

(Chevillier, 'Origine de l'Imprimerie,' Part II. chap. v.)

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novelty in respect of its colour. Ben Jonson, for example, with his scholar's contempt for the opinions of the unlearned, protests humorously against his bookseller resorting to his usual advertising arts in his behalf:—

'Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well
Call'st a book good or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; I give thee leave: but crave
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought;
Not offred as it made suit to be bought:
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers or some clerk-like serving man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names: whose knight less can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well.'*

Generally speaking, North's opinion of the booksellers in the seventeenth century is more favourable than they deserve, and does insufficient justice to their successors. It is plain that he did not make allowance for the necessarily changing conditions of the trade. As has been already said, in the early days of the Stationers' Company, printing and bookselling were merely two distinct operations of one establishment; but the printer and the bookseller soon parted company. The latter next filled the large shop in Little Britain or Paternoster Row with books of all kinds which he had ordered his printer to prepare for him; but as the number of readers constantly increased, a further division of labour followed, and booksellers engaged in different branches of the trade started business in new districts. Macky, in his *'Journey through England'* published in 1724, probably about the period when Roger North wrote the *Lives of his Brothers*, says: 'The Booksellers of antient books in all languages are in Little Britain and Paternoster Row; those for Divinity and the Classics on the North side of St. Paul's Cathedral; Law, History, and Plays about Temple Bar; and the French Booksellers in the Strand.'[†] It was this specialising movement in the trade which seems to have provoked North's spleen.

As might be expected in a time when the art and mystery of printing had been reduced to mere mechanism, when the genius of the author counted for so little, and when the interference of

* Ben Jonson's *'Epigrams'*, iii. : 'To my Bookseller.'

† Nichols's *'Literary Anecdotes'*, vol. iii. p. 405.

the State in the affairs of the press was so far-reaching, the business views of the Trade were somewhat sordid and venal. Upon this point the evidence of Evelyn, a man of taste and judgment, may be cited as conclusive. The Fire of London destroyed vast stores of books in the stationers' shops in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and new supplies were needed for the use of schools. Evelyn addressed a letter on the subject to the Lord Chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde, requesting him to employ the powers of the State for the amending of school editions of the classics. He speaks of the Stationers as 'a Company which was exceedingly haughty and difficult to manage to any useful reformation,' and continues in words which, like L'Estrange's, point to the old quarrel between the bookseller and the printer:—

'My Lord may please to understand that our Booksellers follow their own judgment in printing the Antient Authors according to such text as they found extant when first they entered their copy, whereas out of MSS. collated by the industry of later critics, those authors are exceedingly improved. . . . The cause of this is principally the Stationer driving as hard and cruel a bargain with the Printer as he can; and the Printer, taking up any smatterer in the Tongues, to be the lesse looser; an exactness in this no wayes importing the stipulation: by which meanes errors repeate and multiply in every edition, and that most notoriously in some most necessary schole-bookes of value, which they obtrude upon the buyer unless men will be at unreasonable rates for forraigne editions.' *

The remedies suggested by Evelyn were very characteristic of the opinion of the time. They were: (1) That it be decided by the State what text shall be followed. (2) A censor to be established to see to the correction of all School-Books. (3) That the cost be borne by the Stationers' Company.'

IV. The lapse of the Licensing Laws in 1694 inaugurated a new era in the history of bookselling. With the disappearance of these laws the active history of the Stationers' Company may be said to close. As a political agency it had long been superseded by statutory legislation, and this was itself now laid aside as obsolete. As a weapon for the defence of a monopoly the powers conferred by the Company's charter had become rusty through disuse. The extreme severity of the Licensing Laws had called into existence a large number of secret and movable printing-presses, the proprietors of which, now relieved from

* Evelyn's 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 225 (edition 1818).

all fear of punishment, and no longer able to thrive by the publication of seditious matter, naturally sought to maintain themselves by piracy and theft. On the other hand, the long history of the Company—the character of their charter, the care with which both the Crown and the Parliament had protected their interests, and the strictness with which their own bye-laws had been enforced—had created in the minds of the booksellers the largest conceptions as to the extent of their rights. Among themselves an entry of copy in the Register of the Company was regarded as the most sacred of titles. And now that they found this title openly despised by a horde of pirates, they were filled with consternation. Their first instinct was to turn to the Crown, from which in 1684 they obtained a renewal of their old charter.* But as they doubtless found it practically impossible to use the powers which had been so long in abeyance, they next turned for help to Parliament; and after drafting some abortive Bills, the provisions of which indicate amusingly the vastness of their pretensions, they at last hoped that they had adequately protected themselves when the Copyright Act of Queen Anne passed the Legislature in 1709.

So widespread was the belief in the perpetuity of copyright, that this Act seems to have been intended rather to afford protection for the future, than to guard existing property. As the time of protection specified in the Act was for twenty-one years, no question of copyright arose before 1730, and the few cases that were brought before the Courts in the first half of the eighteenth century were decided in a manner which seemed to confirm the belief of the booksellers that there was protection under the Common Law for property not falling within the terms of the Statute. The Act of 1709 required registration at Stationers' Hall as a condition of protection; but finding that the Courts protected works that had not been registered, the trade were lulled into a sense of security from which they were at last somewhat rudely awakened by the decision of the House of Lords in the case of *Donaldson v. Beckett*.

But while the Company had thus entirely lost the powers of police, with which it was endowed at its origin, it had bequeathed to the trade much of the co-operative character which it had itself assumed when it began to do business in a corporate capacity. The practice of combining capital for the production of copies so successfully initiated by the Company for the benefit of

* The Licensing Act, having expired in 1679, was not renewed till 1685.

their own members in 1603, was soon followed by private associations within the trade; sixteen persons, for example, combining for the re-issue of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' in 1632.* Partnerships like that of Ibbetson and White, recorded in the extract made above from the Stationers' Register, were frequent through the seventeenth century: in 1711 we find Samuel Buckley entered as the sole proprietor of the 'Spectator,' but in the following year he shares his ownership with Jacob Tonson; and we see from the Memoir recently published that, in the beginning of the present century, John Murray the Second had a share in 'Marmion.' In 1719 a regular association was formed for bookselling purposes, with the curious title of the Conger; and in 1736 a multiple partnership of the same kind appeared under the name of the New Conger. These were succeeded by the famous combinations of the Chapter Coffee House in St. Paul's Churchyard, a common trysting-place of the booksellers, for the discussion of literary projects, and for settling the claims of the associated partners. Hence for the copies of the shareholding booksellers arose the name of Chapter Books, which was afterwards exchanged for that of Trade Books. Some of the most famous works of the eighteenth century were published in this manner. Johnson's 'Dictionary' is entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company as being the property of J. and P. Knapton, T. and T. Longman, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, A. Miller, and R. and J. Dodsley.† The 'Lives of the English Poets' originated in a partnership of sixty of the leading London booksellers, who united to drive out of the market a cheap edition of the English Classics, launched by Martin of Edinburgh, and Bell of London. The eighteenth century may, in fact, be called the Golden Age of the Trade, and in the trade the ancient spirit of the Company is seen to be still working, long after the old framework of the body has passed into decay.

Side by side with this corporate tradition a growing spirit of individualism, arising out of a constant division of labour, began to develop itself in the 'mystery' of the Stationer. It has been already shown how, soon after the introduction of

* From the information of C. R. Rivington, Esq.

† Probably the last instance of a 'Trade Book' is the edition of Johnson's 'Dictionary,' by Dr. Latham, published in 1866. The publishing partners were: Longmans, Green, & Co.; W. Allen & Co.; Aylott & Son; Bickers & Son; W. and J. Boone; L. Booth; T. Bosworth; E. Bumpus; S. Capes; J. Cornish; Hatchard & Co.; J. Hearne; E. Hodgson; Houlston and Wright; J. Murray; D. Nutt; Richardson & Co.; J. & F. H. Rivington; Smith, Elder, & Co.; Stevens & Sons; Whittaker & Co.; Willis & Sotheran; G. R. Wright.—Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart.

printing, the bookseller parted company with the printer, and with what quickness varieties among the booksellers sprang into existence to satisfy special demands. Moving steadily from the City, the stationer kept always occupying fresh ground towards the West, and it is with a nice propriety that Pope in the 'Dunciad' fixes the race-course for the trade in the great thoroughfare of the Strand. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century Johnson wrote to Dr. Wetherell, Master of University College, Oxford, a letter respecting the management of the Clarendon Press, which is extremely interesting as showing the number of middlemen then concerned in the sale of a book.

'It is, perhaps, not considered,' he says, 'through how many hands a book often passes, before it comes into those of a reader; or what part of the profit each hand must retain as a motive for transmitting it to the next.

'We will call our primary agent in London Mr. Cadell, who receives our books from us, gives them room in his warehouses, and issues them on demand; by him they are sold to Mr. Dilly, a wholesale bookseller, who sends them into the country; and the last seller is the country bookseller. Here are three profits to be paid between the printer and the reader, or, in the style of commerce, between the manufacturer and the consumer; and if any of these profits is too penuriously distributed, the process of commerce is interrupted.'*

The last subdivision in the bookselling trade mentioned by Johnson was an institution of recent growth. Under the *régime* of the Star Chamber and the Licensing Laws it was the policy of the State, as we have shown, to restrict the number of printing-presses; and since the difficulty of communication did not permit the stationer to live far from the printer, there were in consequence few booksellers in the provinces before the beginning of the eighteenth century. Thus Boswell tells us that at this period there was no bookseller's shop even in Birmingham, to which, among other towns, Michael, Samuel Johnson's father, was in the habit of travelling from Lichfield to set up a book-stall on market days.†

The country bookseller, like the wholesale bookseller, and the bookseller-publisher, was the product of the reading public, which grew so rapidly in number after the Revolution of 1688. Before that period the circle of readers was practically restricted to the Court, the clergy, and the Universities; and the book-

* Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' (Croker's 1 vol. edition), p. 476.

† Ibid. p. 5.

seller confined his operations to satisfying tastes, the character and extent of which could be very easily ascertained. Here and there a book like Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' might bring a fortune to the bookseller who had purchased the copy, but, as a rule, authors were compelled either to print at their own risk, or to get a guarantee for their expenses by the disagreeable means of soliciting subscribers before they could come to terms with a publisher. With the increase of refinement among the country gentlemen, and the rapid growth of wealth in the professional and commercial classes of the large towns, the booksellers soon became aware of the value of works of original genius. The change in the conditions of taste, and the readiness with which this was appreciated in the trade, are both indicated in the considerable sums paid to Dryden by Tonson; in the quickly-growing popularity of 'Paradise Lost'; in the extensive circulation of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator'; and above all, perhaps, in the fortune obtained by Pope through the sale of his 'Translation of the Iliad.'

Accustomed hitherto to confine himself to timid coasting voyages, the bookseller now began boldly to tempt the winds and currents on the unexplored ocean of the public taste. A certain native spirit of adventure, shrewdness in divining the drift of popular needs, and judgment in discovering the authors likely to satisfy them, are the qualities that distinguish the new race of bookseller-publishers. On the other hand, the author naturally turned to this middleman between himself and the newly-discovered consumer of his productions. Publishing by subscription gradually fell into disuse. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, in answer to an argument that trade was incompatible with learning, 'as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller and gets what he can. We have done with patronage; when learning becomes general, an author leaves the great and applies to the multitude.'

Out of these novel circumstances vigorous and strongly-marked characters were necessarily formed, and the vivacious bookseller of the eighteenth century offers a curious contrast to his dull ancestor who thrived before the Revolution. The 'Confessions' of men like Dunton and Lackington; the literary talent of Richardson and Dodsley; the immortal interest reflected by Dryden on Tonson, and by Pope on Lintot and Curll; the numerous booksellers mentioned by Boswell, and revolving like planets round Johnson as their centre: all this makes the eighteenth century a highly dramatic period in the history

history of the trade. In the midst of all their individuality, however, certain family features are discernible, which enable us readily to classify these tradesmen, and to show the continuity of their lineage with the old stationer on the one side, and with the modern publisher on the other.

Of all the members of the trade in the eighteenth century the one who imbibed most of the sordid spirit of the preceding age was Edmund Curll. Of this man it may literally be said that he was ready to sell his soul. No form of human vice was too vile, no manifestation of social contempt too cutting, to abash his 'dauntless' spirit. Tossed in the blanket by the Westminster scholars, exposed in the pillory, befouled with the filth of the 'Dunciad,' he returned on each occasion with renewed vigour to fresh designs of piracy and obscenity, whenever it seemed likely that either would bring him a shilling profit. He found a numerous race of small authors, who had been brought into obscure existence under the Licensing Laws, ready to work for his wages. 'His translators in pay,' says one who knew him, 'lay three in a bed in the "Pewter Platter Inn" at Holborn, and he and they were for ever at work to deceive the public.'* Savage, who knew by experience as much of Grub Street as most men, gives us in the character of Iscariot Hackney a lively picture of the kind of service which Curll's 'Pindars and Miltons' were expected to perform.

'He arrested me for several months' board, brought me back to my garret, and made me drudge in my old dirty work. 'Twas in his service that I wrote Obscenity and Profaneness under the names of Pope and Swift. Sometimes I was Mr. Joseph Gay, at others theory Burnet or Addison. I abridged histories and travels, translated from the French what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new titles for old books. When a notorious thief was hanged, I was the Plutarch to preserve his memory; and when a great man died, mine were his remains, and mine the account of his last will and testament.'†

As late as the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, Goldsmith, the last distinguished representative of Grub Street, had to endure from Ralph Griffiths, perhaps the last descendant of Curll, the insults to which genius, if accompanied by poverty, is always liable to be exposed, when it is brought into relation with brainless avarice.

Another class of stationer in the eighteenth century, quite

* 'Life of John Bunce, Esq.,' vol. iv. p. 140.

† 'The Author to Be Let.'

distinct from the Grub Street bookseller, is represented by men like Tonson and Lintot. In them the shopkeeping spirit of the seventeenth century is predominant, but it expands itself to meet the conditions of their age. Devoid themselves of all literary imagination, they are quick to observe the movements of taste in others, and, once possessed with an idea of an author's genius, are ready, in their own interest, to secure his services on adequate and even liberal conditions. An unmistakable deference to literary talent, as a money-making power, is oddly blended in their character with a determination to get their penny's pennyworth out of a literary bargain. A good example of this is found in Jacob Tonson's letter to Dryden, in which, after reminding the poet of an arrangement made between them respecting a translation of Ovid, he tells him that he hears he has been in treaty with another bookseller, and proceeds:—

'Now, sir, what I entreat you would please to consider of is this: that it is reasonable for me to expect at least as much favour from you as a strange bookseller, and I will never believe that it can be in your nature to use me the worse for leaving it to you; and, if the matter of fact as I state it be true (and upon my word what I mention I can show you in your letters), then pray, sir, consider how much dearer I pay than you offered it to the other bookseller; for he might have to the end of the story of Daphnis for twenty guineas, which is in your translation 759 lines; and then suppose twenty guineas more for the same number 759 lines; that makes for forty guineas 1518 lines; and all that I have for fifty guineas are but 1446, so that, if I have no more, I pay ten guineas above forty, and have seventy-two lines less for fifty, in proportion, than the other bookseller should have had for forty, at the rate you offered him the first part.'*

In the same spirit, in an amusing, though obviously invented letter, Lintot is described by Pope as bargaining with him for the translation of an ode of Horace during a ride to Oxford, and confiding to him the various arts by which he managed his authors and critics. One or two strokes in the supposed conversation seem to be borrowed from the practice of Curll, rather than from that of Lintot:—

"Pray, Mr. Lintot, now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them?" "Sir," reply'd he, "those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and say,

* 'The Earlier History of English Booksellers,' by W. Roberts, p. 157.

'Ay,

'Ay, this is Hebrew; I must read it from the latter end.' By G—d! I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way: I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please." *

As the century advanced, and the circle of the reading public constantly enlarged itself, this class of bookseller, while retaining all its essential characteristics, entered upon a career of wider enterprise. The shop and the bookstall gave place to the publisher's consulting room; and instead of boarding a troop of hackney authors, the purchaser of 'copies' now listened with respect at his dinner-table to the conversation of the famous scholars with whom he had completed a negotiation for the sale of some history or philosophical treatise. Of the booksellers who flourished before the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the most distinguished representatives were, perhaps, Andrew Millar, or Miller, and Thomas Cadell. Millar was one of the originators and proprietors of Johnson's Dictionary. The purely commercial character of his mind is illustrated by the anecdote preserved by Boswell of his remark on the conclusion of the Doctor's work: 'Thank God, I have done with him!' 'I am glad,' replied Johnson, with a smile, 'that he thanks God for anything.'† He always spoke of him with respect, however, in his capacity of patron, and went so far as once to style him 'the Mæcenas of the age.'‡ 'I respect Miller, sir,' he said on another occasion; 'he has raised the price of literature.'§ Of this man Boswell says:—

'Miller, though himself no great judge of literature, had good sense enough to have for his friends very able men to give him their opinion and advice in the purchase of copyright; the consequence of which was his acquiring a very large fortune, with great liberality.'||

Cadell appears to have been a publisher of even larger views. The sum 4500*l.*, which he gave Robertson for his 'History of Charles V.,' was a venture without parallel in the annals of the trade, before the dealings of the second John Murray with Byron and Washington Irving; and the balance-sheet which Gibbon has preserved of the sale of the third edition of the first volume of his 'Roman Empire' is particularly interesting at the present

* Pope's Letter to Lord Burlington; Elwin and Courthope Edition of Pope's Works, vol. x. p. 209.

† Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' (Croker's 1 vol. edition), p. 94.

‡ Ibid. p. 630.

§ Ibid. p. 94.

|| Ibid. p. 94.

day, as showing the kind of partnership between publisher and author common at that period of British bookselling :—

	£	s.	d.
Printing 90 sheets at 1l. 6s. 0d. . . .	117	0	0
With notes at the bottom of the page.			
180 reams of paper at 19s.	171	0	0
Paid the corrector extra care	5	5	0
Advertisements and incidental expenses .	16	15	0
	310	0	0

	£	s.	d.
1000 books at 16s.	800	0	0
Deduct as above	310	0	0

Profit on this edition when sold	490	0	0
--	-----	---	---

Mr. Gibbon's two-thirds is	326	13	4
Messrs. Strahan's and Cadell's	163	6	8

490 0 0 *

Love of letters for their own sake is not a prominent feature in the character of the eighteenth-century bookseller. On the other hand, his commercial shrewdness and his instinctive appreciation of the tendencies of public taste often led him into a kind of inventiveness, which gave birth to some of the chief institutions in periodical literature. Jacob Tonson was the first to perceive the steady public demand for reading agreeable to the taste and imagination. To meet this he produced his 'Miscellanies,' so called, as being collections of original and translated verse by various 'eminent hands.' The example was not lost upon Edmund Cave, the printer, who in 1730 founded 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' which combined in its pages the poetry of the Miscellany, light essays after the manner of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' and reports on passing matters of public interest. In 1749, Ralph Griffiths established the first Review of current literature, which he called 'The Monthly Review,' and the Radical opinions encouraged by this organ induced Archibald Hamilton, another bookseller, to originate, in 1756, 'The Critical Review,' which, under the conduct of Smollett, restored the balance by its zeal on behalf of Church and King. The history of these two periodicals thus anticipates

* Gibbon's 'Miscellaneous Works,' vol. ii. p. 167 (edition of 1814).

in

in a somewhat remarkable manner the rise of their more famous successors the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews.

Others there were among the booksellers of the eighteenth century, though this class was naturally a small one, who loved books for themselves, and desired to promote their sale for the sake of what was in them. Prominent among these was Pope's *protégé*, Robert Dodsley, perhaps the first Englishman who made a study of the old English dramatists. Another of the same class was Cowper's publisher, Joseph Johnson, of whom the poet says:—

'I have reason to be very much satisfied with my publisher. He marked such lines as did not please him, and as often as I could I paid all possible respect to his animadversions. You will accordingly find, at least if you recollect how they stood in the MS., that several passages are the better for having undergone his critical notice. Indeed I do not know where I could have found a bookseller who could have pointed out my defects to me with more discernment; and as I find it a fashion for modern bards to publish the names of the *literati* who have favoured their works with a revisal, would myself most willingly have acknowledged my obligations to Johnson, and so I told him.'

It is interesting to observe how the same fundamental questions are always recurring in the history of bookselling. We have already seen how the co-operative practice of the craft in the eighteenth century was a remote continuation of the custom started by the Company after obtaining their patent of 1603. In the same way the great quarrel between the privileged and unprivileged printers settled by the Star Chamber decree of 1586 repeats itself in a modified form in the struggle between 'the Trade' and individual booksellers, both on the question of literary property and other practices which were supposed to violate the common law of the profession. The souls of Wolfe and Ward seem to live again in the persons of Donaldson, Lackington, and Bell.

To Alexander Donaldson is to be ascribed the destruction of the venerable superstition of the trade, as to the existence of perpetual copyright. The poet Thomson published his 'Seasons' in the years 1726-1730. He sold the copyright to Andrew Millar, whose executors sold it to Beckett, another publisher. Under the Act of Anne, the statutory copyright of the book expired in 1758. Donaldson reprinted it in 1774, and Lord Chancellor Bathurst, following a previous decision (*Millar v. Taylor*), granted a perpetual injunction restraining him from publishing it. Against this decision Donaldson appealed to the House of Lords, and after the Judges had been called in

to advise, the House, under the influence of a speech from Lord Camden, one passage of which has been already cited, decided by 21 to 11 against the existence of a Common Law right. Donaldson had long been an assertor of the principles of free-trade in bookselling; but the light in which his conduct was regarded by his fellow-tradesmen and the *literati* of the time may be inferred from what Boswell says on the subject in his 'Life of Johnson':—

'Mr. Alexander Donaldson, bookseller of Edinburgh, had for some time opened a shop in London, and sold his cheap editions of the most popular English books in defiance of the supposed Common Law right of literary property. Johnson, though he concurred in the opinion which was afterwards sanctioned by a judgment of the House of Lords, that there was no such right, was at this time very angry that the booksellers of London, for whom he uniformly expressed much regard, should suffer from an invasion of what they had ever considered to be secure, and he was loud and violent against Mr. Donaldson: "He is a fellow who takes advantage of the law to injure his brethren; for notwithstanding that the statute secures only fourteen years of exclusive right, it has always been understood by the trade, that he who buys the copyright of a book from the author obtains a perpetual property; and upon that belief numberless bargains are made to transfer that property after the expiration of the statutory term. Now, Donaldson, I say, takes advantage here of people, who have really an equitable title from usage; and if we consider how few of the books, of which they buy the property, succeed so well as to bring profit, we should be of opinion that the term of fourteen years is too short; it should be sixty years." DEMPSTER: "Donaldson, sir, is anxious for the encouragement of literature. He reduces the price of books so that poor students may buy them." JOHNSON (*laughing*): "Well, sir, allowing that to be his motive, he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor."'

James Lackington, who has left an autobiography, which in its grotesque egotism rivals the Confessions of John Dunton, promoted the cheapening tendency in bookselling in another, and on the whole a more legitimate, way. He made a large fortune by purchasing the remainder stock of other publishers and selling it at low prices. The practice of the trade, he tells us, was after a sale to destroy one-half or three-fourths of the purchased volumes, and to sell what was left at the full publication price. Lackington, perceiving the wasteful folly of this custom, 'resolved' (to use his own words) 'not to destroy any books which were worth saving, but to sell them off at half or a

* Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' (Croker's 1 vol. edition), p. 149.

quarter of the publication prices.'* He was regarded in consequence as a traitor to the interests of the trade, and was for a long time excluded from the sale rooms. In spite of this 'boycotting' he continued still to buy remainders, and to dispose of them after his old fashion, with a success which he characteristically took pains to proclaim to the world by emblazoning on the panel of his carriage, 'Small Profits Do Great Things.'†

John Bell, the first publisher of the English pocket Classics, was also prominent among the pioneers of cheap literature. He may lay claim to some share in the paternity of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' the history of which, as given by Edward Dilly, the great London wholesale bookseller, in a letter to Boswell, is so characteristic of the spirit of the trade in the eighteenth century, that it deserves to be here cited:—

'The edition of the poets now printing will do honour to the English press, and a concise account of the life of each author will be a very valuable addition, and stamp the reputation of the edition superior to anything that has gone before. The first cause that gave rise to this undertaking was owing to the little trifling edition of the poets printing by the Martins at Edinburgh, and to be sold by Bell in London. Upon examining the volumes which were printed, the type was found so extremely small that many persons could not read them: not only this inconvenience attended it, but the inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous. These reasons, as well as the idea of an invasion of what we call our Literary Property, induced the London booksellers to print an elegant and accurate edition of all the English poets of reputation from Chaucer to the present time.'‡

The foregoing sketch brings the history of bookselling in England down to the commencement of the epoch which has lasted into our own times, and which may be described as the period of Literary Free Trade. It shows to what a considerable extent the character of the individual publisher has been modified by the corporate progress of the Trade. We see in the early history of bookselling an incessant conflict between the principle of State control, allied with commercial Monopoly, and the principle of *Laissez Faire*. Each principle, largely grounded in self-interest, is commended by considerations of utility. On the one side it is urged that there are opinions which must be suppressed for the safety of society, and that private thought and invention require a certain amount of State protection; on the other hand that society benefits by the

* 'The Life of James Lackington.' Letter xxxv.

† Ibid. Letter xxxvii.

‡ Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' (Croker's 1 vol. edition), p. 530.

widest diffusion of knowledge, and that its well-being is best served by the fullest liberty of opinion and publication. From the foundation of the Stationers' Company down to the period immediately following the Revolution of 1688, we see the consequences at different times of the unrestrained predominance of each of these principles; the abuse of Monopoly in the disorders of the Company at the close of the sixteenth century; the abuse of State control in the tyranny of the Licensing Laws; the abuse of liberty in the piracy and obscenity of Curll. Afterwards we find the old conflict continuing in a modified form between the trade and the cheapening booksellers; the former observing, with regard to literary property, ethical usages, sometimes reasonable, sometimes absurd, which had grown out of the Company's bye-laws sanctioned by State protection; the latter breaking through these conventions, and pushing their private interests to the full extent allowed by the Common Law. The history shows, too, how vitally the character of the trade has been affected by the changes in the writing and reading portion of the community; how, after satisfying the recognized wants of constituted bodies, like the Court, the Clergy, and the Universities, the bookseller, noticing the rise of a reading Public, composed of an ever-growing number of persons in all classes of society, set himself to divine the nature of its tastes; and how the author, leaving the annoyances and humiliations of publishing by subscription, turned to the bookseller as the natural middleman between himself and the reader, and contented himself with taking from him the estimated value of his commodity.

Of the history of the latest epoch of bookselling, which, inaugurated by the rise of men like Constable, Ballantyne, Blackwood, and above all John Murray the Second, has continued down to the present time, we do not intend to speak. The course of its development is indeed full of interest and significance. The vast growth in the numbers of the reading public, the decay of co-operative bookselling, the unexampled stress of competition, the effects produced on literature and society by the Circulating Library, the Railway bookstall, the Newspaper, and the Magazine, are matters which in themselves demand the careful examination not only of the man of letters, but even of the statesman. But the questions which they raise are too difficult and far-reaching to be adequately treated within the limits of the present article.

ART. VII.—*Diario del Viaje á Moscovia del Embajador Duque de Liria y Xérica* (1727-1730). Published in 'Colección de Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de España,' Vol. XCIII. Madrid, 1889.

JAMES FRANCIS FITZJAMES STUART, Duke of Liria and Xérica, Earl of Tynemouth and Baron of Bosworth, is a personage not without interest to Englishmen. His father was the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. and his mother was Honora, Dowager Countess of Lucan. He was born at St. Germain in October 1696, and James and his Queen were his sponsors. So certain was Berwick of his own restoration to England that, on being created Duke and Peer of France, he excluded his eldest son from the succession, as being destined to inherit his English possessions. When these hopes waned, Berwick relinquished to his heir the Duchies of Liria and Xérica, once the appanage of the Infants of Aragon; and the young Duke struck yet deeper root in Spain by his marriage with the sister and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Veragua. He was, moreover, endeared to Spaniards and to the new Bourbon dynasty by his gallant conduct in the War of Succession; and for his services at Barcelona the Golden Fleece was placed round his neck by Philip's own hands. Naturally devoted to the Stuart cause, the Duke of Liria followed the Pretender to Scotland in 1715; and after hairbreadth escapes from shipwreck and dragoons, he made good his retreat to France. When Alberoni ran his tilt against the Powers of Europe in 1718, the Duke threw in his lot with Spain, though his father commanded the French invading force. Yet he had never bowed the knee to Alberoni; and since the peace he had lived the uneventful life of a courtier as Gentleman of the Chamber. The magnificent Duke of Arco, and the satirical Marquis of Santa Cruz, with our sprightly Duke of Liria, formed a trio of inseparable friends, who gave to the monotonous domesticity of Philip and Elisabeth what little life the Court of Spain possessed. It was under these circumstances that the Duke formed a close friendship with St. Simon, who visited Spain as Envoy Extraordinary; and who found at Liria's palace dinners and conversation more adapted to his taste than the sweetmeats and solemnity of the indigenous *tertulia*. St. Simon composed his Memoirs in their present form in later life, but they do not substantially differ from his less formal Diaries. Their interest for the present purpose lies in the fact that it seems tolerably clear that the Diaries formed the model for the work under review; and the existence of this work may be another obligation which posterity owes

to St. Simon. The short characters, in particular, of the chief personages at the various Courts which Liria visited recall the sharp outlines of St. Simon's sketches; to which indeed they are scarcely, if at all, inferior. The French writer has another point of contact with the Spanish nobleman's Diary, for it seems certain from the following passage that he had read it:— 'From his Embassy the Duke returned to Paris, where he consoled himself to the best of his ability for the *ennui* of Spain, and where we met each other again with great pleasure. He even wished to give me some very curious pieces of his composition upon the Court and Government of Russia.* It was these lines that led us to welcome the publication of this Diary, and to believe that it contained more interesting matter than the average of unpublished documents.

St. Simon was professedly a panegyrist of his friend. He describes him as being intelligent, honourable, and reasonably ambitious. His conversation was very gay, and also instructive when he was made to talk about what he had seen in different countries, and seen extremely well. A thorough courtier, he could unbend without sacrifice to dignity. So peculiar was his talent for languages, that he could speak Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, English, Scotch, Irish, German, and Russian like a native. Passionately devoted to pleasure, he was made for a free, varied, and agreeable social circle, which he did not find in Spain.

English Ministers formed a less flattering estimate of the Duke. Scattered references to him are to be found in the despatches of Colonel Stanhope and Benjamin Keene, and they are rarely complimentary. This was partly due to Hanoverian prejudice, for his palace was the asylum for all Jacobite refugees and adventurers who starved or fattened on Spanish bounty and credulity. Yet it is noticeable that the same criticisms are not applied to the party leader, the Duke of Ormond. Liria's intimacy with the Duke of Wharton was perhaps hardly creditable. 'The formidable hero over his bottle,' as this adventurer was termed by Holzendorf,† was, wrote Stanhope, hardly ever sober, and never had a pipe out of his mouth.‡ Keene was not unduly moderate, for the Abbé Montgon, who accompanied him to Gibraltar, was lost in admiration at the geniality of this shrewd diplomatist in

* 'Mém. de St. Simon,' ed. Chérnel, xviii. 23.

† Holzendorf to Delafaye, April 29, 1726. Record Office: Spain, 179.

‡ The Bavarian had promised to obtain for Stanhope a detailed plan by Liria for the invasion of Scotland, but for ten whole days he was unable to procure it, because the Duke was incessantly drinking with Wharton. (Stanhope to Newcastle, May 6, 1726. Ibid.)

drinking level with the officers of the garrison. Yet Keene also spoke contemptuously of Liria as the leader of the young Jacks who in their cups restored the Pretender. Even after the close of the events recorded in his Diary, when Liria, with a considerable diplomatic reputation, was sent to Vienna to forward an Anglo-Imperial alliance, he is described by Keene as 'but a vain weak creature, full of projects and suspicions, and consequently difficult to treat with.'* Readers of the Diary will probably convince themselves that there is some truth in Keene's sharp criticisms, as well as in St. Simon's panegyric.

Early in 1725 the diplomatic conscience of Europe was shocked by the announcement of the unnatural alliance between the two irreconcilable rivals of the War of Succession. Ripperdá, who, if not the author, had been at least the agent of this combination, fell a victim to the fire which he had kindled; but his fall only added fuel to the flames. In the autumn of 1726 over against the allies of Vienna stood the alliance of Hanover, composing France and England, to whom the States accorded grudging, and the King of Prussia untrustworthy, support. In September, when its prospects seemed peculiarly gloomy, the Court of Madrid was cheered by the news that the Emperor had formed a close alliance with the Czarina, the widow of Peter the Great. Stanhope gives a graphic picture of the excitement which this announcement caused.† The Czarina's fleet was believed to be at sea, and the war in the North begun; nothing was thought more certain than that the English Baltic squadron had been destroyed, the King of Prussia frightened from the alliance, while King George would in a few months lose his German Electorate, and the Pretender be seated on the throne of England. The Duke of Liria publicly announced that it would shortly be a crime in Spain to mention George as King; he and his friends at a royal concert played the old Jacobite tune, 'The King shall enjoy his own again;' and on an explanation of its meaning, the Queen replied, 'I wish Stanhope would come here that we might welcome him with this tune.' It was publicly stated in King George's Speech to Parliament, and has been taken for granted since, that the Pretender's restoration was one of the very secret articles which supplemented the Treaty of Vienna.‡ This was not the case, but it was

* Keene to Delafaye, April 13, 1731. Record Office: Spain, 196.

† Oct. 4, 1726. Record Office: Spain, 179.

‡ These very curious articles—of which Von Arneth failed to discover the Imperial copy—exist in the Archives of Alcalá de Henares:—Estado: Legajo 3369, N.º 31.

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unquestionably included in the somewhat visionary programme of the Spanish Court, and Alberoni's idea of throwing a Russian force upon the eastern coasts of Britain was revived. For this purpose it was essential to form a direct alliance with the Muscovite Court. Liria's personal friendship with his King and Queen, his Jacobite enthusiasm, his high rank and great social qualities, marked him out to be, as was believed, the first Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Russia. In December 1726, his instructions, which are printed in an Appendix to the Diary, were presented to him. They provided for the formation of an alliance similar to that already existing between the Czarina and the Emperor, with such alterations as the different circumstances demanded, especial precautions being taken to throw cold water upon demands for extensive commercial privileges. The main object was the execution of a diversion upon England by the mobilisation of a fleet, under some plausible pretext, at Archangel or elsewhere. Even a small number of troops would enable the Pretender's numerous partisans and the discontented classes to declare themselves, and great results would follow in favour of the Church, and the peace of Europe. Besides official instructions, the Minister received others of a less formal and a somewhat miscellaneous character. He was ordered to hasten the march of the thirty thousand auxiliaries which the Czarina had promised to the Emperor, to amuse the Russian Court by a proposal for a marriage between the Princess Natalia and Don Carlos, who was seriously, however, intended for the Archduchess Maria Theresa, and *en route* to effect a reconciliation between the Pretender and his wife, whom his bad conduct had driven from her home. After visiting the Pretender at Bologna, he was instructed to enter into confidential communications with the Court of Vienna, and thence to repair to those of Dresden and Berlin.

Thus the Duke's journey across Europe was a substantial part of his mission; and to this journey nearly a third part of his Diary is devoted. Few persons probably could have described such close relations, in the course of three years, with the old and the young Pretender, the Emperor Charles and Prince Eugene, Augustus the Strong and his successor, Frederick William of Prussia and the great Frederick, Maurice of Saxony, who was to become celebrated as Marshal Saxe, the Czar Peter II., the Czarina Anna, and the future Czarina Elisabeth, in addition to all the important Ministers of the Empire, Saxony, Prussia, and Russia.

The Duke left Madrid on March 10, 1727, his only companions for a great part of his journey being his valet and

attaché, for whom he formed a singular attachment. This latter was no less than an Irish Captain of Dragoons, one Don Ricardo Wall, of whom history had much to say hereafter. The Diary illustrates the dangers of the Mediterranean coasts of France from African pirates, the grim horrors of the Riviera route, relieved only by San Remo with its groves of lemon and orange, stone-pine and palm. The Republic of Genoa is seen in session, and its ballot-box with silvered and gilded sides is described. Due appreciation is bestowed upon the Certosa, and the Duke's 'Venice in a day' is worthy of another century and another continent. The splendour of the Archbishop of Salzburg; the squalor of Mittau, capital of Courland; the amber-producing shores of the Baltic; the spotlessness of Dantzic door-steps; the filth of East European inns, and the misery of eighteenth-century travel, all find their place in the Spanish envoy's Diary. But in these pages the more important incidents of his mission can alone receive attention. At Genoa the Duke of Liria had received the Order of the Garter at the hands of the Earl of Inverness, who informed him that, finding himself to be the main obstacle to the reconciliation of his King and Queen, he had absented himself from the Court. At Bologna the traveller was warmly welcomed by James himself, and repaid his hospitality by re-establishing a *modus vivendi* between the separated pair. His letter to the Queen, who had hitherto declined to discuss the subject, induced her to relent, and to return to her husband's home. This was probably the most successful moment in the Duke's mission. It is amusing to read the principles enunciated by Elisabeth Farnese, the termagant of Spain, who was believed to rule her husband with absolute authority. 'The Catholic Queen has ordered me to tell your Majesty in her name that it is time to close so unpleasant a dispute, and that, even if a husband gives his wife some reason for displeasure, it is prudent on her part to disguise her feelings, and to attempt to restore him to his better self by a gentle and blind resignation to his will.' Even in the eighteenth century domestic scandals affected political prospects, for the Queen added that this continued separation was injuring the Stuart cause, not only in England, but at the Courts from which the most support could be expected. The sympathetic Liria was loath to bid farewell to the Pretender, with whom he had been brought up, and whom he tenderly loved; and he never tired of looking at his children. The Prince of Wales was a beautiful boy of six and a half, agile, graceful, and intelligent; he could read perfectly, could speak English, French, and Italian fluently, and knew his Catechism as well as his tutor.

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Not only did he ride and shoot, but was so skilful with his cross-bow, that he killed sparrows on the housetops; and if a ball were thrown on the ground, he would pierce it running without missing once in ten times. His brother, then two years old, was pretty, and remarkably strong.

At Vienna, the personality in whom the Spanish envoy was mainly interested was Prince Eugene, whom he enthusiastically regarded as a hero of the first order, possessing all gifts, moral, physical, and intellectual. The Empress was the most dignified and agreeable Princess that he had seen, except perhaps her predecessor; but his Bourbon prejudices led him perhaps to touch lightly upon the quondam Archduke Charles. He speaks sympathetically of the Spanish refugees who had crowded to Vienna, laden with honours and possessions by the Emperor, but absolutely excluded from German society, and in danger of being stoned or starved upon the Emperor's death. During the Duke's visit the ambassadors of Spain, France, and Holland were busily discussing the preliminaries of peace, and on June 9 the fact of the signature was published. A few days previously the news reached Vienna that the Czarina Catherine had died, leaving the succession to her husband's grandson Peter, a boy of eleven years old. A Regency was appointed until he should be sixteen, and the change of government was effected with unexpected calm; the First Minister, Menshikoff, assuring the Imperial Government that the foreign policy of his Court would remain unaltered. An equally important announcement was that of the death of George I., which, had it been earlier, would possibly have prevented the signature of the preliminaries, and which undoubtedly long delayed their ratification at Madrid. The Duke of Liria conveyed the news in a postscript to his letter of June 30. He felt that, as George had to die so soon, he might as well have gone to the other world a month earlier; the English, instead of dictating the law to Spain, would then have had to come a-begging for conditions. Knowing the character of the Prince of Wales, he believed that in six months' time there would be a general revolution, if not before; and that if Walpole had an ounce of spirit and resolution, he would try and restore King James, which he had the power to do. Otherwise he was a lost man, and the new King would cut his head off. 'Time will tell,' he concludes, 'whether I am a good prophet or not.' The Duke was not a prophet; but this confidential opinion from a leading Jacobite illustrates the current views respecting the fidelity of Walpole to the Hanoverian cause.

Liria lingered at Vienna in the hope that the changed circumstances

circumstances might render his mission to Russia unnecessary. At length, however, on July 8 he took his leave with greater regret than when he left Paris, his fatherland, for the first time.

His reception at Dresden must have consoled the Duke for the extreme discomfort of his journey. The Minister, Count Flemming, suspected indeed that he was commissioned to discuss the thorny questions of succession and religion, but was assured that his only mission was to renew a friendship too long interrupted, and at most to persuade the King of Poland to accede to the alliance of Vienna. Social life at Dresden was far too busy for politics. All day long the ambassador shot with the King, and dinner at the royal table at Pilnitz was followed by concerts and French plays. The Queen's very recent death did not interrupt the Michaelmas festivities.

'On the 28th there was another play, and then we dined in a room with four small tables, and lots were drawn to distribute the guests among them. After dinner I led off the ball with the King's favourite natural daughter, and we danced till 5 A.M. The whole time that the ball lasted everybody did nothing but drink, so that we were all cheerful, for his Majesty set the example, and at 1 A.M. there was a second supper. After the ball I went straight off stag-hunting, and, having killed five, returned home to mass, for it was Michaelmas-day. In the evening there was another play, and a ball at night. This day also people drank quite as much as was good for them, so that the liveliness lasted two days.'

Notwithstanding the dancing and drinking and hunting, with interludes of mass, the Ambassador did not fail to take notes upon the Saxon government, and regarded its form as being that of most well-governed countries; consisting, as it did, of a Cabinet of five Ministers and two secretaries. The real monarch was Count Flemming, who was abhorred both by King and heir; but they could not shake off his yoke, because he had become indispensable. A Pomeranian, and therefore no vassal of the King, he is another striking example of the absolute cosmopolitanism in governmental and military circles in the eighteenth century. The little fat man, with his handsome face, had made a great stir in the world, yet was not the great man he was thought. Craving in vain to meddle in all the affairs of Europe, he was reduced to domineering over his own Court in the pettiest details, saying all the time that he was tired, and did not wish to interfere. A Lutheran by profession, he would turn Turk or Catholic to suit his ends. Eminently mediocre, he believed himself to be perfection, in flirting, in riding, in music, as in politics and war. He had saved vast sums of money and had married

married a Polish princess, in the hope of succeeding his master, and was constantly striving to lead the King of Prussia to his views. The celebrated Elector King, Augustus the Strong, with his bright eyes and *distingué* though not handsome features, had been the strongest man in Europe, and still excelled in all physical exercises, as in all accomplishments. Nobody understood better than he the interests of foreign Powers and the political condition of Europe. His courtesy and kindness were unequalled, and he was liberal to excess; yet, notwithstanding the vast sums which he was squandering, his revenue was free from debt. Liria, however, does not conceal the shady side.

'In the midst of these great qualities he has some incurable defects; though he works hard, he detests application to business, and this makes him lean upon his ministers. His affection for the feminine sex is notorious, for he has an infinite number of natural children; he has been a little too fond of wine, and has committed countless excesses in the company of Bacchus, as in that of Venus. In the first respect he is already somewhat reformed, and his years are bringing moderation in the second. Nevertheless, he is the most lovable monarch in Europe, and carries away the hearts of all who know him.'

The Prince was a striking contrast to his father. He was tall and handsome, but very fat. He loathed wine, was unwaveringly faithful to his wife, and was a zealous and self-sacrificing Catholic. Notwithstanding a tender affection for his father, he lived in retirement, for fear of exciting the jealousy which Flemming was only too anxious to foster. A war of religion in Germany seemed at this moment to be among immediate possibilities. Flemming and the Saxons feared that, once on the throne, the Prince would cease to employ Lutherans, and gradually force his subjects into Catholicism. The Minister was suspected of laying the train of a revolution which should place the zealous Lutheran line of Gotha on the electoral throne, and to this were attributed his frequent visits to the King of Prussia. The Duke of Liria, however, believed that such a Protestant combination had no prospect of success against the Emperor, supported by the Catholic electors. Notwithstanding the rise of the Hohenzollerns, Protestantism had, to all appearances, been greatly on the wane.

During the Duke's Dresden visit two events occurred in Russia which were likely to have unfortunate results for the Spanish mission. The Imperial Ambassador Rabutin died, and it was with him alone that the Spanish envoy was to work in closest harmony, and from him alone he could obtain the necessary lights. Equally serious was the sudden disgrace of Menshikoff,

Menshikoff, who was ruling Russia with absolute authority, and had hoped to perpetuate his influence by the marriage of the young Czar with his daughter. It was during Liria's residence in Russia that injudicious friends caused the great Minister's final fall. Banished to the Isle of Berosova on the White Sea, he died, working with his own hands for sustenance—a terrible example to Russian royal favourites.

The Court of Berlin differed widely from that of Dresden. Here there was no Cabinet, no all-powerful Minister. The King administered the whole Monarchy himself. Every day the despatches were sent to him under seal, and he returned the result of his resolutions on paper to the Ministers. He had, indeed, a Privy Council, but no use was made of it. The tribunals and departments forwarded a daily report of their proceedings to the King. Frequently as Frederick William has been described, the Duke of Liria's impressions may be worth recording. The King was of middle height and fairly fat, with a bright complexion, though much tanned, for every day he spent hours in hunting. He always wore his blue uniform with waistcoat and breeches, and never took his boots off. He liked to dine in company; but his table was very poor, which was not surprising in the stingiest prince in Europe. He would trust no one with money, and was his own treasurer and paymaster. Not gifted with much intelligence, he did not lack a cunning comprehension of his interests, which made him the most unreliable of allies; for if it were to his own advantage he would change sides on the instant. His rule was most disastrous for his kingdom, which, if he lived ten years more, would be entirely ruined. The beautiful town of Berlin, with all its facilities for navigation, had completely lost all its trade since his accession, notwithstanding the presence of the French refugees, whose workmanship was as perfect as in Paris. All money that came into the country went to the Treasury and never left it; thus the sources of trade and wealth were inevitably dried up. Yet the King had his merits; he was frank, and liked others to be so; he disliked nothing so much as hints and mysteries; he hated women, and had no inclination for drink, though a great smoker. His Calvinistic zeal amounted to hypocrisy; yet full liberty of conscience was accorded, and favour was even shown to Catholics, not from any affection which he bore them, but from love for his Grenadiers, for he cared for nothing else; and as there were 600 Catholics in the regiment, he favoured Catholicism to keep these men contented. On the subject of Grenadiers he was a spendthrift, and would give all the money in his Treasury to keep or recruit a
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tall man. Liria naturally visited Potsdam to inspect the celebrated regiment, and was entertained at dinner by the officers. The first battalion contained no man under six feet two, while the tallest, Jonas, a Norwegian, measured seven feet. With such a regiment the King naturally thought himself a great warrior, and indispensable to Europe, though his personal courage was open to doubt. The Guards numbered 2500 men, and the army 70,000 of the best quality that the Duke had ever seen, while the train of artillery and military stores were unsurpassed. The whole character of the State was completely military; no official could appear before the King except in uniform. The general impression left is that of Prussia of to-day, minus its professors.

At Berlin, as at Dresden, the Duke of Liria was made welcome. He hunted with the King at Wusterhausen; he begged the life of an Irish Grenadier; and the King's dinner of four courses was increased to six—a most unusual distinction. Yet it is clear that he looked forward to the future *régime*, and paid his court to the Prince, with whom he promised to correspond from St. Petersburg, as in fact he did. Frederick he regarded as a prince of great promise. Completely the reverse of his father, he was liberal, courteous, and yet reserved. He was fond of music and books, though he was obliged to read on the sly, for his father would have him as ignorant as himself. The people loved the Prince as much as they detested the King, and the very Princes of the Blood spoke equally ill of the King and well of his heir in the most barefaced manner.

From Berlin the Spanish Minister travelled by way of Dantzic, Königsberg, and Mittau to Riga, and thence to St. Petersburg. At Dantzic he stayed to buy his furs, and was deeply interested in the great Hanse town, now under Polish Protectorate. He dwells on its civil and military constitution, its peculiar relation to the Polish Crown, its brisk commerce, the exquisite cleanliness of its inhabitants, and, notwithstanding its Lutheran establishment, its toleration of Jews, Anabaptists, and the numerous Catholic religious orders. By the senators he was greeted with a Latin speech and twelve pitchers of wine; but a greater pleasure was the accidental meeting with Maurice of Saxony, the Elector's natural son, who in former years had been his intimate friend at Paris. The future hero had started badly. Having been elected by the nobility of Courland as heir to the absentee and childless Duke, he had fled at the approach of General Lacy, leaving his followers and his luggage in Russian hands. For the latter he was the more concerned; for one portmanteau contained his love-letters, and a diary of the amours
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of his father's Court, which, if once seen, might be his ruin. The recovery of this compromising literature was one of the chief interests of the Duke of Liria during his Russian mission.

The Envoy's stay at St. Petersburg was only sufficiently long to receive his first audience, to present his somewhat miscellaneous gifts of snuff and chocolate, silk handkerchiefs, and perfumed pastilles, and to receive in return the inevitable furs. He was already pressed to assume the character of Ambassador, instead of that of Minister Plenipotentiary, and to concede to the Czar the title of Emperor. To neither of these proposals was he authorized to consent, and he was of opinion that the Imperial title should be the price for substantial advantages. After witnessing the curious ceremony of the blessing of the Neva, he followed the Court to Moscow in company with the Polish Envoy Lefort,* who did his best to compensate him for the irreparable loss of Rabutin. While the horses were being changed at Novogorod he visited the town, which he describes as typical of all Russian cities, large and badly built, the houses all of wood, very low, and distributed without plan. Its chief curiosity was the body of St. Anthony, which had come from Rome by water on a millstone. Being the seat of the Primacy, Novogorod was ecclesiastical in character, and contained one hundred and twenty-five convents. The Primate was a man of learning, a phenomenon among the Russian clergy; he had studied in Rome, and knew Latin and Italian.

Moscow was reached on February 11; and from the date of the Czar's formal entry on the 15th, the Plenipotentiary's mission may be said to have seriously begun. The period of his visit to Russia has its peculiar interest as lying between two eras of premature expansion. The latter of these is naturally associated with the name of Catherine, but it may be said to have set in with the appearance of a Russian *corps d'armée* on the Rhine in 1735. The reign of Peter II. was reactionary. It seemed to prove that his grandfather was but an ill-timed individual genius, and not the representative of a progressive nation. Nobles and people hated the belauded reforms, and struggled desperately to return to comfortable barbarism. On the other hand it is already possible to trace the power, to Englishmen incredible, which an unpopular officialism can exercise over Slavonic myriads. The Czar himself, his nobles, and the mob of Moscow, did their best to hamper the administration, essentially German, which Peter

* The Duke could hardly have found a better informant than Lefort, who is probably the best authority for this period. His despatches, though printed, are hidden away in the somewhat inaccessible 'Büsching's Magazine,' vol. ix.

the Great had bequeathed to Muscovy. Yet this bureaucracy, even in the absence of any genius of the first order, subsisted and governed, outlasted an oligarchical revolution and a monarchical *coup d'état*, and was ready to the hand of a Czarina who was to all intents and purposes a German. It is this all-important dualism between East and West, between indigenous conservative and exotic progress, the everlasting action and reaction of Teuton and Slav, which gives the interest to the Duke of Liria's Diary. His mixed English, French, and Irish blood, and his Spanish associations, gave him a stand-point peculiarly external and impartial. His social gifts procured ready admittance behind the scenes, and his mingled sympathy and satire endowed him with the choicest qualifications of a critic.

Throughout the reign of Peter II. it seemed probable that Russia would turn her back upon the West. It is true that several high officials of the late *régime* still surrounded the young Czar. But Golofkin, the Chancellor, was very old, and Apraxin hated the novelties which the great reformer had introduced. He had never left Russia, was a mortal enemy to foreigners, and would sacrifice all to restore the monarchy to its ancient condition. The Court, as the Council, was divided into two parties. Around the Czar gathered all the Russians who longed to rid the country of the foreigners. His sister, however, the Grand Duchess Natalia, and his Aunt Elisabeth adhered to the principles of Peter the Great. The balance of practical ability was on their side, and their main supporter was the Vice-Chancellor Osterman. The son of a Lutheran pastor in a Westphalian village, he had been utilized by Peter as interpreter. On the Czarina's death, Menshikoff had made him guardian and grand chamberlain of the young Czar; he was now practically First Minister. He was untiring, and, though avaricious, incorrupt, desiring honestly the good of the Russian monarchy. Religion was of little or no importance to him, for he had passed through three. A master of dissimulation, he gave such a semblance of truth to statements which were directly the reverse, that the most experienced were deceived. 'In a word,' concludes the writer, 'he was a great minister; but had he been even an angel descended from heaven, the brand of foreign extraction would be enough to make him loathed by the Muscovites, who frequently did their best to ruin him, though his ability always saved him.'

The continuance of Osterman's power was doubtless facilitated by the number of foreigners who held high position not only in the Government, but in the public services. The navy was naturally

naturally almost exclusively commanded by strangers; but even in the army foreign names were numerous in the highest ranks. Field Marshal Sapieha was a Pole, and no credit to his nation, for he neither possessed a shadow of intelligence, nor the first rudiments of strategy; he was passionate, false, vindictive, and drunk every day in the week. Field Marshal Bruce, venerated even by Russians, was Scotch: and among the Generals were Lacy, an Irishman; Bohn, Weisbach, and Münnich, Germans; and the Scotchman Keith. Yet Osterman could hardly have maintained his position but for the split in the Russian party between the two great houses of Galitzin and Dolgoruki. The former seemed most extreme in its conservatism. 'What do we want new fashions for?' was old Prince Dimitri's stock question; 'as our fathers lived, so can we live too, without foreigners coming to impose new laws upon us.' Less prejudiced was Field Marshal Galitzin, the hero of Russia, the darling of the troops, feared by the grandees and by the great Czar himself, who would have been in a less barbarous land a truly great man. Hating foreigners as he did, he yet did justice to those who served with merit. This house was more hostile to Osterman's system, and he had consequently added Princes Basil and Alexis Dolgoruki to the Council of Four.

The alternative of Moscow or St. Petersburg as capital was the test question between the native and the foreign party. Peter and his widow had made the latter their residence, to be in sight of their growing marine, and to keep the Swedes in awe. The young Czar could not bear the sight of the sea nor of ships, and was passionately devoted to hunting. The Russians, who longed to return to Moscow, which was nearer to their estates, dwelt incessantly on the beauty of its climate, and the abundance of game in its neighbourhood. Throughout the reign of Peter II. the attempts to make him return to St. Petersburg and to keep him at Moscow have more than a merely personal interest; it was realized that on the issue depended the future of Russia.

The other subject of vital importance was the maintenance of the fleet. On June 19, 1728, the Duke of Liria wrote that the Grand Council had decided that Moscow should be the capital, and that he was informed as a fact of two other decisions which, if true, would completely restore the monarchy to its ancient condition: first, that no more ships were to be built, while those which existed were left to wear out; and secondly, that commerce was to be transferred to Archangel, which would imply the ruin of St. Petersburg.

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The Spanish Minister regarded the great Peter's favourite creation with some contempt. The Grand Admiral, Apraxin, did not know the first principles of navigation. The other officers were excellent, but they were all foreigners, and it seemed likely that, as they died or retired, others would not be appointed; while the natives could never learn seamanship, for their self-conceit made them think that they knew more than Ruyter, as soon as they had learnt the elements of manœuvring. Seamen, moreover, were lamentably deficient, for the crew of a ship in commission comprised only one hundred sailors, while all the rest were landsmen. 'The Russians are like a school-boy wearing a sword for the first time; every moment he looks at it, and turns it round, and tries to see if everybody notices that he has got a sword, and is delighted if they think that he knows how to use it.' In July 1728 the Cronstadt squadron was commissioned, to impose upon the Imperial Minister. Sails were bent to make neighbours believe that it was no mere joke; but the ships had no crews but scrubbers. Of the five captains appointed, two were English, two Dutch, and the other a Dane. Half the ships were bought in Holland; those of Russian build did not last more than seven or eight years.

In other departments the artificial order of Peter was giving place to total disorganization. 'As to the Government,' wrote Liria, 'everything is going badly; the Czar does not attend Council, nor does he think of doing so. Nobody is paid; and as nobody knows what is to be the end of the Treasury, every one goes on robbing as best he can. All the departments are at a standstill; there is an infinity of grumblers; each man does just what he fancies; nobody thinks seriously of a remedy, except Baron Osterman, who cannot apply it unaided, so that in my opinion we are daily exposed to some revolution which might redound to the irreparable ruin of the monarchy.*' It is no wonder that the salvation of the nation was felt to depend upon Osterman's life, and that all honest men sustained a shock on hearing that the Vice-Chancellor had been sick fifty times in a single day. They regarded him, with reason, as the monarchy's sole support.

* Cf. Lefort, July 1728:—'Scarce a feeble shadow of the government of the Czar's grandfather seems left. We live in a state of incomparable indolence, and of carelessness so blind that it is hard to conceive how so huge a machine can still continue to exist, when nobody puts a hand to it. Nobody will assume any responsibility, nobody dares open his mouth, every one passes the ball on to his neighbour. . . . The monarch by the Grace of God knows that no one dare contradict him, and people have constantly been zealous to convince him of it. Hence it is that no reasonable measure can be carried through, and everything is left to chance.'

The Czar's character caused serious apprehension. Before he was thirteen he declared himself of age. He had already had amours, which Liria stated to be not so surprising; for notwithstanding the climate, the age of puberty was earlier in Russia than in Spain, and boys of eleven were sometimes married. No one dared to correct the Czar, while the Russians lured him on in his evil propensities. Osterman alone ventured to lecture the young monarch on his mode of life; the Czar turned his back upon his guardian, and answered not a word. Returning to the charge, the Vice-Chancellor said that a few years hence the Czar himself would cut his head off, if he now failed to point out the precipice towards which he was rushing; as he did not wish to witness his ruin, he should resign his guardianship. The impetuous but inconsequent young Slav fell on his guardian's neck, implored him not to desert him, and that very night returned to his evil courses.* Yet his death was dreaded, for fear lest worse should follow. 'If this monarch were to die,' concludes Liria, 'there would be a terrible revolution. I do not venture to prophesy what would happen; I will only say that Russia will relapse to its old condition, without a hope of raising herself again, at least in our days.' Of such a revolution the first result was expected to be a massacre of foreigners; even during the Duke's embassy it was feared that the mob would fire their houses on account of their unreasoning prejudice. The heir-presumptive, the Princess Elisabeth, had strong German sympathies, and the Russian party was full of projects for her marriage and removal. She was not unlikely to have suitors. Liria, who was a connoisseur, regarded her sister, the Duchess of Holstein, as probably the most beautiful princess in Europe. On her early death Elisabeth had strong claims to the vacancy. The Duke had rarely seen a more beautiful woman in his life. Her marvellous complexion, her roguish eyes, her perfect mouth, were set off by a beautiful throat and matchless figure. She was tall and extraordinarily lively, danced well, rode fearlessly, and was full of fun. On the other hand she was false, avaricious, and susceptible to a superlative degree. No wonder that the amorous Infant of Portugal loved her at first sight, and that she had to retire from Court to avoid his parting importunities. The scion of the Stuarts was at once amused and shocked at her being suggested as a substitute for the wife with whom the head of his house was believed

* The Czar's favourite pastime was, according to Lefort, to dash through the streets at night in his sleigh. He dwells on the rapid deterioration of his character, adding that he resembled his grandfather in all but his good qualities. (Nov. 22, 1727.)

to be at ill accord. A cadet of the house of Brunswick was rejected as inadequate, but it was thought that she might import an agreeably sparkling element into the Bayreuth branch of Hohenzollern. Yet she was not a desirable wife. While yet a girl her passions led her into the excesses which disgraced her as Czarina. Her fancies ranged from Prince Butlerin to Grenadiers of the Guard. Her most serious suitor was undoubtedly the Czar, her nephew. He was for long completely under her spell. If later he showed publicly his displeasure, it was perhaps rather due to pique than cooling of affection. After his engagement to Princess Dolgoruki, he still visited her in private, and aunt and nephew wept bitter tears over their enforced separation. But contiguity was a fatal bar to their not unnatural affection; and had the Greek Church been as lax on the subject of royal avuncular marriages as the Latin, the fortunes of the house of Romanoff might have been somewhat different. The gross excesses of the later Czarina cannot altogether deprive the brilliant and unfortunate girl of sympathy.

Amid the lust, the drunkenness, the falsity, the barbaric extravagance of Russian life, there was one pure pathetic personality on which the Duke of Liria loved to dwell. The Spanish, French, and English elements in his character all found some sympathy with the Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Natalia. The pupil of St. Simon hits as hard as his master, but he redeems his scientific savagery by a tenderer touch. It was a mere accident that he was instructed to amuse the Muscovite Court by asking the hand of Natalia for Don Carlos, whom his mother destined for Maria Theresa, and none other. His feeling for the young girl is obviously personal, and not diplomatic. In this simple character the mock-heroics, the sham sentimentalism of Slavonic life and literature are entirely absent. She is described as adorned with all the gifts that imagination could bestow. She was no brilliant beauty, for her face was ugly, though her figure good. Lovable, generous, thoughtful, all graciousness and goodness, she attracted every one that knew her. She spoke French and German to perfection, was fond of reading, and a patroness of foreigners. 'All these qualities made one wish that she might live long; but God would not allow it, and He took her to Himself after a lingering illness, on November 3, 1728, at the age of fourteen and a half, bewailed by Russians and foreigners, by small and great.' These are no mere courtly phrases. A man who in ill-health and bad humour praises an ugly woman, may be believed. Post-mortem characters are justly regarded with suspicion, but the passage in the Diary, dated May 18, 1728, attracts sympathy
not

not only to the ill-fated Russian girl, but to Keene's 'Young Jack,' who caroused with the Duke of Wharton, and to the diplomat whose headpiece was criticised by Prince Eugene as 'being a little English.'*

'The health of the Princess was not good, and the doctors believed that she had inflammation of the lungs, and treated her as a person whose chest was affected. But her real malady was not consumption, and the only doctor who could cure her was her brother. To understand this, we must go some way back. When the Czar succeeded to the throne he had such complete confidence in his sister, that he did whatever she told him, and could not be a minute without her. . . . Little by little he fell in love with his Aunt Elisabeth; and the Czar's favourite, and other courtiers who disliked the Grand Duchess, owing to her affection for Osterman and all foreigners, tried to increase the influence of Elisabeth, who could not bear her niece. Consequently she gradually alienated the Czar from his sister, so that in six months' time he never talked to her on business, and their confidences entirely ceased. The Grand Duchess, who had the best heart that I have ever known, deeply felt her brother's estrangement, and her unhappiness was increased by the constant slights which he inflicted upon her, publicly showing preference for his aunt, who in turn triumphed in her victory, affecting to make no count of the Grand Duchess. This was the real cause of her ill-health, for heart-ache had such an effect upon her as to cause a slow fever, which was within an ace of carrying her to the grave. However, her strong constitution and tender age saved her.'

The Czar's sister was not spared for long. On the night of December 2 she slept for two hours, but in the morning was seized with a violent access of fever. In the evening it abated, and at 10.15 she knelt down to pray. Her prayers finished, she returned to bed, but at that moment was convulsed, and died in less than two minutes. 'She was not pretty, but what matters the beauty of the face when the heart is perfect? She was the idol of honest men, the pearl of Russia, and, in a word, too perfect for God to leave her in the midst of barbarians who do not know what true and solid virtue is.' It was a Russian custom to kiss the hand of deceased royal persons, as though they were alive, and it was with the greatest tenderness that the Duke kissed his young friend's hand. Her brother was away hunting when she died, but her bier was opened, that he might kiss the corpse.† It seems strange that in so matrimonial an

* 'Il a la tête un peu Anglaise et parle assez librement.' (Von Arneth, 'Prinz Eugen,' iii. 576.)

† Lefort states that when Natalia's death seemed imminent, five couriers were sent, one after another, to fetch the Czar, who disregarded the summons. At the moment of death her only attendant was a Finnish maid, who stole her jewels.

atmosphere this charming Princess died without having had a serious suitor, but, as the Spanish Envoy remarks, few Princes would care to send to Moscow to find a wife.

Meanwhile reaction was observed in all departments. Peter the Great's victims were rehabilitated. Among these was his first wife, whose estrangement and imprisonment had been due partly to her dislike of foreigners, partly to the discovery of her amours. Even in prison she had found a lover, who suffered the not uncommon penalty of impalement for his offence. Her restoration to the palace was expected to give fresh impetus to the reaction. Religious intolerance was on the rise. Eighteen natives of Smolensk who had become Catholics were forced to revert, and one more obstinate than his fellows was condemned to death. He finally yielded, and the whole party were despatched to Siberia until they should give proofs of their detestation of Catholicism. Yet complete tolerance was still extended to foreigners, and Lord Marshal's brother, James Keith, whose Protestantism disqualified him for a Colonel's commission in Spain, was at Liria's request made a General in the Russian service.

Eastern affairs naturally excited interest at the Russian Court, and much enthusiasm was caused by the return of Count Sava Jaguzhinski from China. He had, beyond all hope, re-established relations long broken, and had secured an advantageous commercial treaty; overcoming the national cleverness and distrust of the Chinese. In November 1729 the news that the Emperor of China had resolved to despatch a formal embassy caused the highest satisfaction. There was no precedent for such a mission to any European Power, and it was thought glorious for Russia that the first should come to its sovereign. In Persia, also, Russia derived great advantages from a treaty with the usurper Esref. The acquisitions of the recent war were recognized, and although the merely nominal possession of the provinces of Astarabat and Mazandaran was abandoned, it was stipulated that they should be alienated to no other Power, a precaution against the Turkish ambition to obtain a foothold on the Caspian shores. Above all, Russia obtained full rights of commerce throughout Persia, and her caravans had for the first time access to India and Bokhara.

Negotiations with the Porte related to Turkish aggression towards the Caspian, and to Russian intrigues in Georgia and Circassia. Yet the Sultan declined, in consideration of his ancient friendship with the Czar, to accept the request of the Prince of Daghestan to place himself under his Protectorate, on the plea of common religion. The Czar, while acknowledging

the friendliness of this refusal, could not refrain from saying that uniformity of religion gives no right to appropriate that which is not one's own; that as in Russia there were many vassals who professed the Mohammedan creed, so in the dominions of the Porte there were many who held the same religion as the Russians; and that, in conclusion, it was not uniformity of religion, but treaties established and confirmed which formed the guarantee of a nation's possessions, and the limitation of its boundaries. The principle involved in this reply is noticeable when viewed in the light of subsequent Russian diplomacy.

Eastern complications were only a subject of intelligent interest to the Spanish Minister. The fortunes of his embassy were decided in the West. Even before his arrival in Russia his mission had become well-nigh without an object. He attempted to employ himself by countermining against the subterranean approaches of England, acting at first for the Court of Vienna as well as for his own, for the alliance of Vienna still retained apparently its solidarity in the face of the league of Hanover. But in the summer of 1728 rumours reached Moscow that the Court of Madrid had been seduced by the engagement of France and England to convey Don Carlos to Italy with a Spanish force, and that the inevitable result was a breach with the Emperor, who believed his possession of Sicily to be endangered. The Duke officially assured the Russian Ministry that nothing could change the complete harmony which reigned between his Court and that of Vienna; but he could not deceive himself. He had constant information that distrust was daily increasing; that Count Königsegg had only for the moment prevented Elisabeth Farnese from throwing herself into the arms of the allies of Hanover; but that the Imperial Alliance could not last, for the Emperor would never of his own free will consent to the transport of Spanish troops to Italy.

At the close of the year arrived the news of the Treaty of Sevilla. The English and French agents now entered into friendly relations with Liria, while Osterman and the new Imperial envoy Wratislaw treated him with increasing reserve. With the latter he had never had real sympathy. A worse Minister than Wratislaw could hardly have been selected, and it was suspected that Rabutin's friends had sent him to Russia to immortalise the late Minister's memory. The Russians expected ambassadors to be courteous, well-bred, and sumptuous. Count Wratislaw belonged to an old Bohemian family, but he showed his coarseness even in ladies' society. He boasted of his extravagance, but his avarice was transparent; false to the core,

he dilated on the excellence of his heart. Talking incessantly, he would not listen to others, even when he let them speak. He plumed himself upon his gambling, but his dirty tricks were discovered the second time that he touched the cards. His intelligence was as scanty as his conceit was illimitable; and such was his credulity, that he believed anything to another's prejudice. 'He was,' concludes his critic, 'more fit to be an old woman, and send children to sleep with his old wives' tales, than to be a Minister.'

Henceforth the Duke of Liria's efforts were directed to counteracting the policy of Osterman and Wratislaw. Sent to Russia to hasten the march of her auxiliaries, he stayed to retard their departure. In his heart he had always believed that a Russian alliance would be rather a burden than a boon. At the most he had fancied that an advantageous treaty of commerce might be framed, with a view of eliminating the English, Dutch and Hamburg middleman, and buying at first hand. Russia supplied Spain with masts, sails, tackle, hemp, suet, and pitch. Siberian iron was the best and cheapest in Europe; while oil of hemp and linseed, flax, tow, pigskins, dried and salted fish would find a ready market in Spain, which could buy her imports with her wines, brandies, and fruits. If three or four light frigates were sent each year to Archangel, the Crown would make the full profit, and also provide a training school for sailors, for one voyage to Archangel was worth four to the Indies. The export duties were two and a half per cent. higher than at St. Petersburg; but freightage, lading, and insurance were cheaper, the duties of the Sound were saved, and the North Sea was less dangerous than the Baltic. Another alternative was to commit the Russian trade to the new Caraccas Company and the Biacay whaling fleet. To students of prices the elaborate schedule which accompanied the report, giving the prime cost, duties, package and freightage of numerous articles, is of considerable interest. Among the more fancy wares are caviare at three and a quarter roubles the cask of 40 lbs. Russian, and black bearskins at four roubles the skin.

National prejudices or mere brutishness added to the diplomatic difficulties of the Duke of Liria. His gentlemen were well-nigh beaten to death by an officer of Guards, his attendants and the mob. Another guardsman, coming uninvited to a banquet in the Pretender's honour, drank himself mad, hit the sentinel with drawn sword, and insisted on fighting his host. Nothing could reconcile the Spanish Envoy to the incurable melancholy of Russian life. He began his Diary for 1729 with an ardent wish for speedy recall from a land where he found

neither friendship nor amusement, and where he was losing the little health and patience which remained to him. He deeply felt the enforced departure of Captain Wall, who fell into such an extreme melancholy that he could not leave his room. 'He talked with so much pathos that I could not resist his desire to return to our own Spain. But I have felt few things so deeply, for I placed all my confidence in Wall, and unbosomed myself to him in all my disagreeables, which were many; and when he left, I had to stay without any one in whom I could repose real trust.' On the score of health, an interesting passage refers to the scourge of influenza in April 1729. In every house more than two-thirds of the inmates were ill, and the doctors began to fear some contagious epidemic. The Czar, however, ordered a post-mortem examination of all who died suddenly, and a diagnosis of the current complaints, and it was found that they possessed no malignant character. It seems probable that the Czar himself was a sufferer, for he had a feverish chill with a cough; but he stayed in bed three days, and, after twice perspiring freely, was well again. It may be worth noting that in the following winter the epidemic spread to the western extremities of Europe. The Abbé Montgon describes it as keeping the Spanish royal family indoors for four days, while Villars wrote of it as being universal round Paris, and as killing some eight hundred persons per week in London.

If Russia were not amusing, it was not for lack of entertainments. These were unusually magnificent, owing to the fashion of inviting the Czar to the more important parties. Liria was notorious in Spain for the excellence of his dinners, and the brilliancy of his entertainments. His first essay in Russia was confessedly the finest feast that had yet been seen. Though the Minister's house was one of the largest in Moscow, two spacious rooms were built in the courtyard, plates of which are given in the Diary. On four buffets, ten feet wide, the choicest Chinese porcelain contained exquisite sweets and fruits, the huge Portuguese oranges evoking especial admiration. The ten varieties of iced drinks comprised chocolate, melon, strawberry and cherry syrups; but the guests did not confine themselves to these, for the evening's consumption included 310 bottles of Tokay, 250 of champagne, 170 of Burgundy, 220 of Rhenish wines, 160 of Moselle, 12 barrels of French wine, 2 of brandy and 12 of beer. The Czar arrived at 7 P.M. and opened the ball by a minuet with his sister. Dinner was served on a horse shoe table in the second hall. The *diner à la Russe* does not seem to have been yet in vogue, for the hot and cold meats were on the table, though down the middle ran a long line of oranges.

At midnight a second supper was served, consisting exclusively of fish, for the fast of St. Peter then began, and Russians were rigid in respect of fasts. Dancing lasted until 3 A.M., and the Czar expressed himself well satisfied, as well he might be. After the ball the guests inspected the Minister's illuminations. St. Simon states that the Spaniards surpassed all other nations in this art, and the host's detailed description on this occasion proves an elaboration unknown in these degenerate days. The cost of the banquet amounted to two thousand doubloons. A later entertainment was marred by the news of the wreck of a ship which was to replenish the Duke's cellars, a loss which he keenly felt in a country where much wine was drunk, and not a drop that was good was to be bought.

Meanwhile the absorbing topic of conversation was the announcement of the Czar's engagement. Since his arrival at Moscow the Dolgoruki influence had become supreme and sole. Every morning after his toilet Peter was carried off by Prince Alexis to a country house, a league from Moscow. The professed object was to remove him from the fascinations of his aunt, but the real desire was to defer a return to St. Petersburg, to prevent the Czar from applying himself to government, to press upon him the re-introduction of the old system, and finally to marry him to one of the Prince's daughters. Alexis even availed himself of his own son's neglect of duty to undermine the favourite's influence with Peter. 'Some may think this strange,' the Duke writes, 'but it must be realized that in Russia there is no such thing as obligation to any one; each man seeks his own end, and to attain it will sacrifice father, mother, relations, and friends.'

Patriots regarded the monopoly of Prince Alexis with extreme disfavour. While the Czar amused himself the livelong day with childish games, the disorder of the Government was complete. The people of Moscow respected no authority, and vented its spite upon the foreigners. The deserted Princess Elisabeth consoled herself with gallantries, which had become a public scandal. The climax of the Czar's fate was felt to be approaching when the Princess Dolgoruki and her two daughters accompanied him to the hunt. On November 30, Peter formally announced his engagement, and on December 11 the betrothal was celebrated. The function took place in a hall of the Palace. The Czar's betrothed sat on the Epistle side of the altar in an arm-chair, with her relations behind her. On her left were the Princesses of the Blood on low stools; on her right the widowed Czarina in an arm-chair. On the Gospel side sat the Czar, with the Foreign Ministers

on

on his right, and the native magnates on his left. In front of the altar was a gorgeous *baldacchino* held up by six Field Marshals. Beneath this the Archbishop of Novogorod exchanged the rings of the affianced couple, according to the Greek rite. Every one kissed the hands of the Czar and the Princess, and all the artillery of Moscow burst into a *feu de joie*. Yet, notwithstanding the fireworks and the dancing, the festivities were dreary. The *fiancée* was tired, and her withdrawal stopped the ball. 'There was no supper,' plaintively adds the Diarist, 'though divers tables were provided with all that was necessary for those who wanted supper.'

It was of ill-omened significance that during the ceremony the ordinary guard of 150 men was increased to 1200, and that as the Czar entered the hall the Grenadiers, commanded by his favourite, surrounded the guests, and held the doors. Muskets were loaded; and if the function were disturbed, for which in Russian history there were several precedents, they had orders to fire. These arrangements were made by Alexis Dolgoruki without the knowledge of his uncle the Field Marshal, who frankly expressed surprise on the entrance of the Grenadiers. He had indeed strongly opposed the marriage, from which he foresaw the ruin of his house.

The Czar's betrothal was but the prelude to his death. Rarely has there been more rigid adherence to the established sequence of Court doctors' bulletins. 'The King is ill.' 'The King is better.' 'The King is dead.' On January 18 the Czar was feverish, and stayed indoors; three days later virulent small-pox declared itself; on the third day copious perspiration allayed the fever; by the 28th he was out of danger, and at 1.25 A.M., on the 30th, he was dead. Notwithstanding previous criticisms, Liria regarded Peter's loss as irreparable for Russia, for his excellent understanding, his ready power of comprehension, and his reticence gave promise of a glorious and happy reign. He had shown, so far, no very particular propensity to any form of vice, and drunkenness, so common in Russia, was not to his taste. He was good-looking, and extraordinarily tall for his age. He spoke Latin, French, and German fluently, and had received a fair educational grounding. Having begun to reign, however, at eleven years old, he had never looked at a book again, and the Russians in his *entourage* tried to give him a dislike for reading, that he might be as ignorant as his predecessors. As yet he had not sufficient strength of will to act for himself, and Prince Alexis Dolgoruki, his guardian, and Prince Ivan, his favourite, abusing his weakness, governed at their pleasure, and with such absolute authority, that nobody

felt the young monarch's death, in whom was closed the main line of the house of Romanoff after a rule of 118 years.

Peter's consent to his betrothal was extracted from him.* 'Many people thought,' writes Liria, 'that he would never have married; it is certain that he made very little of his betrothed, and I could bear witness that he would scarcely look at her. One very peculiar circumstance is that, from the day of the commencement of his engagement, he fell into such deep melancholy that nothing could cheer him, and he told his confidants that he should die before long, and that he had nothing to live for.'

An infinity of Slavonic pathos lies in that phrase, 'he had nothing to live for.' The Czar of all the Russias, with his fourteen years, his splendid physique, his rapid intelligence, his lack of resolution, and his premature amours, had exhausted life! The Duke of Liria rightly judged that Russia, with all its drink, was a melancholy land; a melancholy partly the result of the Slavonic temperament, partly of hereditary vice,—twin causes hard to disentangle. The death of the young Czar Peter recalls many a half-forgotten or recently read romance of Slavonic life and character, from 'La Cousine Bette' to 'Marie Baskirtseff.' The latter would have found a more interesting ideal for her ambition and a more sympathetic partner for her morbid melancholy in the young Czar Peter than in the florid Duke of her unwholesome dreams.

Before the Czar was dead, the Grand Council and the magnates discussed the question of succession. The claims of the Czar's betrothed were pressed by her family, but he had not the strength to sign a will in her favour. A majority offered the crown to the Czar's grandmother, who declined on the ground of age and gout. The Princess Elisabeth, and her

* Lefort fully confirms Liria's impressions. 'The Czar bites at the apple, but without showing good appetite.' 'If the betrothed couple are not more affectionate *tête-à-tête* than they appear in public, no very grand predictions can be formed of their happiness.' Even before the engagement, when at a game of *saute* it fell to the Czar's lot to kiss the Princess, he left the room and rode away. He would weary of hunting and go home alone, making presents of his hounds, and sending hunting, and those who drove him to it, to the devil, in no measured terms. In the three weeks succeeding the betrothal he only paid two visits to his fiancée, and his preference for his aunt was an open secret. But the Princess deserves little sympathy, for within three months of Peter's death Lefort writes, 'La chaste promise du défunt Czar est heureusement accouchée d'une fille, digne production d'un Chevalier Garde.'—April 17, 1790. According to Mme. Rondeau, the Princess was a victim to her father's ambition, for she was engaged and deeply attached to the Imperial Minister's brother. After the betrothal ceremony she sat passive, while the Czar held out her hand to receive the salutations of the guests. When her late lover approached, she tore her hand away, and, with signs of strong emotion, gave it to him to kiss. (Letter V.)

sister's

sister's son, the Prince of Holstein, were respectively proposed by two other parties, who found small support. The house of Galitzin, which had lost its influence, now once more lifted up its head. It had long cherished the idea of tying the hands of the monarch by an aristocratic constitution on the English model.* It was proposed to elect Anna, widowed Duchess of Courland and daughter of Czar Ivan, if she would accept capitulations. The Dolgoruki concurred in the proposal, which was carried by the majority of the Junto. Within four hours of the Czar's death, the Council, the Senate, the other Tribunals, and all Generals and Colonels in Moscow, were summoned to the Palace. The Chancellor being hoarse, Prince Dimitri Galitzin proposed the Princess Anna, whose name was received with repeated *vivas*. The Generals notified the election to the troops, and three deputies were sent to Mittau to obtain the Czarina's signature to the conditions of election. These capitulations formed a remarkable attempt to replace absolutism by an oligarchy intended to resemble that of the great Whig families. It was provided that the government should rest with a Grand Council of eight members. The Czarina could neither marry, nor nominate a successor, nor declare war, nor make peace, nor bestow any commission above the rank of Colonel. The royal domain, the Treasury, the command of the Guards and the army, were out of her control. The monarch could levy no new taxes, nor degrade nobles without just cause; the good of the people was the sole rule for conduct. To these astounding conditions Anna subscribed, adding the words, 'If I do not govern in accordance with the above articles, I declare myself to have forfeited the Crown.' The Council summoned a Convention of some eighty persons to consider the Czarina's acceptance. Prince Dimitri Galitzin, after reading the capitulations, invited free discussion, and, turning to General Jaguzhinski, asked him to take the articles in his hand, examine them, and state his conscientious conviction without roundabout phrases. Jaguzhinski was at a nonplus, whereupon Galitzin ordered him not to leave the room. The General turned white, and with good reason, for Field Marshal Dolgoruki entered with a sergeant-major of Guards, and carried him off to the Palace prison. After so promising a constitutional exordium, Galitzin told the nobles that any scheme for an improved constitution, if committed to writing, would be considered.

* Lefort believes that the aristocratic reaction which followed the death of Charles XII in Sweden, was the model for the Russian magnates.

Jaguzhinski's

Jaguzhinski's arrest caused much excitement. He was a personage in Moscow, owing to his resolution and capacity for intrigue. A devoted servant of the Czarina, he had written to advise her to stand firm, for he and his friends would sacrifice their lives to give her the same sovereignty which her predecessors had enjoyed. His envoy arrived five hours after the deputies, and his letter was intercepted. But the party of absolutism was not disarmed. Prince Cherkaski realized that time is against a revolution, and to gain time proposed a Constitutional reform levelled against the oligarchical ring of Dolgoruki and Galitzin. This provided for a supreme Tribunal of twenty-one persons, and of a Senate of eleven members for the more rapid despatch of business. The election to these and other important offices was left to the Estates-General; and to check the dominating influence of the great families, a provision familiar to students of the Venetian Constitution was introduced, that not more than one member of a family could be elected, and not more than two could vote. The function of legislation was attributed to the Supreme Tribunal, the Senate, the nobles, and the Commons. Measures were to be suggested for the entrance of the nobility into the army without a liability to more than twenty years' service, and the reaction against the recent system was seen in the provision that no noble should be compelled to serve in the navy, nor to learn any mechanical duties. The clergy and the merchants were relieved from the quartering of soldiers, and the peasants, as far as possible, from taxation. A project was drafted by General Matuskin on much the same lines, adding that the Czarina should be compelled to reside at Moscow; while a memorial by Prince Kurakin suggested that a distinction should be made between the old and the new nobility, as in other free countries. These projects were practically set aside by the determination of the Council that eight persons only should form the Government, and that these should belong exclusively to the two great houses of Dolgoruki and Galitzin.

Public opinion was much disturbed by this resolution, and was further excited by the appearance of an unusually brilliant meteor. All the old men and women regarded this phenomenon as a divine warning of some imminent disaster. The majority believed that the very fiery colour portended civil war, forgetting that nothing was more common in Russia than meteors, which were due to the coldness of the climate.

The meteor portended, if anything, the collapse of the Constitution. The new Czarina, to judge by the Duke of Liria's later sketch, was ill-calculated to be a cypher. 'She is tall,

fat,

fat, and swarthy, and, to tell the truth, has a very masculine face. She is amiable, friendly, and extraordinarily attentive. Her liberality amounts to prodigality; she has an excessive liking for display, and has placed her Court upon a footing which is unquestionably the most gorgeous in Europe. She likes to be obeyed and punctually informed of all that happens. Neither services, not yet offences, are forgotten, and she is extremely liable to nurse any dislike that she has once conceived. People say that she is somewhat susceptible, and I am inclined to believe it; but her operations are secret, and I can assert that she is a Princess of high quality, and worthy to reign many years. Anna, before entering Moscow, expressed to the officers of the Preobrazhenski Guards and the Horse Guards her intention of being Colonel of the one, and Captain of the other. The officers were beside themselves with joy, kissing her hand and bathing it with tears. The oligarchs had resolved to deprive the Czarina of the command, but her intrepid action reduced them to silence or applause. They had no courage to present to the troops the form of oath of fidelity to the Czarina and the Council, which they had drafted.* The Czarina entered Moscow on the 26th of February, and on the 8th of March she became absolute. The Council, fully aware of Cherkaski's views, had resolved to send him to Siberia; but he forestalled their action. Prepared by his wife, the Czarina gave a reception to the nobility. Cherkaski here read a memorial, stating that the capitulations inspired alarm. He therefore prayed that the schemes suggested should be examined, and that the proposal favoured by the majority should be presented for the Czarina's approval. Upon this, the Council requested her to retire for consultation. Her sister, the Princess of Mecklenburg, said that deliberation was unnecessary, and advised her to sign Cherkaski's memorial. This was greeted by a general murmur, and Anna, calling the captain on guard, ordered him to obey no orders but those of her uncle Soltikoff, his lieutenant-colonel; adding that she did not feel her person to be safe. She then took a pen and signed. The nobility withdrew, and in the evening besought the Czarina to accept the sovereignty as her predecessors held it, and to annul the capitulations. It was suggested that the Council and Senate should be replaced by a Senate of twenty-one members, and that the seats therein, as well as the provincial governments and the presidencies of the colleges, should be distributed, as of yore, among the nobles. It

* Lefort states that the Guards threatened to break Field-Marshal Dolgoruki's legs if he presented the oath.

was a blow levelled as well against the exotic bureaucracy as against the indigenous oligarchy.

Upon hearing the petition, the members of the Council became as graven images. The Czarina ordered the Chancellor to bring the capitulations, and tore them in pieces in the sight of all. This act was greeted with a general *viva*, and nobles and officers crowded to kiss her hand. Jaguzhinski was released, and received again his sword and Order of St. Andrew. Had the Council offered resistance, or had the Czarina left the hall, there would have been bloodshed, but the blood would have been that of the Councillors, for they were only five. The Chancellor favoured the lesser nobility, and Osterman had since Peter's death stayed in bed on pretence of illness, giving constant counsel to the Czarina through the medium of his wife.

Basil Dolgoruki was deprived of his office of Grand Chamberlain. He had brought the Czarina from Mittau almost as a prisoner, and had been the mainspring in the attempt to keep her as 'a slave in a golden cage.' Beyond this no immediate punishment was inflicted. Six members of the late Council were included in the new Government. But the fall of the house of Dolgoruki was not long deferred. Prince Alexis and his son had appropriated not only the diamonds of the ill-starred Menshikoff, but royal plate and jewels, and the best of the horses and dogs from the royal stables and kennels. Immediate restitution was demanded, though robberies from the Treasury were pardoned. Within three months their ill-fortune reached its climax. Alexis and his family were banished to Berosova, where Menshikoff had expiated his ambition. Basil was confined in a rock convent hanging over the Glacial Sea, which the climate and continuous fish diet, unbroken by bread or wine, made equivalent to a death sentence. The brothers of Alexis suffered lighter penalties, Alexander being condemned to serve as ship's lieutenant on the Caspian Sea. 'Thus,' concludes the Diarist, 'was completed the ruin of that branch of the house of Dolgoruki, and its fall seemed a just judgment of God for its ill-governance and its unmeasured pride and ambition.'

The last act of the Grand Council had been to order the despatch of the contingent promised to the Emperor. The Spanish Minister had vainly protested that this was neither obligatory nor prudent, he had extolled the power of Spain and her allies, and not without skill laid bare the weakness of the Imperial system. The Czarina's *coup d'état*, in which he fully sympathised, did not advance his interests. Anna, who fell completely

completely under the influence of the German party, was resolved to fulfil her treaty obligations. Liria's position became intolerable. Osterman conspired with Wratislaw and the Russian Ambassador to ruin his credit. He was represented as the close friend of Basil Dolgoruki, as the opponent of absolute monarchy, as the intimate correspondent of Maurice of Saxony. For some six months the Minister was boycotted by the Court. He showed a brave face, but he keenly felt his isolation. He was a man of warm affections, and the death of the Swiss Master of Ceremonies, Habichstal, deeply touched him, especially as he died in the errors of Calvinism. 'This,' he writes, 'was the greatest loss that I could experience, for this worthy friend was my sole consolation in that hell where they do not know what friendship is.' A little later died Count Soltikoff, the Czarina's uncle, whose death also went to his heart, for nothing was rarer in Russia than a virtuous man and a trustworthy friend, and Soltikoff had proved himself to be the latter when all others had turned their backs. It is gratifying to learn that the Duke regained his credit before leaving Russia. He convinced the Czarina that he had been on bad terms with Basil Dolgoruki; he had privately ridiculed the republican enthusiasm as absurd and mad; he had always informed his Court that the situation would end in absolutism, though, as it did not matter to his master whether the Czarina were absolute or not, he had not been fool enough to meddle in what did not concern him; his correspondence with Maurice related solely to Maurice's *billets doux*, which could not affect the Russian Monarchy, and which Osterman, notwithstanding repeated promises, delayed to deliver. The Czarina generously admitted her misconception; the Minister gallantly replied that his greatest consolation would be to pass many years at her feet, and that the order to leave Russia was the only mandate of his master which he obeyed with displeasure. This rejoinder was only diplomatically true. He had long been craving for his recall. This was now necessitated by the withdrawal of the Russian envoy from Spain. The order for departure reached Moscow in August 1730, but the Minister could not pay his debts; illuminations and banquets had brought him into too intimate relations with the Russian Jew. If the Marquis d'Argenson is to be trusted, Spanish ambassadors of this period were apt to pay with their foretopsail; but Liria was too proud for this. The English Consul facilitated an adjustment with reasonable creditors. But the Jew Liebman was unconscionable. In vain the Comte de Biron pledged his credit, offering a bill at six months. Rescue came from the Czarina. Hearing of the Jew's rascality

rascality in desiring payment, she asked the Minister to a farewell dinner, and insisted on advancing the full amount. Such was the financial finale of this brilliant embassy, which cost the Spanish Government 2,100,000 reals, in addition to 650,000 reals which its Minister was unable to recover.

The Duke finally left Moscow on November 30. On December 27 he entered Warsaw, crossing the floating ice of the Vistula, with only his bag, and in complete prostration. Travelling in Eastern Europe was not luxurious. For twenty-nine days he had not changed his clothes; the necessities of life could only be found in the Jews' houses, and they were such a rough and dirty people, and their houses were so offensive, that he could not enter them. From Warsaw the Duke passed to Vienna, where he aided in the negotiations for the Treaty of Vienna. Here he was happier than in Russia. Viennese cookery and Viennese ladies were thoroughly to his taste. He never returned to Spain; after a visit to his beloved Paris he served with Don Carlos in his Neapolitan campaign. His health had, however, been undermined by his residence in Russia, and he died of consumption at an early age on June 2, 1738.

ART. VIII.—1. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire whether any and what kind of new University or powers is or are required for the advancement of Higher Education in London, 1889.*

2. *Draft Charter of the Albert University, 1891.*

IN a former article* we endeavoured to trace the history of the existing University of London through the half-century which had witnessed its varying phases of experiment, of hope, of disappointment, and yet on the whole of steady growth and increasing public usefulness. It was seen that the Institution had begun with a programme and expectations which had not been entirely fulfilled; but that it had in the course of years been able, by availing itself of opportunities as they occurred, to render services to education not contemplated by its founders. Established before religious tests were abandoned by the older Universities, and before the railway system had made Oxford and Cambridge easily accessible, some of the special arguments on which its early friends had rested their case, had in time lost much of their force; it had, nevertheless, exercised a large and beneficent influence on the higher education of the whole country, and especially on those students who were from various circumstances unable to become resident students at the great seats of learning, and were yet engaged successfully in the prosecution of liberal studies.

But the large and œcumenical scope of the University's operations, the absence of any organic connexion between the governing body of the University and the authorities of the colleges in which students were taught, and the fact that its functions were practically limited to the setting forth of programmes of study, and to the task of examining students and conferring rewards upon them, led, as we have before shown, to a demand on the part of many influential persons for a Teaching University which should fulfil other purposes, and become a great centre of academic life and influence worthy of the Metropolis.

The desire to establish such an institution found expression in many ways, notably in the formation of an Association, which sketched out a large and comprehensive scheme for bringing all the great teaching agencies of London into harmony under a common government. Subsequently a petition was presented to the Crown by the two leading Colleges—University and King's—praying for a Charter of incorporation which should

* 'Quarterly Review,' January 1887.

grant them the power to confer degrees in addition to the powers already confided by former charters to their respective governing bodies. At the same time the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons united in another application to the Crown for a new Charter, empowering them to confer degrees in Medicine and in Surgery.

In conformity with the well-known usage in like cases, it was determined by the Government, before formally entertaining in Council the prayers of these petitioners, to refer the whole subject for preliminary enquiry to a Royal Commission. There are some obvious conveniences in this usage. It relieves the Government from the necessity of immediate action, and it gives to experts and persons possessed of special knowledge an opportunity for contributing facts and suggestions which could not properly be presented before a more formal tribunal. There is, it is true, a mass of loose and unmethodical opinion and conjecture brought into view on these occasions, which is technically, though not without a touch of sarcasm, designated 'evidence.' The witnesses are of course not on oath; their testimony is often given without verification and with a very feeble sense of responsibility; and the 'minutes of evidence' furnish matter, much of which is felt by the most patient reader to be bewildering and irrelevant. Yet there is often in the ponderous Blue-books,—*'would men observingly distil it out,'*—valuable material for forming judgments and for shaping future legislation.

Of the two very different methods of constituting Royal Commissions, the public have of late witnessed several characteristic examples. The Royal Commission of enquiry into the working of the Education Acts, under the presidency of Lord Cross, was formed avowedly on the principle of selecting representatives of all the various interests, parties, and opinions concerned with elementary education, and setting them to confer with each other. A Cardinal, an Anglican Bishop, a Methodist Clergyman, a representative of the Schoolmasters, another of the Secularists, and a third of the working men, members of the great Educational Societies, and two or three public men whose views on educational politics had been very distinctly pronounced, were placed round a table to listen to 'evidence,' and to advise and report on it. But among the numerous members of the Commission, there was no outside authority—lawyer, statesman, or school-manager—who was uncommitted to strong opinions on the matters in controversy, or was presumably free to form an impartial estimate of the various phenomena to be brought under review. The result may easily in such cases be foreseen.

foreseen. Either such compromises are made, that the Report, when it appears, is colourless and ineffective, or it is accompanied with a minority report not less weighty than that signed by the Chairman, and having a practical tendency to neutralize its force. Both of these results occurred at the end of the investigations of the Royal Commission on Elementary Education. The official Report was not very skilfully framed, and was on many important points sadly inconclusive. Such recommendations as it made referred to minor improvements and modifications of the existing system, which, judging from the recent history of the Education Department, would have been effected in the ordinary course by successive changes in the Code, if no Royal Commission had reported. And it is a notable fact that the only legislative measure concerning education which Parliament has sanctioned since the publication of that Report, happens to be in direct contravention of the opinion and advice of the Commission.

When the time came for the Government to nominate a Royal Commission for the purpose of investigating the University problem in London, it was determined to pursue an entirely different course. The Commission was composed exclusively of persons who had not been identified with any one of the interests or institutions concerned, and to whom the entire field of enquiry and discussion was a *tabula rasa*. Lord Selborne presided. Sir James Hannen, now Lord Hannen, assisted. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Glasgow were represented respectively by Mr. George Brodrick, Sir G. Stokes, Dr. Ball, and Sir William Thomson; and Mr. Welldon of Harrow brought to the Commission the special experience of an eminent Head Master from a Public School. But neither London, nor the medical profession, nor any person connected with the teaching or examining bodies of the Metropolis, was included in the Commission. For complete detachment from all the controversial questions and interests concerned, and for the absence of all previous bias, the Commission was perfect, and formed a marked contrast to the Education Commission, which had been filled with experts and partisans. But it must be owned that there were compensating disadvantages; for some of the Commissioners entertained a rather vague conception of the problem they were asked to solve; and some of the questions propounded by them betrayed curious ignorance of necessary preliminary facts. It is much to be regretted that at the outset the sudden and inexplicable withdrawal of the Warden of Merton from the Commission reduced its number from seven to six, and destroyed the balance

of special experience and knowledge which the Government had sought to secure. Mr. Brodrick was intended to represent Oxford, and he was probably the one member of the Commission most familiar with academic questions generally, and with the social and educational needs of London in particular. The Commission was therefore incompletely constituted from the first, and was deprived of the services of one member who would probably have exercised a material influence on its deliberations.

The witnesses examined were representatives from King's and University Colleges, from the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, from the University of London, from the Incorporated Law Society, from the Medical Schools of London, from the Society of Apothecaries, and from the Association for 'University Extension.' Communications were also received from the Birkbeck Institution, the Working Men's College, certain Ladies' Colleges, and the British Medical Association. None were received or invited from the provincial Colleges or from the Public and Endowed Schools, which at present send up so large a number of candidates to the examinations of the University of London. The terms of the Royal Commission, in fact, expressly precluded any extension of the field of enquiry to what may be called the imperial or cosmopolitan part of the University's present work. The Commissioners were enjoined to enquire and report 'Whether any, and' (if any) 'what kind of new University or powers is or are required for the advancement of higher Education in London;' and on the 29th of April, 1889, the Commissioners made their Report, of which we quote the concluding words:—

'We humbly recommend to your Majesty, that a reasonable time should be allowed to the Senate and Convocation of the University of London to consider whether they will apply to your Majesty for a new Charter, extending the functions and duties of their University to teaching; associating with it teaching colleges and institutions; remodelling the constitution of its Senate; establishing as electoral bodies the teachers of its constituent and associated colleges and institutions, as in the several faculties of Arts, Science, Laws, and Medicine; establishing boards of studies; and otherwise granting new powers to the University, in accordance with the suggestions contained in this our Report. In the event of their applying for, and obtaining, such a new Charter, we recommend that no other University be now established in London, and that the prayer of the petition of University College and King's College be not granted. We further recommend that the consideration of the course which your Majesty might be advised to take, in the contrary event, should be for the present reserved; and that, if that event should happen, and if your

Majesty should think fit to remit the subjects on which we have been appointed to make enquiry for our further consideration, we should be at liberty to make to your Majesty a further Report.'

This Report was signed by the whole of the six Commissioners, but with reservations on the part of the three academical members, Sir W. Thomson, Professor Stokes, and Mr. Welldon. These reservations were embodied in a Supplementary Report, as follows:—

'Considering that the London University has long since ceased to be in any sense a teaching University, and has become merely an examining board; that in this capacity it has established a high reputation, and is doing a useful work for the whole Empire; and considering the very large number of candidates who present themselves for the various examinations leading up to a degree, we doubt the possibility of effectually combining the functions of an examining, and of a teaching as well as examining, university in the University of London, and on this account we should have preferred the establishment of a new teaching University for London, leaving it to the London University to continue to discharge its present functions. At the same time we feel that there are objections which may be urged against the plan of having two distinct Universities in London discharging totally different functions, though we are not disposed to attribute so much importance to these objections as some of our colleagues. If it is assumed that there is to be but one University for London, we think that the change in the constitution of the London University recommended in the Report is as good as could be desired, and we acquiesce in the recommendation that an attempt should be made to unite the teaching and examining functions in a single University.'

In the body of the Report itself the Commissioners had expressed the opinion that the Charter asked for by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, empowering them, in effect, to become a University of one faculty only, and to confer degrees in Medicine and Surgery, ought *not* to be granted.

In these circumstances it became the duty of the Senate and Convocation of the University to open negotiations with the various educational bodies interested, and to consider seriously the possibility of such a modification in the existing constitution of the University as might on the one hand leave its present work and usefulness as an imperial institution unimpaired, and on the other meet any reasonable demands of the metropolitan colleges for incorporation, and for giving to their teachers a substantial share in determining the conditions under which students should be admitted to degrees.

The task was not easy. As Lord Justice Fry had well pointed

pointed out, there was 'the difficulty of submitting to one examination, and treating in one way, students coming from colleges represented in the Boards of studies, and students from county colleges or from private study; of uniting the principle of giving credit for study and work, with the principle of testing by examination alone.' This difficulty did not diminish as enquiry and conference proceeded. It appears that a Special Committee of the Senate was appointed *ad hoc*; and judging from such reports of its proceedings as have from time to time appeared, we conclude that this Committee held communications with almost all the corporate or other bodies, whose interests were concerned. The interests of the various metropolitan institutions were found, as may readily be conjectured, to be conflicting. The provincial Colleges, some of which send up year by year a larger number of successful candidates for graduation than is furnished by any London College, looked with great disfavour on any project which would give to their London rivals privileges from which they themselves were excluded. Last of all, the existing graduates of the University protested against the enactment of any measure which would have the effect of lowering the value or the public repute of the degrees they had obtained.

After prolonged interviews and communications, the Senate of the University issued early in last year the draft of proposals which would, it was hoped, reconcile these various interests, and prove to furnish a satisfactory working compromise. The scheme proposed, *inter alia*, (1) the complete reconstruction of the Senate in such a way as to give a large influence to constituent colleges; (2) the admission of King's and University Colleges as the first of such institutions, and provision for the recognition of others of University standing and rank in the Metropolis; (3) a limited representation on the Senate of members chosen by Provincial Colleges; and (4) the appointment of other members of the Senate by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and by the legal corporations. With respect to the general conduct of the business of the University, provision was made for separate Standing Committees in Arts and Science, the first to have cognizance of the work of the London Colleges, the second to be concerned with the Provincial Colleges, and the third with the unattached students. Besides these, there were to be Standing Committees for the department of Medicine and of Law respectively. Faculties of Arts, Laws, and Medicine were to be created, and composed mainly of the leading teachers of the several subjects in the London Colleges. Each of these Faculties was empowered to elect

members to the Boards of studies, which were to be strengthened by the admission of some present and past examiners, and some representatives of Convocation. To these Boards it was proposed to confide much of the power now exercised by the Senate in relation to the framing of *curricula* and to the appointment and oversight of examiners.

The scheme thus put forth as an *eirenicon*, and carefully framed to meet claims of opposite kinds, was obviously open to much criticism. It proposed to bring into existence a number of separate committees, faculties, and boards of studies, each conversant with one department of the University's work, and having jurisdiction not very clearly defined within its own limited area. It made to the teaching bodies concessions so large, that it practically gave them chief power in conferring distinctions on their own students. At the same time it gave to the representatives of London colleges large authority in relation to the future inclusion of other places of education in the privileged list, and indirectly considerable influence in determining the conditions under which other candidates than their own pupils might be admitted to the open or non-collegiate degrees. The whole complex organization was, however, to be under the control of the Senate as the supreme governing body; and it was not unreasonably hoped that bodies of men appointed by various learned corporations, and presumably having a common interest in the promotion of learning and science, would, when they came to work together, fall into their places, and adjust their respective shares of duty without friction, notwithstanding the patent complexity of the scheme.

All these considerations, however, were practically subordinated to one. By a Clause (21) of the existing Charter of the University, it is provided that Convocation, which consists of the general body of graduates, shall have, among other powers, that 'of accepting any new or supplemental Charter for the University, or the surrendering of the present or any new Charter.' It is difficult to understand why the framers of the existing constitution should have inserted in it such a provision. Convocation is a body consisting of many thousand persons, who are summoned to meet twice a year, and whose meetings are sometimes largely, but as a rule very sparsely attended. It is impossible that its members should have the sense of corporate unity and fellowship which is derived from academic association. One sees at Oxford and Cambridge a strong feeling of *camaraderie*, the result of former friendships and of affection for a common place of education. Across the Atlantic one is struck at Harvard with the annual meeting at 'Commencement,'

'Commencement,' as the classmates of successive years during the last half-century walk to the great hall in procession, the oldest and smallest group walking first, and each distinguished by its banner showing the date of college residence. No such associations and memories bind together the graduates of the London University. They are men who have been very variously educated, and who are engaged in very different pursuits, and their only bond of union is to be found in the fact that they have been examined by the same central authority. They have no voice in the actual management of the University, except in relation to the acceptance or rejection of a new Charter, and this serious and important duty is not one which they are specially fitted to discharge. It must be owned that the habit of passing airy resolutions, which have no legal validity, is not calculated to generate a sense of responsibility; and that public bodies called together to sanction a special resolution, on a subject which in many of its details is necessarily unfamiliar to them, can hardly be relied on to arrive always at satisfactory decisions. The meeting of last June was crowded; various objections to change were urged from opposite points of view; and the scheme which the Senate had so laboriously prepared was rejected by a decisive majority. Had an opposite conclusion been arrived at, it would probably have been found that the Draft Charter afforded at least the basis of a practicable compromise; and the need of establishing a second University would, as the Commissioners predicted, have been avoided. But the resolution of Convocation was, for the time at least, legally conclusive.

In the situation thus created, it would have been manifestly unsuitable for the governing body of the University to offer any opposition to the renewed application of King's and University Colleges to the Crown for power to confer their own degrees. The event anticipated by the Royal Commissioners had occurred, and it was very generally expected that, in accordance with the suggestion contained in the conclusion of their Report, the whole question would have been remitted to them for further enquiry and advice. That course, however, was not adopted. In fact, the Commission has never yet given a categorical reply to the question which was originally put to them; their only deliverance having been purely provisional and hypothetical. The Government determined to refer the petition of the two London Colleges to a special Committee of the Privy Council, consisting of the Lord President the Earl of Selborne, and Lords Monk-Bretton, Sandford, and Basing; and in July last their Lordships, after having heard counsel, determined

determined to advise the Crown to grant the prayer of the petition, with one or two modifications in detail. Of these, one restrained the new governing body from granting honorary degrees in Medicine, and another from using the word 'London' as any part of the title of the Albert or Metropolitan University, it being manifest that serious risk of future misunderstanding would be incurred, if the two examining bodies situated in the same city were permitted to award what would popularly be called 'London degrees.' Except on this second point, the authorities of the existing University abstained from all opposition, and nothing remained for them but to part company, in all good will, with the chief constituent colleges which had from the first been associated with it, and to hope that, under new conditions, those two institutions would enter on a new career of activity and public usefulness. The Draft Charter, after being approved by the Privy Council, now only awaits the inevitable discussion in Parliament, and the sanction of the Crown, before being carried into practical effect.

This retrospect of the tedious and halting steps by which the present stage in the history of the controversy has been reached may help our readers to form some estimate of the prospect which the future presents. The moment seems opportune for enquiring whether the scheme now proposed fulfils the purposes contemplated by those who desired to create a teaching University in London, and whether it is likely to prove a help or a hindrance to the true organization and advancement of the higher education in London.

One purpose it certainly fulfils. Framed by the authorities of King's and University Colleges, it increases the dignity and secures the interests of those two institutions, and invests their professors with a dominant share in the future management of a University. It is not a little curious to see these two institutions, established on radically different principles—one denouncing the other as godless, and that other protesting against sectarian exclusiveness—agreeing, after fifty years of rivalry, to obliterate the memory of past feuds, and to ally themselves as teaching bodies in close and fraternal union, in presence of a common difficulty. That difficulty is—to put it plainly—that both Colleges are languishing for lack of students. Their medical schools are fairly thriving; their laboratories and science lectures are well attended; the evening classes at King's College are doing considerable service. But the number of day students in the Departments of Arts or General Literature, who are pursuing a regular course of liberal education, is comparatively small, and shows no tendency to increase. It would

be

be ungracious to speculate on the probable reasons for this fact. The best friends of both institutions avow that some measure is needed to arrest the tendency to decline. They do not contend that, as seats of learning, as centres of intellectual influence in the metropolis, the Colleges have ever realized all the hopes of their founders. One remembers the crowded and eager audiences at the Sorbonne in Paris when a Marion or a Croiset gives his afternoon 'Conferences,' and one reflects with some humiliation that nothing of this kind is supplied in the largest city in the world, and that the two noble institutions which might have been expected to take a leading part in awakening a new appetite for learning and in stimulating the intellectual life of London, have at present fulfilled this task so imperfectly. It would not, however, be right to measure the usefulness of a place of learning solely, or even largely, by the notoriety of its professors, or the degree in which their writings or prelections are known to the outer world. Professorial oratory is not, after all, the first business of a seat of learning. Its more serious work is to be judged by the number of capable and highly instructed students whom it sends forth yearly to recruit the ranks of the higher professions and the public service; and, judging by any of the ordinary tests of success, the record of the two Colleges leaves much to be desired. The number of their students who matriculate and graduate at the University of London is small, and those from King's College, never very numerous, become yearly less and less. It is computed that less than one-tenth of the candidates who graduate yearly at the University, and a still smaller proportion of those who take Honours in the Faculty of Arts, proceed from the two London Colleges taken together. A goodly number of eminent mathematical students have in late years gone up from University College to Cambridge, and taken high places—some few even the highest—in the Mathematical Tripos; but as this distinction has been won after three years' residence in the older University, it is difficult to apportion the credit due to the respective teachers concerned. The supporters of the two Colleges make appeals to the public for subscriptions, for endowment, and for Government grants; but their real need is the need for more scholars, and, if this were supplied, such appeals would be well-nigh superfluous. It is now believed that the grant of degree-conferring powers will help to fill the class-rooms, and that the Colleges require nothing but this additional privilege to attract crowds of students and to ensure success. We would willingly share this expectation. But at present

present there is little to justify it. The demand for University powers in addition to those at present possessed by the Colleges, does not come from parents, from enthusiastic students, or from the general public. It is not, so far as we are aware, supported by the heads of the learned professions, by the scientific societies, or by public bodies such as the Corporation of London, which might be presumed to take an interest in the extension of higher learning in the Metropolis. Even the Association originally constituted to promote the formation of a Teaching University in London does not appear to have expressed its approval. The prayer for a Charter for the Albert University comes solely from the two Colleges, and is urged mainly in their interests.

One of the objections urged by some public writers to the granting of the proposed Charter deserves a passing notice. It is said that since King's College is and was designed to be an exclusively Church of England seminary, its Charter expressly requiring 'that the doctrines and duties of Christianity as the same are inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland shall be taught,' to grant another charter empowering it to confer degrees would be to give public recognition in a way unknown, in late years at least, to denominational teaching. It is urged that there is inconsistency between the distinctively theological character which King's College has always maintained, and Clause X. in the 'Albert' Draft, which affirms that 'It shall not be lawful for the University in any case, by any statute or otherwise, to adopt or impose on any person any test whatever of religious belief or profession.' We regard this objection as untenable. There is, in fact, no incongruity between a sectarian College and an unsectarian University, or any good reason why the one should not comprise the other as one of its component parts. Keble College at Oxford and Selwyn at Cambridge may retain their special theological characteristics; Mansfield and Manchester New might become incorporated with the University, and yet the body which examines for degrees may maintain a severe impartiality and be absolutely Catholic and unsectarian, giving its distinctions to all who are intellectually qualified without reference to the opinions on theological subjects which may be inculcated in their several places of education. In Upper Canada the fine buildings of the University of Toronto are surrounded by a cluster of separate colleges, one of which was founded by a French order, the Basilian Fathers, and is a Roman Catholic institution; another is the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School; and a third, Knox College, is a theological seminary in connexion

connexion with the Synod of the Presbyterian Church. Each of these colleges preserves its distinctive religious character, yet students from all of these attend the lectures on non-theological subjects given by the Professors in the University, and all such students are eligible on perfectly equal terms for the University degrees, which are given as the result of examination in secular subjects only. There may be good reason for objecting to the endowment by the State of the theological teaching of one particular section of the Christian Church, but there can be no good reason why the members of each such section should not be taught at their own expense in special seminaries, or why those seminaries should not be fully recognized by the State as organic parts of a University whose constitution and aims are broad and comprehensive enough to include them all, and whose one purpose is to encourage those liberal and humanizing studies which are equally valuable to them all. We cannot, if we would, obliterate the distinctions which separate Christian people from one another, nor can we wisely seek to discourage the efforts of earnest men to sustain and propagate the faith which is precious to them. But admitting that the State in a community such as ours cannot without unfairness show preference for one creed rather than another; yet it is a clear gain to the whole nation, if either in the lower or the higher departments of education, men of all creeds are brought to co-operate in efforts to advance learning. There may be objections to the endowment by the State of a denominational College, but no such objection applies to the bestowment of public subsidies on an unsectarian University.

From this point of view, it is somewhat remarkable that the circumstances attending the recent award of a Treasury Grant to certain provincial and other colleges have attracted so little public attention. By a Treasury Minute dated the 11th of July, 1889, the sum of 15,000*l.* was granted in varying amounts to eleven colleges. To Owens' College, Manchester, 1800*l.*; to King's and University Colleges, London, 1700*l.* each; to Liverpool University College, 1500*l.*; to Mason's College, Birmingham, the Yorkshire College of Science at Leeds, and the Nottingham University College, 1400*l.* each; to Bristol University College, the Durham College of Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Frith College, Sheffield, 1200*l.* each; and to Dundee University College, 500*l.* These subsidies are intended to be annual, but the amounts are subject to re-adjustment and revision at intervals of five years. The money could not be better bestowed. All the provincial colleges in the list have been established within the last few years by purely voluntary effort.

effort. They are the products of that local patriotism which in our great industrial centres so often induces the more prosperous citizens to make generous sacrifices for promoting the interests of learning and the honour of their native place. They are doing much not only to satisfy but to create the appetite for literary and scientific culture in the great towns. But at present the demand for the higher instruction, in any but the scientific departments, and those studies which have an immediate and obvious relation to industrial success, is hardly equal to the supply, and fees alone would not render the Colleges self-supporting. It is to be observed that all of them, with one exception, are absolutely unconnected with any religious body. King's College has claims on the ground of educational usefulness which are second to those of none in the list. It is, however, in the exceptional position of being the only distinctively Church institution, to which the Government subsidy has been awarded.

Although the design of the Albert University is generally supposed to have originated with the professors of the two London Colleges, the draft scheme cannot be said to fulfil all the expectations which were indulged in even by that limited class. The *gravamen* on which they have so long, and not unreasonably insisted, was that their students who desired to graduate were subject to examinations, the rules and conditions of which were framed by a foreign body, the University Senate, on which teachers as such were not necessarily represented. It was felt to be a grievance that the work and aims of the teachers were unduly restricted by the examination system, and that they were not free to carry into effect their own plans and to do what they deemed to be the best for the students. 'Examinations,' they urged, 'should follow the teaching and should not restrict or control it.' And the remedy which was advocated by some of the more eminent professors, notably by Professor Ray Lankester, was the establishment of a Professorial University like that of Edinburgh, or Leipsic, or Berlin, with a *senatus academicus*, which should at once control teaching and regulate examinations. This ideal can, of course, be realized only when the College and the University are one, and are under the same government. But a federal University, with which several colleges are associated, and in which all the students are subject to a common examination, is not, according to the views of such weighty representatives of the teaching profession as Messrs. Lankester, Karl Pearson, Carey Foster, and Croom Robertson, what the professors want. It would, they say, be the Victoria University or the original London University

over again. No conceivable degree examination, which was equally fair to all the students coming from a group of federated colleges, could 'follow the teaching' unless that teaching was itself first regulated and made uniform by some central authority. And this is precisely the condition to which the strongest objections are urged by teachers. A federal University, they say, cannot possibly be a teaching University in any true sense. If the governing body of a single college could be empowered to confer degrees on its own students, or if two colleges could be so welded together that they divided the academic work between them, and that the same authority appointed the professors in both, the 'association of University examination with University teaching and the direction of both by the same authorities'—the main objects set forth in the programme originally promulgated by the 'Teaching University Association'—would be accomplished. But they are not accomplished by the Charter of the Albert University, for under it the Colleges will preserve their autonomous character; there is no provision for interchange of students, for division of labour, for unity of plan in teaching, and the teachers, being appointed by the College only, will not even be University professors. Hence some of the best teachers are dissatisfied. They say in effect that 'what is about to be established is not a Teaching University after all. It is only another Examining Board. The only new powers conferred are examining powers. Teaching is left exactly where it was before, and is not aided or encouraged at all. Power is given in terms almost exactly like those of the original University of London, to affiliate new Colleges; and in just the proportion in which this power is exercised, it will become impossible for the examinations to correspond to the teaching of any one of us; and all the old objections to a Federal University applying the same system of examinations to students very variously trained will reappear.'

But in one way at least, the scheme is undoubtedly designed to prove acceptable to the college teachers and to protect their interests. The degrees to be granted by the new University are to be conferred on those persons only who shall 'have pursued a regular course of study in a college in the University.' This means that in order to be eligible for the degree examination, a student must first attend the lectures and classes of the regular teachers in one of the affiliated colleges. The arrangement is in force in the Scotch colleges, and is one obviously favourable to the interests of professors as a class. Whether it is equally desirable in the public interest or in the general interests of learning, is a question on which opinion is divided.

divided. It is to be a condition *sine quâ non* of graduation that the student shall pay his fees and perform the ceremony of personal attendance at the classes of certain professors. This he must do, whether the teaching in the professors' class is suited to his needs or not. And the operation of this rule is easily intelligible. Sir Andrew Clark says:—

'When I was in attendance at the University of Edinburgh, I had no personal knowledge whatever of my teachers. I purchased a ticket, I went into the lecture theatre, I heard the lecturers lecture once a week; I was then occasionally examined, and at the end of the session I went my way, having had no personal contact with the teachers whatever. . . . Here and there, there might be students who were acting as assistants, or who were in some way or another personally connected with the professors, with them; but the body of students had no close contact whatever.' (Evidence, p. 72.)

Similar testimony could easily be adduced from many other quarters. Attendance at regular courses of lectures may be, when duly supplemented by individual supervision, oral questioning and final examination, most effective as an instrument of intellectual training; but it may coexist with indolence and negligence, and become purely nominal and worthless. It is at best only one of the expedients by which the student life may be regulated, and is not in all cases the most appropriate or the most effective expedient.

Yet the promoters of the Albert University have rested some of their chief arguments on the hypothesis that genuine teaching must be that given by authorized professors in college classes, and that all other teaching is inferior and unsound. Professor Croom Robertson speaks with much contempt of the numbers of 'untaught students' who obtain the London degrees. By 'untaught' he means, of course, not taught in the orthodox manner. All private tuition, all study pursued under the direction of tutors in the smaller colleges and schools, or of scholarly parents, is regarded as irregular and well-nigh worthless, or at least as unfitted to receive recognition by a University. It is needless to say that this is not the view which prevails at Oxford or Cambridge, where all the effective teaching is the work of private tutors and 'coaches,' and not of professors. Nor is it, having regard to the multiplication of the means and institutions for imparting higher teaching, the increase of libraries, and the cheapening of the best books, necessarily the view which it behoves the public to adopt. At present the attendance of a student at a class in University and at King's College is voluntary. He has no motive for joining such a class and paying his fees except the belief that he will there obtain

obtain the best teaching. Under the new *régime* there will be offered to him another motive, viz. that he cannot get his degree without attending the classes. This is the principal and characteristic provision of the new Charter.

Much stress is laid by the promoters of this enterprise upon the importance of academic discipline and association. A University, it is averred, is not concerned merely to require that a certain amount of knowledge is attained; but it should secure that the knowledge is gained under right conditions. It should provide fellowship among students, personal intercourse between the undergraduate and eminent teachers, and continuity of study; it should be a community whose members are animated by a love of study, by high aims, by a spirit of mutual helpfulness, and by a common pride in the institution with which they are connected, and a desire to promote its interests. This is an admirable ideal. It is realized in part, no doubt, at the older residential Universities. The best part of what a student brings away with him from Oxford or Cambridge after a three years' residence is not his degree, but the memory of the influences and traditions by which he has been surrounded, the friendships he has formed, and the intellectual stimulus he has received from famous men, from erudite tutors and earnest students. But precious as all these influences are in their relation both to the moral and the mental life of the student, it is simply impossible to reproduce them in London. The social conditions, the distances by which the homes of students are separated, the fact that they are all day-students, are fatal to any real academic fellowship. The only substitute which the Albert University offers, or can offer for the many refining and ennobling influences which belong to a University with great traditions and venerable associations, is the obligation that all the students shall obtain their instruction in the same professorial classes. And this, as we have shown, must be a poor substitute at best. London has, however, some compensating advantages in its larger, fuller life, and in its greater variety of intellectual opportunities. A student has a wider choice of instructors. He might possibly find that the teaching of which he was most in need was provided not in one, but in two or even three different institutions; for example, that the best classical instruction obtainable was to be found in King's College, the best mathematical teaching at University College, and the best laboratory practice or scientific exposition at the School of Mines, at the Science and Art Department, or at the City and Guilds of London Institute. But this is precisely the advantage from which he would be debarred by the scheme now under consideration,

tion, for that scheme assumes that he will either receive the whole of his instruction at one college, or at least that no attendances will count as a qualification for a degree, unless they are made at colleges now or hereafter to be named in the Charter.

The probable influence of the new proposal on the interests of the medical profession, and on something still more important, the advance of medical science and the qualifications of its practitioners, deserves special consideration. It is well known that the London degree of M.D. has acquired a very high reputation. The conditions under which it is awarded require not merely evidence of regular instruction and attendance at a hospital, and considerable knowledge of professional subjects, but also a large amount of intellectual effort, and of general knowledge, not only in the special department of Medicine, but in the ordinary subjects of a liberal education. A professional diploma or a license to practise can easily be obtained from the various licensing bodies without showing any evidence of general scholastic training. But it has hitherto been understood that the distinction of M.D., which can only be conferred by a University, differed from an ordinary license to practise, mainly in this respect, that it connoted the possession of other knowledge than that required by the mere medical practitioner, and certified that he was also a liberally educated man. In the larger interests of the community, as well as in those of medical science, it seems important that this distinction should be maintained. In Arts, Law, and Divinity, the title of 'Doctor' has never been regarded as the right designation for the rank and file of graduates. It has been understood to represent either higher academic distinction, or some exceptional services to learning or to the State, which justified exceptional recognition. Men do not, merely because they are called to the Bar, expect to be dubbed Doctors of Law; or, because they have taken an Arts degree and have been ordained, demand to be entitled Doctors of Divinity. But in the medical profession, the title of Doctor has been popularly appropriated, and happens to have acquired a certain money value. It is the only profession in which the ordinary undistinguished practitioners aspire to possess and use the title, and think it a grievance if it is withheld. The teachers of the London Medical Schools find themselves therefore in a position of some difficulty. They have at hand the largest variety of clinical practice, and some of the best apparatus and teaching power in the world; but their students will not stay with them because the requirements of the London degree are too severe. They complain particularly of the Matriculation examination

examination because, though it requires only a certain elementary knowledge in the three departments of Language, Mathematics, and Experimental Science, such as any well-instructed boy at a good school acquires easily by the age of sixteen, it is too difficult for the ordinary medical student on entering his profession. They complain still more of the Preliminary Scientific examination, because its purpose is to insist on the student's acquaintance with the elements of physical science, and to enlarge his outlook into nature and the material world, before he begins to direct his special attention to the work of his profession. They urge that logic and mental philosophy which were once, and mental physiology which is still required for the degree of M.D., are too difficult, and are only remotely connected with the practice of the medical man. Accordingly it is found that only the stronger and more distinguished students prepare themselves for the London degree. Many ordinary students leave the London schools to go to Edinburgh, to St. Andrews, to Dublin, or to Brussels, where they may obtain on easier terms the coveted degree, which to many of them is, or seems to be, a professional necessity.

The true remedy for this evil, if it be one, would be to correct the mistake of conventional opinion on this point, and to make the public aware, that if they want only a well-qualified medical man of the average stamp, the license granted by any of the recognized Medical Corporations affords an ample guarantee of qualification without the University title of Doctor. Another way would be to induce the northern Universities to raise their standard and to make the M.D. degree the mark of real distinction. But since neither of these reforms is 'within the sphere of practical politics,' and since the claim of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons to give the title of Doctor to their licentiates has been decisively rejected, there remains the expedient of persuading the London University to lower its standard and grant the M.D. degree on terms which will make it easily accessible to every one who has received a good professional education. It has been suggested that the holders of the present degree should be regarded as having passed in Honours, and that a lower kind of qualification might be devised as a Pass M.D. degree. Hitherto the Senate has declined to assent to this proposal, and it is not unreasonable that those who desire to effect the change should turn to the promoters of the new Albert University, and learn whether that institution will serve their purpose. We can best forecast the response which the Albert University will make to this appeal by quoting from

two

two recent utterances by leading authorities on the point,—Sir George Young, who has been from the first one of the ablest and most influential advocates of the new project, and Mr. J. E. Erichsen, the President of University College.

In an address delivered by Sir George Young to the students of Westminster Hospital on October 1, 1891, the speaker said—

‘The new University will be neither a department of the Government nor a private body. It will be a professional body, which will be governed and administered by teachers. It will be a corporation of the principal teachers in the highest education of London. . . . We shall, I hope, have the bulk of the students in the principal schools recognized as undergraduates in the University, and we shall have an open door. . . . It will not be necessary that all students, especially those more or less advanced in their career, should begin thus late to enter upon the various stages and steps which intervene in the older Universities between the student and a medical degree. It will not be necessary for old students to begin with the matriculation, and so on through a long series of examinations, and to the coveted degree. The University will consist of the various schools, and those students whom the schools may send up and certify as having been well and thoroughly trained. So far as I have any knowledge of those who have any influence in the conduct of the new institution, these are the lines on which they are likely to run, and I hope many of those here present will be among the early graduates of the new University. There are many details to be worked out, *e.g.*: Shall we have a degree of M.B., or shall we content ourselves with the Doctorate? Our students will be compelled to obtain a qualification from one of the licensing bodies. It may be considered that the fact of having obtained a license from such a body as shall appear to the Council of sufficient repute, ought to entitle the holder of the license to proceed to the M.D. degree *per saltum*.’

Mr. Erichsen is not less explicit in the terms in which he reassures medical students, and promises that by associating themselves with the Albert University, they may obtain an easy medical degree. In a published letter (Oct. 17, 1891) to the ‘British Medical Journal,’ he says—

‘London diplomates are unduly exercised as to their position in respect to the Albert University. Their anxieties may be natural, but their fears are groundless. Clause 3 of the Charter provides that the University shall have power to confer degrees upon all persons who shall have pursued a regular course of study in a College of the University, and shall submit themselves for examination. . . . There is no limitation as to the date at which the “regular course of study” shall have been taken. A London diplomate who completed his

studies

studies in 1862 in a College of the University—that is, in a Metropolitan school of medicine—will be equally admissible to examination for the degree of the Albert University as a man who enters on his studies in 1892. The Charter, therefore, presents no obstacle to the London diplomate obtaining his degree at the Albert University. . . . The examination for the M.D. degree of the Albert University will doubtless be of a purely practical and clinical character, such as should present no serious difficulties to a London diplomate. As the candidate for the M.D. degree of the Albert University must hold a registrable qualification, it may fairly be assumed that he has already been examined in the more elementary subjects of medical education, and further examination in these subjects might, in some cases at least, be dispensed with, as, for instance, in that of the holder of the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. diplomas, such qualifications being considered equivalent to an M.B. degree; the holder of them, as Sir George Young pointed out in his admirable address at the Westminster Hospital, might at once be allowed to proceed to the examination for the M.D. degree.'

There is no room for mistake as to the significance of the promises thus held out. Two of the leading promoters of the new scheme, who are likely to have an important influence in shaping the policy of the Albert University, plainly tell the medical practitioners of London that the new Charter will operate retrospectively, and that any former student of one of the London Medical Schools who shall have obtained a license to practise, may, in virtue of having done so, call himself an undergraduate of the new University, and be admitted to the M.D. degree after one examination, not, it is plain, of a very exacting character. Now this policy may bring numbers and fees to the authorities of the new institution, and it will give to the rank and file of medical practitioners in London the distinction they seek, without requiring from them any additional study or experience. But it will do nothing, and it professes to do nothing, for the improvement of medical education. So far from fulfilling the functions of a teaching institution, the Albert University, according to the description given of it by its own supporters, is to undertake the business of conferring cheap titles on persons whose period of studentship is already passed, and of whose qualifications the authorities of the University will know little, except what has been certified by other bodies. In this way the ancient and honourable title of Doctor will lose all its significance. It will cease to represent the possession of a liberal education generally, and will convey no more meaning than an ordinary professional license. There are precedents, no doubt, for this course. In the United States of America there are, besides

pharmaceutical, dental, and homœopathic schools, no less than 88 schools and colleges of medicine, each of which is empowered by charter to confer a degree. They are not connected with any University or central authority. The instruction given in them is almost exclusively clinical and professional. The ideal now so much in favour, of an institution in which the teaching body and the examining body are co-extensive, is admirably fulfilled in each of them. It appears from the last published report that 3147 students completed their course of studies, or, in American phrase, 'graduated,' during the year, of whom 3145 received a degree. In the States, as is well known, almost every medical practitioner is, as a matter of course, a Doctor of Medicine. This is an arrangement of which many medical students in England would willingly avail themselves, if it were imitated here. The Albert University will, it appears, go far to meet their wishes. But it still remains open to serious doubt whether the interests of medical science, and the best interests of the public, will be advanced or retarded in the process.

The citations we have made from the authoritative interpreters of the new Draft Charter have an ominous bearing on the policy likely to be pursued in relation to branches of learning other than those connected with the Faculty of Medicine. What, for example, is to prevent the authorities of University and King's Colleges, when armed with the new powers they now claim, from recalling all those of their former students who have never passed a University examination, and admitting them also *per saltum* to the degree of M.A. on the ground that they once attended a two years' course of collegiate lectures? The effect of such a policy on the highest interests of education, and on the meaning and current value of an academical degree, would be disastrous. But its effect in swelling the numbers and the apparent prosperity of the new University would be immediately favourable. And unfortunately the governing body of the University will have a strong temptation to cheapen its degrees. The number of competing Universities is likely to increase. The Victoria and Durham Universities are already in active work in the north of England. If a precedent is now established in London, it will be difficult for any Government to resist the claims which will be urged for a Midland University, of which Mason's College, Birmingham, will be the chief constituent, and with which the Nottingham University College and Firth College, Sheffield, will probably be associated; for a Welsh University, which may include all the newly-founded Colleges in the Principality; and probably

for a Western University with Bristol as its centre. All these will be federal Universities; not one will be a teaching University in the sense in which the phrase is understood in Scotland or Germany, and all will be competing for pupils. We are far from denying that in this way much valuable educational effort will be encouraged; but it is impossible to doubt that the danger of the 'Dutch Auction,' which was so graphically described by more than one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission, is a very real danger, and that, while the multiplication of Colleges is a clear gain to the intellectual life of the whole nation, the multiplication of degree-conferring bodies may prove to be a grave mistake. It is notorious that in the early years of the London University, when certificates of two years' attendance at an affiliated College were insisted on as necessary qualifications before a student was permitted to present himself for a degree, this condition was so leniently interpreted and so carelessly enforced by competing Colleges that it soon ceased to have any meaning at all. There is nothing in the Draft Charter now before us to furnish any security against the recurrence of similar experience in the time to come.

There is one profession whose more thoughtful and ambitious members are year by year looking hopefully to the Universities for help and guidance. It is the profession of schoolmaster. It is well known that the Education Department has of late made special regulations with a view to encourage persons who have received a liberal education to enter on the work of elementary teaching. Provision has been made for accepting the result of University Examinations as a substitute for the general or non-professional part of the Government Examinations for Certificates. The head masterships in the larger Elementary Schools are posts of considerable influence and importance and often of considerable emolument. In Scotland such posts are generally held by University graduates. In England a yearly increasing number of the best students matriculate in the London University either before entering the Training College, or in the first year of residence, and afterwards proceed to the degree of B.A. The teaching staff at the best of these Colleges—those, for example, at Chelsea, at Battersea, at Spring Grove, and at Westminster—is fully competent to give all the instruction needed for an Arts Degree; and as these are residential institutions, they necessarily provide a stricter collegiate discipline than is attainable in any college attended by day students only. Moreover, normal departments are now attached to most of the provincial University Colleges, and in these the intending teacher receives his special professional training

under a Master of Method or Professor of the Art of Teaching, and his general instruction in common with the other students of the College. These measures are of no inconsiderable importance to the public, since they promise to raise the standard of qualification and usefulness in the whole class of elementary teachers by enabling some of them to obtain a wider, sounder, and more generous education than that which has hitherto been held sufficient for the needs of a primary teacher. In these and the like efforts to encourage right ambition on the part of the future schoolmasters, the co-operation of the Universities is indispensable. And it might reasonably be supposed that a new University, untrammelled by traditions, and free to adapt itself in the best way to meet the higher educational needs of the Metropolis, would *inter alia* make special provision for including within its purview the best means for giving professional training to teachers. This might be in part effected by including among the affiliated institutions two or three of the best of the Normal Colleges and encouraging their students to graduate at the Albert University. But so far as appears on the face of the scheme, no provision is contemplated for including such institutions within the scope of the new University. The authorities of King's College have already availed themselves of the new regulations of the Education Department, and have added a Normal Class expressly designed for those of their students who wish to become recognized as teachers. If University College adopts the same course, both institutions will be taking a most honourable and useful part in the work of supplying liberal and scholarly training to the teachers in our popular schools. But there will still remain this anomaly, that while the students in these Normal Departments will, as a matter of course, become eligible for the Albert Degrees, other metropolitan students, receiving exactly the same kind of training, under conditions affording much better provision for academic life and discipline, will be excluded. This single fact serves to illustrate the narrowness of view which characterizes the new Charter; and its utter inadequacy when considered as an attempt to organize, on a scale corresponding to its importance, the higher and professional education of the Metropolis.

In any survey of the means and instruments for the encouragement of advanced instruction in London it is impossible to overlook the operations of what is generally called 'University Extension.' The scheme, which was started in Cambridge in 1876, and largely influenced by the enthusiasm of Professor Stuart, Dr. R. D. Roberts, and the present Bishop of Durham,

was mainly designed to furnish continuous courses of local lectures given by members of the University specially chosen for the purpose. The experiment has met with marked success. It appears from the published reports, that in the session of 1889-90, 148 courses of lectures were delivered in connexion with Oxford, 125 in connexion with Cambridge, 107 in connexion with London, while the Victoria University added seven courses in the north. This gives a total of 387 courses. The average number of lectures in a course is ten. The number of entries at the courses amounted to 41,097. In London and its environs no less than fifty such courses of lectures were delivered in the Lent Term of 1891. The subjects were miscellaneous, including Greek History and Literature, Chemistry and Electricity, the French Revolution, Political Economy, the Purgatorio of Dante, the Age of Byron, Italian Art, Astronomy, Physiography, English Architecture, the Drama, and Great American Writers. The number of attendants at the lectures amounted to 5897. The lecturers are for the most part young University men who have taken Honours in the Schools or in a Tripos, but are hardly of the academic standing and experience of the resident Fellows and Tutors in the Colleges of their Universities. The audiences are composed in the daytime chiefly of young ladies who desire to supplement their school education, and in the evening of artisans and young people engaged in business.

There can be little doubt that this movement has proved to be wise and beneficent, and that it represents a great advance on the miscellaneous and somewhat pretentious popular lectures which, under the inspiration of Brougham and the Useful Knowledge Society, Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Institutions began to provide for the public fifty or sixty years ago. The Extension Lectures have been eagerly welcomed not only in the great hives of industry, among miners and factory workers, but also in many small country towns, where the ordinary course of tranquil pursuits and domestic duties has been usefully disturbed, and people have been awakened to the consciousness of a new set of intellectual interests. Dr. Roberts tells, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, of a working carpenter who said, 'It is six years since I first sat in this hall at the first course of University Extension Lectures, and I have attended all the courses since. I cannot tell how much I owe to them. They have worked a revolution in my life. I am able to take broader views of questions, and my interests are widened. My life is altogether brighter and happier.' This carpenter was a good representative of hundreds of

of serious-minded people, engaged throughout the day in laborious employment, whose intellectual horizon has been enlarged by these lectures, and who feel grateful to the Universities for undertaking this new missionary enterprise.

The promoters of this enterprise are very reasonably elated with their success; they describe their new organization as a peripatetic 'University for the people,' and they show much anxiety to secure for its operations the advantages of system and permanence. In London, where the social conditions are exceptionally difficult to deal with, and where it is often far from easy to make the scheme self-supporting or to obtain subscriptions, the Committee of the Association warmly welcomed the proposal to establish a Teaching University, and expressed a strong desire to become incorporated with it. Lord Ripon, speaking on their behalf before the Commission, said, 'Nothing would give us greater satisfaction than to hand over the whole of our work to a Teaching University for London, if it would be good enough to undertake it.' These overtures were not very cordially received by the promoters of the proposed Albert University. Dr. Wace, in his evidence (p. 199 of the Report of the Commission), complained with some justice that the evening classes at King's College had been unnoticed by the London Association for the extension of University teaching, and showed clearly that the reason, why the authorities of the two great London Colleges had taken so small a part in encouraging this movement, was a feeling that the Association was poaching on the legitimate preserves of the London professors.

'Had University and King's College,' he said, 'formed part of a recognized Teaching University, there could have been no need whatever to bring young men from Oxford and Cambridge to do what the professors of University and King's College could do.' . . . 'What we desire, and have hitherto desired in vain, is that King's College and University College should be used as they might be used, and as they never have been used, for doing this important and useful work; and if the Commissioners will, as it were, give us a University Commission, then we can do it; but until that is done, any young lecturer who comes up to London, and can call himself a University lecturer, may carry more nominal authority, in many quarters where this instruction is offered, than the most experienced professor of King's College.'

The Draft Charter, however, which is now propounded contains no practical provision either for undertaking the work of 'University Extension,' or for recognizing the students who attend its classes, as qualified to present themselves at an examination

examination for degrees. Lord Ripon and Dr. Roberts urge that attendance at their classes, if duly supplemented by the passing of the lecturer's examinations, shall be accepted by the University as complying with the conditions of college student-ship. But such a concession is expressly excluded by the terms of the Draft Charter, giving the University the power to confer degrees on such persons as shall 'have pursued a regular course of study in a college in the University;' and in another clause describing a College as 'possessing a sufficient staff, buildings, and appliances, with adequate arrangements for teaching and study in a Faculty or faculties.' This language cannot be held to include the lecture rooms and town halls hired from time to time by the 'Extension' Association, for separate courses. And it is difficult to see how the promoters of the Albert University could have done otherwise consistently with the principle to which they have from the first attached primary importance—that a University degree should be a public recognition, not of the possession of knowledge only, but of the attainment of that knowledge under certain specific conditions, among which discipline, continuity, academic fellowship, and the direction of the entire course of study by the responsible authorities of a college are the most important. Bishop Westcott expressed in his evidence a strong wish that the constitution of the new University should be wide enough to admit the Extension students; and 'to satisfy what I imagine is the essence of a University—first, that it should organize teaching, next that it should stimulate students; and lastly, that it should test and reward acquisition.' It does not seem to have occurred to the Bishop that the second and third of these requirements, and in great measure the first, are already fulfilled by the existing University of London; but that they are not, and cannot possibly be, fulfilled by a University whose *raison d'être* is the recognition of studies carried on under special teachers, and in a limited number of institutions.

The name 'University Extension' is unfortunately chosen, and is calculated to mislead. It represents, indeed, a very honourable and useful effort to extend the influence of the Universities, and to occupy a region with which hitherto they have had no concern. But it is only by straining the meaning of terms that these popular lectures can be designated 'University Teaching.' It will be seen from the list of subjects we have enumerated, that though well calculated to set people reading and thinking, and to aid generally in the work of self-improvement, there is very little resemblance between a succession of such lectures and a serious course of academic study.

study. We scarcely find in the Report of the London lectures, for instance, any mention of classes for the continuous study, from one term to another, of language, of mathematics, or of physical science. It appears that scarcely one-tenth of the students present themselves at the end of the courses for examination, and that far less than that number obtain certificates. We do not disparage the work done by the Association, but we are convinced that, in this early and experimental stage of its history, its promoters make a grave mistake in claiming that their work shall be recognized as 'teaching of a University character' in any sense in which the phrase is understood at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere. Association with the proposed Albert University would only subject them to necessary restrictions, and hinder the full and free development of their useful enterprise. They are carrying on an educational propaganda of high value, and of still higher promise. Occasionally some of their best students will work with sufficient persistence to qualify themselves for the open London degree, which is well fitted to meet the wants and stimulate the ambition of learners who cannot receive regular College training. But for the ordinary attendants at their lectures, the work to be done is of another kind. Greater pains should be taken to secure continuity in the courses, and to make them attractive as well as sound and scholarly. No lecturers should be chosen who are not clear and articulate speakers, or who are deficient in the power of presenting knowledge in an effective way. The proverbial 'dull young man in a gown,' who keeps his eye fixed on his manuscript, and reads without expression or emotion, has marred the fortunes of many an otherwise promising 'centre,' and ought to be dismissed from the service forthwith. What Addison calls a 'handsome elocution' may seem to some of the lecturers an insignificant detail, but the endeavour after it is one of the essential conditions of success. The remarkable proposal of Dr. Roberts that the students who attend the lectures should be treated exceptionally, and allowed to take the degree examination by instalments extending over five or six years, would probably be held by the authorities both of the older and the newer Universities to be inadmissible and totally inconsistent with the intention and significance of a University degree.

For the thorough and satisfactory organization of the higher teaching in London, many things are needed, which are not provided, and are hardly even contemplated, by any of the schemes which have yet been formulated and made public. There

There is need of a better supply of highly qualified and attractive teachers, and a better economy of teaching power and division of labour between them. Precautions need to be taken against the award of any distinctions or honours, except as attestations of real merit and scholarship. More encouragement is needed for the serious pursuit of science and of letters, and especially in those departments of learning which have no immediate or visible relation to 'getting on' in life. Especially is it desirable that there should be accessible in London what are called in America 'post-graduate' courses, lectures, conferences, and assemblages of advanced students concerned solely with research, with the investigation of truth, and with the enlargement of the boundaries of knowledge, and neither having nor professing to have any concern with examinations. A great public measure which promised to attain these ends would be a precious boon to London. But at present no such measure is in sight; and the problem of establishing a 'Teaching University in and for London,' and commensurate with its needs, remains unsolved.

Meanwhile, the body which is legally designated the University of London, though it is not and never was a local institution, has its own work to do. The business of examining, though not the highest business of a University, is one of its very important functions, and it is essential to the welfare of the community that it shall be done impartially and well. It is easy to decry examinations, but they are, as Mr. Thiselton Dyer well said,*

'needed as much in the after-stages of a learner's course at the University as for the work of school boys, to check the tendency to desultoriness, to secure that the rudiments, the least attractive portions of every subject, the portions which every student is tempted to skip, shall be soundly taught. Does any one,' he adds, 'in looking back on his own life, not feel thankful for having been forced to study some things which, but for the stimulus of examination, he would never have studied at all? It is idle to discuss this subject as if the alternative were sound as contrasted with unsound learning; knowledge acquired for its own sake and the love of it, as contrasted with knowledge painfully got up for the purpose of examination. The real alternative in the large majority of instances, is between knowledge methodically and laboriously acquired with a view to the passing of an examination, and knowledge superficially acquired, or not learnt at all.'

Having regard, therefore, to the number and variety of perfectly legitimate means by which in our own day sound and

* In a letter in 'Nature,' May 21.

accurate knowledge may be obtained, there is ample room for one imperial institution whose main office it is to apply the best tests which skilled examiners can devise, and to reward all who pass the ordeal with credit, irrespectively of the particular method by which their education has been conducted. Examining is, however, not the only duty which the present University has to discharge. By its programmes and syllabuses of study it exercises a large influence in suggesting to teachers the order and the range of academic study; by the options that it offers in the departments of Language and of Science, it encourages teachers and professors to adapt their courses to the special requirements of various classes of students; and by its plan of graduated examinations successively required of students aspiring to a degree, it takes guarantees for continuous application. In its medical faculty degrees are not obtainable on examination alone, since no one can become a candidate, even for the degree of M.B., who has not been engaged in his professional studies, including clinical practice, during four years in one or more of the medical colleges recognised in the University. The degrees in Science are not awarded on the results of paper work alone, but require the student to submit, in a laboratory or otherwise, to practical and experimental tests. For the higher degrees in Science and Medicine, a thesis or some evidence of original thought or experience is required.

We believe that in discharging these duties, the Senate would do well to associate with itself boards of studies or consultative bodies, mainly composed of the more eminent of the teachers whose pupils are accustomed to come up to its examinations. The principle that the examinations should be impartial is entirely right; but if it be pushed in practice so far that the examining body is wholly out of relation to the teaching bodies, it may work unsatisfactorily. It is indispensable, if a central body is to perform the work of examining in the most effective way, that it should have the confidence of the best teachers in the country, should know their views, and should keep itself abreast of the latest improvements in modern education. It is not the special interest of this or that college that such a body is chiefly concerned with, but the larger interests of learning and science; and it will understand these better, if it reviews from time to time the list of institutions from which the choicest students proceed, if it invites the representatives of those institutions to form a consulting council, gives to the members of this council a definite status, and has frequent recourse to their advice. For the rest, we think the University will do well to keep herself free from entangling alliances; to preserve an attitude of strict impartiality;

partiality; to make her system of test as perfect as possible, and above all to maintain firmly the high standard of proficiency which she has hitherto exacted. There can be no rivalry or jealousy between such an institution and any local college, or group of colleges. All are concerned in one way or another in the duty of encouraging sound learning, and inspiring the nation with a higher sense of its value; and all ought to co-operate harmoniously in the pursuit of these ends.

In recent public discussions on this subject much has been said, with justice, about the need of some co-ordination and system in the arrangements for the higher teaching in London. The materials for a great Metropolitan University, it is urged, exist; but they are isolated and unrelated, they work independently, in ignorance of each other's doings, and not unfrequently as rivals and competitors rather than as helpers in the performance of a common public duty. There are the Inns of Court, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Gresham College, the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, the Science and Art Department, the Training Colleges for Teachers, the Medical Schools, the Colleges for Women, the classes at the Birkbeck and other like Institutions, the School of Mines, and, besides King's and University Colleges, there are New College and several institutions of repute for the special purpose of training Nonconformist ministers. It is urged that all these might with advantage be co-ordinated and brought into harmony under one name and under a common government. If we desire to see what a symmetrical academic system is like, we need go no further than to our nearest continental neighbour. In France there is a Minister of Public Instruction who is *ex officio* Grand Master of the University of France and Rector of the Academy of Paris. Under him and duly affiliated to the University are all the provincial Academies, the Rector of each being nominated by the State. With these Academies are associated the *Lycées* and Colleges which are charged with the duty of providing intermediate instruction. The local inspectors of these institutions, as well as of elementary schools, are appointed by the Rectors of the provincial Academies, while the superintending inspectors are appointed by the State. Thus there is a completely organized educational hierarchy concerned with public instruction in its three departments—*primaire*, *secondaire*, and *supérieur*, and all deriving their authority from the central government. Colleges and other institutions which had long enjoyed an independent existence—as schools of law, or medicine, or theology—have been absorbed into the system, and become recognized, each

each in its due place and order, as integral parts of the University of France. Even the Sorbonne—which during centuries held its own independent authority, and by means of its courage in disputation and its intellectual force became in turn a terror to Popes, to Kings, to Jesuits, and to philosophers—has been forced by circumstances and by modern legislation to succumb to the unifying and systematizing process begun at the Revolution, and carried into fuller effect by Napoleon.

It may well be doubted whether a highly-developed organism of this kind is suited to the soil of England, or to the genius and history of her people. There are undoubted advantages—some real, some only apparent, some more apparent than real—in co-ordination of effort, in economy of teaching resources, in unity and symmetry of design. But there are also advantages in freedom and variety, in the application of fresh thought and enthusiasm to the solution of great public problems, in private and local initiative, and in that sense of individual and corporate responsibility, which is best developed in voluntary and quasi-voluntary institutions, not hampered or controlled by governmental authority. If the philosophic observer is scandalized by the chaotic condition of academic and higher education in London, we may reasonably ask him what sort of comity he would like to establish between the various agencies which now exist, and what advantages he hopes to gain from a measure which would bring them into nearer union. Would the legal profession, for example, be better organized if the duties of the Inns of Court or the Incorporated Law Society were performed under the supervision of a central body empowered to call itself a University? And, if such supervision or control were only nominal, what useful purpose would be served by the retention of a legal fiction, which purported to recognize them as parts of one academic body? The medical schools of London differ much in character. A great scheme of federation, which obliged these bodies to unite their forces and to divide between them the work of medical education, would undoubtedly render signal service to medical science and to the public. But a merely titular aggregation of medical schools, of which each continued to pursue its own independent course, and declined to risk the loss of pupils or of fees, would, it is manifest, have no value whatever. The truth is that institutions cannot at the same time enjoy the advantages of association and those of independence. Where there is federation there must be compromise, mutual concession and helpfulness, a willingness to give and to take, and a common subordination to some recognized central authority. But no

one of the institutions we have enumerated as possible constituents of a federal University has, so far as yet appears, even provisionally consented to make concessions to any centralized corporation whatever.

But whether the fusion into one organic whole is desirable or not, it is certain that the scheme of the Albert University fails to provide for it. From every point of view the Draft Charter appears to us to be crude and inadequate. It gives additional privileges to two useful and important teaching institutions in London, but it does not add to their resources or their teaching power, give them a wider scope, or increase their means of usefulness. It does not give to the teachers what they have declared to be indispensable, an examination which shall be adapted to their own several methods and courses of instruction. It does nothing, and hardly professes to do anything, for the improvement of medical education. It permits the female students of University College, and presumably those of the classes at Kensington, to count their attendance at lectures as qualifications for a degree, but it excludes from its purview women in other Colleges, who are receiving regular instruction of exactly the same kind. It seeks to offer to the young London student who is living with his parents some equivalent for the academic fellowship and discipline of the older Universities, but its only expedient for effecting this object is to insist on his receiving his whole instruction in the class-rooms of certain privileged professors. Finally, the scheme fails altogether to fulfil either the original design of the Teaching University Association, or the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners.

The promoters of the scheme, however, express the hope that, notwithstanding its incompleteness and the narrowness of the area over which it will operate, the Albert University may hereafter become a great institution, and that round it will gradually cluster and arrange themselves all the best instruments and influences which are concerned with the highest education in London. We should rejoice if we could share this hope. But neither the constitution prescribed by the new Draft Charter, nor the history of the negotiations which have preceded its publication, is calculated to inspire much confidence. One thing, however, is certain, that if the expectations of its promoters are not fulfilled, the premature acceptance of this scheme will prove to be a serious hindrance to the ultimate solution of the problem by some larger and more statesmanlike measure; and will thus, instead of raising and ennobling the education of London, do much to injure it and to delay its progress.

- ART. IX.—1. *Speeches during the Recess*: by Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, Sir William Harcourt, and others.
 2. *Reports of the Elections at Cork and Waterford*, November and December 1891.

WE may take it for granted that the approaching Session will be the last of the present Parliament. If any emergency justified such a step, the Dissolution might be postponed till the spring of 1893; but the spring is a peculiarly unfavourable time to choose for throwing the country into the turmoil of a General Election, and it has never been thought desirable to continue a Parliament in existence until the last sands in the glass had run out. This is not, perhaps, so much a matter of principle as one of expediency. By the time a Parliament has reached its sixth year, and sometimes sooner, a feeling of apathy and lassitude has crept into it, death or sickness has produced great gaps in its original ranks, and a certain number of members have made up their minds, for various reasons, to retire from public life. The last cause is at work in a very unusual degree at the present time, and we regret to say that it is more active in the Conservative ranks than in those of the Opposition. Not a few County Members of what we may venture to describe as 'the good old school' have intimated their intention of retiring at the close of this Parliament, being led to take that course by considerations which neither we nor our readers could find any great satisfaction in discussing. That other candidates will come forward to fill their places we do not doubt, but it is not to be denied that the change which is going on is in the direction which Mr. Gladstone long ago dwelt upon with regret—namely, of deterioration in the *personnel* of the House of Commons—rather than of a return to the traditions of the better days when every man thought it an honour to sit in Parliament, and when its rules and customs could not be violated without entailing upon the offender a certain loss of character and position. All that is now chiefly a matter of the past. The House of Commons may, and for some time to come almost certainly will, grow more and more powerful, but it will undergo a rapid and thorough change in the elements which compose it. Members who retain their seats for more than two Parliaments will become comparatively rare. In the Parliament of 1885, to which the present succeeded in less than six months, there were 352 members who were not in the previous Parliament, and most of them were entirely new to public life. Further great changes took place in the Parliament with which

we have still to do. But never, so far as we can ascertain, have there been so many voluntary resignations as those which will take effect at the next Dissolution.

This is a fact which must necessarily greatly influence the settlement of the date of the General Election. For the members who have made up their minds not to stand again are ceasing to take any interest in political work, and it would not, perhaps, be reasonable to require from them that undeviating attendance in the House which a Government exacts, or endeavours to exact, from its followers. They can scarcely be expected to go down to the House early in the afternoon, and to remain there till one the next morning. The Ministry, therefore, has no longer the normal majority to count upon. It may be said that a sense of duty should induce every Unionist to stand by the Government to the last, apart from his own private plans and interests. But human nature is not perfect, and there comes a time when the retiring Member of Parliament revolts at the sound of the lash. It must also be considered that the ravages of influenza last year have weakened some strong constitutions, and left men who once could be depended on at all times, little disposed to take the risks of night-work. And one way or another, there is a good deal of such work still to be done in the House of Commons. It is then that divisions usually take place. Though debate may stop at midnight, the 'Orders of the Day' have still to be gone through, and the Government must keep a clear majority, as a rule, for fear of some unexpected trap being suddenly exposed to view. 'Report on Supply' may be taken at any hour, and the Treasury officials prefer, for obvious reasons, to take it after midnight. Then the twelve o'clock rule may be suspended on due motion being made and carried, and that is an incident of by no means infrequent occurrence. A man who is leaving Parliament from ill-health, or from weariness, or from disappointment at the character of the legislation which is being pursued, does not want to perform this drudgery, and, what is more, he will not perform it. The Conservative whips will not begin the coming Session in ignorance of these conditions, and we have no doubt that the Government has taken them into careful consideration. It is, therefore, to the last degree unlikely that any attempt will be made to carry the present Parliament over the autumn. It is quite within the range of possibility that events may render a Dissolution desirable, or even inevitable, at a still earlier date. On that point we would take leave to remind Conservative organizations throughout the country that the only safe attitude for them to adopt is one of constant readiness.

It

It does not fall within any part of our present task to review the history of the Ministry, or to come to any conclusions with regard to the general results of its policy. The time has not yet arrived for that. But we may fairly say that, in all essential respects, the Government has amply fulfilled its pledges to the country. It undertook, first of all, and above all, to maintain the Union. The whole world can see that it has succeeded in that. It pledged itself to exert its utmost authority to restore the reign of law in Ireland, and to suppress anarchy. In that, also, it has succeeded beyond the anticipations of many of its warmest friends. It is now not even necessary to keep the Crimes Act in operation, except in a small part of Ireland. We are well aware that great concessions have been made to the people. The occupier in Ireland has been treated with a generosity to which no parallel is to be found in history. The Judicial rents, which were fixed for a definite period, and which were never to be touched until that period had expired, have again been subjected to revision. A tenant may break his lease, and get his arrears of rent distributed over a series of years. 10,000,000*l.* have been advanced under the Ashbourne Acts, and 33,000,000*l.* more will be advanced for land purchase, under the guarantee of the State, by the Act of last Session. Something like 3,000,000*l.* have been disposed of in the construction of light railways, or in distributing relief among the 'congested districts.' Whatever may have been the case in former times, it can scarcely be denied that Ireland is now the spoilt child of the great British family; and although we may never be able to satisfy all its demands, everybody must admit that great sacrifices have been made to meet the most reasonable of them. That we can stop even where we are is not very probable. In such matters, the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Whether a corresponding measure of gratitude will be evoked, remains to be seen.

Although we are not discussing the general course and measures of the Government, the most cursory glance at its present position would be incomplete if we did not refer to the remarkable success gained by Lord Salisbury in the management of Foreign affairs. We have only to consider what is called the 'record' of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, at the close of five and a half years, and compare it with that of the present Government, to realize the difference. Mr. Gladstone had spent upon wars or in preparation for war close upon 20,000,000*l.* We had gone through wars in the Transvaal, in Zululand, in Egypt; and when the Ministry was broken up, we were on the verge of a war with Russia. An immense sum was obtained on

a Vote

a Vote of Credit, and most of it was most shamefully squandered. In fact, we were drifting into war half over the globe. Mr. Gladstone has never understood, and never will be able to understand, Foreign affairs. His 'genius' does not lie in that direction. Lord Salisbury has not only kept the nation at peace, but he has also sensibly improved our relations with Foreign Powers. The national defences have been strengthened, but the war charges are a blank. The consequence has been that the nation has derived the full benefit of the marked, if but temporary, revival of trade. No insults have been directed at Foreign Powers, to be followed at a short interval by abject apologies. The most inveterate enemy of the Ministry is reduced to silence when its Foreign policy is brought under discussion. There might very easily have been a different tale to tell. Difficulties have abounded on all sides, and the slightest indiscretion or failure of judgment would have landed us in the midst of them. These facts will not, we may hope, be forgotten when the nation is called upon to deliver its final verdict upon the Ministry, although they may appear to excite little attention at this moment. In the absence of any special cause for alarm or of any disaster, the general public do not pay much attention to Foreign affairs. A Minister who avoids danger does not, therefore, always get the credit to which he is entitled.

The circumstances under which the Ministry had to meet Parliament in the first Session are wide as the poles asunder from those which now exist. There is no longer a Parnellite party. The strange series of events which broke up that formidable organization, and consigned to the grave the only man who could control it, has left the Ministry comparatively free to pursue its work, and gave it nearly the whole of last Session with nothing worse than the ordinary Opposition to fight against. It is possible that the internal feuds of the Nationalists will not rage so furiously during the coming Session as to occupy all their energies, and permit of no onslaught upon the Government; but the feeling between the rival sections is as bitter as ever, and the defeats which Mr. Parnell's followers have sustained in Kilkenny, Cork, and elsewhere, though partially redeemed by the success at Waterford, have not tended to soften their animosities. It is by no means certain that they would be found acting together even in a pre-arranged attack upon the Government. The true depositaries of the Parnellite policy will have nothing more to do with Mr. Gladstone unless he gives them positive assurances which he would find it extremely inconvenient to produce in public.

Yet it seems pretty certain, unless we are to regard Mr. O'Brien's revelations with regard to the 'Boulogne negotiations' as altogether fictitious, that Mr. Gladstone has not been unwilling, at various stages of the controversy since the famous divorce proceedings, to enter into a sort of informal understanding with the Nationalists. The Parnellites, represented by Mr. John Redmond, have stated that 'Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, or both, received written communications from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, and other Liberal leaders, as well as from Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh.' It has also been stated that the concessions made by the Liberal leaders included the disbandment of the Constabulary and the transfer of the land question in all its bearings to the Irish Parliament. The 'written communications' have been rather loudly called for by the Parnellites, but hitherto they have not been forthcoming, and in the absence of the decisive documents it would be unsafe to accept the version of them given by Mr. Redmond and his friends. There is, however, good ground for the belief that so determined an opponent of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party as Mr. Michael Davitt would not suddenly have sworn allegiance to them if something had not happened to satisfy him that they meant, in his own words, 'to give freedom to his fatherland.' Mr. Davitt has never until now professed the least degree of confidence in the Liberal party or its leader. It would be interesting to know what has brought about his conversion. Be it what it may, the main body of Mr. Gladstone's followers have been kept in complete ignorance of it.

The great changes which have taken place in the House of Commons itself will also greatly affect, in various ways, the course of business. Some familiar figures on both sides will not be seen again in their accustomed places. The loss of Mr. Parnell, though but lightly regarded by those of his followers who were once loudest in his praise, will leave its mark for many a long day on Irish parties and Irish politics. The marvellous ascendancy which he acquired over an unruly organization has never been equalled by any political leader in Ireland, and it may be doubted whether it will ever be repeated. Mr. Parnell had certain peculiar personal advantages for the work he took in hand, and a combination of accidents, which is hardly likely to occur again, assisted to place him in a position from which nothing could have dislodged him except some suicidal act of his own. It is now perfectly evident that a considerable section of his followers obeyed his iron rule more from fear than from love, and, to do them justice, they lost not a moment

a moment in turning round upon him, and revealing their true sentiments. He had enemies lying in wait for him at every turn, and but few friends. Any man who is placed in that situation is bound sooner or later to be brought to ruin. The absence of Mr. Parnell from Parliament will deprive the Irish party, under whatever name it may go, of the most potent force it ever possessed. But far greater and more deplorable losses have been sustained in the death of Mr. W. H. Smith, and the removal of Lord Hartington to the House of Lords. The death of Mr. Raikes is also a misfortune for the Conservative party. Mr. Smith had the satisfaction of knowing the country appreciated his services; but Mr. Raikes filled a post which is always exposed to attack, and in which, if a man does his duty to the public, he can scarcely hope to escape the shafts of injustice. Mr. Raikes had to submit to an unusual measure of this treatment, and yet no man ever deserved it less. He was forced to deal with a most difficult mutiny among the postmen, and throughout the crisis he displayed the utmost tact and good judgment. But he was assailed as if the strike had been wantonly produced by his own mismanagement. 'Advertising politicians' never ceased to rail at him. Nobody ever seemed to have a word to say in his behalf, until he was dead, and then some of his colleagues appear to have realized the value of his services. Mr. Raikes never sought to influence the press in his favour. He was content to go on day by day quietly and faithfully discharging his duty. That is what we all profess to admire, but it is not the short cut to popularity in these days.

The loss of Lord Hartington is, in many respects, the severest blow which the Unionists in the House of Commons have yet had to face. It is characteristic of the imperfect insight into the practical working of public affairs which exists in many quarters usually supposed to be well informed, that this change should have been represented as one of no real moment, inasmuch as Lord Hartington will be 'equally available' in the Upper House. There could not be a greater blunder. The business of the House of Commons can only be managed—we might almost say, that it can only be properly understood—by those who are members of that body, and who are on the spot. It cannot be conducted from the House of Lords, or from any other outside place. The crisis which calls for all the resources of wisdom, judgment, and experience, generally arises in a moment. It is seldom foreseen. Perhaps it does not occupy any large space next morning in the records of the proceedings. A field night on a large scale is always well provided

provided for, and its final result is seldom a matter of doubt. It is the sudden question which cannot be answered, and yet which cannot be left unanswered; the Resolution which is brought on unexpectedly, perhaps on a motion for the adjournment of the House; the attack on a Minister, it may be on some point where he is really vulnerable; the threatened defeat in Committee of Supply; the demand for concessions which the Government is not disposed to make until some of its own followers begin to show signs of rebellion—these and a score of similar circumstances come into play after the House has met, perhaps hours after the House of Lords has adjourned. At such moments the advice of Lord Hartington was always sought by the late leader of the House, and there never was a time when it could not be followed with safety and success. It is, on the face of it, absurd to say that he will be 'equally available' for such services as these in the House of Lords. He will be as much out of reach as if he were a thousand miles away. No one, we imagine, will have a keener appreciation of this than Mr. Balfour, whose task will be rendered even more difficult than it was likely to be before by this unfortunate event—unfortunate from every point of view, for the late Duke of Devonshire was one of the men the country can ill afford to lose. In days when there are but too many who forget the moral obligations attaching to titles of which they are not worthy, and who seem to be doing their utmost to discredit their order, and to accelerate that crash which many shrewd observers have perceived to be slowly but surely approaching, such men as the late Duke of Devonshire perform every day, though unconsciously, an immense public service. They are the true buttresses and supports of those institutions of the country which we cannot lose without the loss of very much in which the English people have hitherto taken a just pride. If all peers had led the blameless and useful life of the late Duke, if all landlords had been as far-sighted and as generous, scarcely a voice in the country would now be calling out for the abolition of the House of Lords, or for the downfall of 'landlordism.' That the honour of an ancient family will not suffer in the hands of the present Duke of Devonshire, the public have every security, but that cannot compensate the Unionist party for his disappearance from the House of Commons. It has often been said that Lord Hartington was 'not an orator,' but he was something very much greater and better. He was a man whom everybody could trust at all times, who never fell in with the modern view that 'dirty tricks' are lawful in politics, and who was absolutely free from the suspicion of being actuated, in small things

or great, by personal aims or considerations. And these characteristics were, somehow or other, very conspicuous in his speeches. Whatever Lord Hartington had to say, he inspired every one who listened to him with the most absolute confidence in his integrity and honesty. There, obviously, stood a man who was declaring his mind in an open and straightforward manner, without any regard for persons, and with no thought for the intrigues which might be going on around him. It was impossible to associate anything resembling double-dealing or chicanery with any thought of Lord Hartington. One striking proof of the universal respect in which he was held is afforded by the fact, that all through the bitter strife of the last five or six years, the Irish party, from Mr. Parnell downwards, never had a disagreeable word to utter about him. He, on his part, always refrained from personal attacks, and even from those taunts for which sometimes there was much provocation. He discussed public questions, so far as it was possible to do so, apart from persons. He has criticised the public policy of his former leader, Mr. Gladstone, but he has never allowed his criticism to be tinged with the faintest trace of acrimony. It is well for the nation that we shall still have Lord Hartington in public life, but his disappearance from the House of Commons must necessarily be matter for the profoundest regret.

The death of Mr. W. H. Smith, which was directly brought about by his patriotic devotion to his duties, involved the tremendous risk of making a change in the leadership of the House of Commons, just before a most critical Session, and on the eve of a Dissolution of Parliament. No man who already enjoys a safe and solid reputation would voluntarily step into so difficult and, it may be added, so thankless a position. The work is hard; the responsibilities are almost endless. Mr. Disraeli used to say that 'the proper place for a Member of the House of Commons was his place in the House,' and it is well known that his own attendance throughout the greater part of his career was very regular. But the leader must fulfil this cardinal obligation, whoever else may neglect it. He must be in the House, or not far off, for no one can say from one moment to another when he will be wanted. Everything may appear to be going on for the night in a safe and steady groove, and the leader has perhaps retired to his room for a little rest. He may scarcely have closed the door before a messenger will come rushing breathlessly in, summoning him back to the Chamber, a storm having burst in the very quarter where there seemed to be the most settled weather. Great knowledge

knowledge of the House, and unfailing readiness and coolness of judgment, are among the numerous qualities which the holder of this position must possess, no matter in what else he may be deficient. Happily, Lord Salisbury had it in his power to fill up this important appointment, with the hearty approval not only of the Conservative party, but we may almost say of the entire country, for even the Nationalists have no objections to offer to it. The selection of Mr. Balfour meets well-nigh every difficulty that confronted the Conservative party when it was deprived of Mr. Smith's staunch support. It is needless to discuss the qualifications of other persons who might have been chosen. It is sufficient to say that the voice of public opinion, with one accord, summoned Mr. Balfour to the post. Everybody feels confidence in him, everybody is sure that he will not rush headlong into unnecessary dangers, or be ready to sacrifice everything for the gratification of his own momentary impulses. His work in Ireland was done so well that it will be no easy matter for another hand to carry it on with equal success. That he has to take up the duties of the First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons, in an expiring Parliament, when most critical measures have yet to be produced, can scarcely be regarded as a stroke of unalloyed good fortune. There are many pitfalls in the path, some of which must necessarily be unknown and unsuspected by the general public. But we feel confident that Mr. Balfour will receive from the Unionist party the loyal and cordial support to which he is so thoroughly entitled. The House of Commons, except in some moment of extraordinary excitement, always insists on seeing that everybody has fair play. It is not at all likely to make an exception in Mr. Balfour's case. He will, no doubt, have serious obstacles to overcome, but they will not be more formidable than those which his courage and address have enabled him to meet and conquer during the last five years. If it be found practicable to regulate the work to be done by the time available for doing it, a good deal of subsequent disappointment will be prevented. Every member of the Cabinet usually has his own favourite Bill to bring before the public, and very naturally he assumes that this is the only Bill worth making one of the indispensable measures of the Session. This spirit manifested itself a couple of years ago in a manner which at one time seemed likely to prove absolutely disastrous. Mr. Smith found himself, for the moment, quite unable to control it. Mr. Balfour will assuredly be heartily supported by his party in any attempt he may think it expedient to make to keep the business of the Session within proper limits.

In spite of all that may be done with that end in view, we fear that the programme will once more be somewhat heavy. Let us look for a moment at what the Government are already pledged to do, or, at any rate, to attempt. The Scotch Private Procedure Bill has again been distinctly promised, and Scotland will never be put off. But a good deal more formidable than that is the necessity of setting into motion the money put aside by Parliament last year for Free Education in Ireland. Obviously this will have to be done before the close of the financial year on the 31st of March next. Consequently, the time for considering the whole of a somewhat tangled subject will be short. Free Education involves the introduction of the compulsory system, and there may be many difficulties connected with that in Ireland which have not been encountered in this country, or in only a modified degree. The utmost care would, no doubt, be taken that no child was compelled to attend a school where religious instruction was given of which its parents disapproved, so that sectarian prejudices need not be excited. The poorer schools would naturally receive the largest share of the grant, and that would apparently tend to the advantage of the Catholics. But the law produces much the same results in those parts of England where there are Catholic schools in poor districts. What attitude the Roman Catholic clergy will take on the entire question we do not undertake to predict. They may offer no open opposition, and yet secretly they may seek to injure the proposals which must be made. Parliament has allotted the money for Free Education, and it must be used for that purpose. Education could not be suffered to remain much longer in Ireland on a different basis from that which has been adopted in other parts of the United Kingdom. This, then, is one of the questions which cannot even be postponed. The Nationalists are, we believe, in favour of a speedy settlement of it. At any rate, that seemed to be their desire when Ireland's share of the money for Free Education was apportioned last Session. So far, we presume, Ireland must take precedence at the very outset.

Then will arise the question of reformed Local Government for Ireland. No doubt a good deal of difference of opinion exists as to the wisdom of bringing forward a measure of this kind in the present state of Ireland. But if there was one subject, apart from the actual maintenance of the Union, on which the Government pledged itself more deeply than another, it was with regard to the necessity of carrying out in Ireland those reforms in Local Government which the condition and circumstances of the country required and warranted. These pledges

pledges were not given, as is sometimes represented, by an individual Minister, expressing his own opinions. They were made on behalf of the entire Government, after full consultation and agreement. A large proportion of the present Conservative party in the House of Commons declared themselves, prior to the election, in favour of giving to Ireland the same facilities for good Local Government, *mutatis mutandis*, that England and Scotland were to enjoy. We do not see how these promises and pledges are either to be repudiated or ignored. Surely, also, it must tend greatly to strengthen the Conservative party in its next appeal to the country to be able to say that it has made all reasonable and prudent concessions to Ireland in the direction of Home Rule. We have given to Ireland, we shall be able to urge, precisely the same kind of Home Rule which satisfies the other parts of the country, and to go any further would not benefit Ireland, but would decidedly encourage disaffection and treason. It cannot now be said that there is no real or just ground for complaint with regard to the machinery for managing local affairs in Ireland. We ought to put ourselves in a position to be able to make that assertion, and thus to give actual proof that legitimate control over 'purely Irish affairs' is not what the Irish agitators or their English dupes are looking for, and that no concessions which can be yielded with safety will ever satisfy them. Those who study closely what is going on are well aware of this already, but the great bulk of the people are not. The Irish leaders, even now, when it is to their interest to disguise their real aims, cannot refrain from letting out the truth, especially when they are talking to Irish audiences. Thus Mr. Dillon, speaking at Limerick on the 2nd of December last, proclaimed the desire of the Nationalists to 'sweep out of this country *every trace of English domination and English dictation.*' He went on to say, 'Demand by all means of your representatives the most absolute independence, and every pledge of absolute independence, from English parties; demand that they should accept no settlement of the national question except such a one as will bring satisfaction to the heart of every Irish Nationalist. Have done in the name of Ireland with that traitorous union and alliance with the hereditary enemies of our nation which, under the plea and dishonest pretext of maintaining Irish independence, is really riveting on the necks of the people, so far as these men are able to do, the chains of English domination for ever.' Here, then, not only is the Gladstonian alliance cast aside with ignominy, as representing the 'hereditary enemies' of Ireland, but the English people are plainly told that the Irish Nationalists

Nationalists will never rest satisfied until 'every trace' of 'the traitorous union' and of 'English domination and English dictation' is 'swept away.' This is, of course, nothing but Mr. Parnell's 'last link' speech over again, but we have been told times without number that the 'union of hearts' had disposed of that, and Mr. Parnell himself tried to deny that he ever made the speech in question, though the evidence was too strong for him. Now we have the new leader of the party—for Mr. Dillon is more nearly in that position than any other man—re-affirming the old sentiments. If it be said that Mr. William O'Brien is quite as powerful in the Nationalist party as Mr. Dillon, we shall at once accept the assertion, and then we enquire what Mr. O'Brien has declared, not a long time ago, but very recently? On the 6th of December, speaking in East Mayo, he made known his opinions without any equivocation. 'The Irish party,' he said, 'would never barter their independence, and they would accept no settlement, that would not *draw the last fangs of landlordism*, and that would not leave this old Irish race the *masters and lawgivers within the four seas of holy Ireland*.' Are the people of England prepared to assist Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien in carrying out these designs? It is not at all probable; but what they are told is, that Irish Local Government is in a state which naturally excites the irritation of those who have to live under it, that Mr. Gladstone has a perfectly safe and reasonable plan of reform, and that unless he is permitted to carry it out we shall never have peace in Ireland. There is no final answer to all this except that which is to be found in the removal of legitimate causes of complaint. When we have arrived at that point, the true objects of the Nationalist will be seen without any disguise, and the Conservative party will stand on unassailable ground. We must, therefore, hold that the Ministry would not only be violating its pledges, but would be making a great tactical blunder, if it failed to lay upon the table of the House a Bill for simplifying and reforming local government in Ireland.

Mr. Balfour has already endeavoured * to meet the objections of a certain section of his party to any legislation in this direction. He admits, with great frankness, that the whole question is beset with difficulties. He is evidently strongly impressed with the duty of proceeding with the utmost caution, and of surrounding the proposed Bill with ample securities for the protection of interests which are fairly entitled to that protection.

* Speech at Huddersfield, December 1st, 1891.

His words are clear and emphatic. 'I go further,' he remarked, 'and I say that if a Local Government Bill proposed by this or any other Government were of a kind which would threaten the private rights of any individual in Ireland, if it was of a kind which would menace property, which would menace social order, or which would strengthen the forces of anarchy, no intentions expressed by the leaders of the Unionist party ought to stand in the way of our rejecting such a Bill in the House of Commons.' It seems to us that this statement ought to suffice to allay the apprehensions which have been expressed, chiefly, we must confess, in a small portion of the Conservative press, for we are not aware that any prominent Member of Parliament has indicated disapproval of the introduction of the proposed Bill. Mr. Balfour limits himself to a very narrow field. 'I think that we really may agree upon these two points—that Local Government should be introduced in Ireland if we can introduce it safely, but that it should not be introduced into Ireland if it cannot be introduced safely.' Surely there can be nothing in such a position as that to give alarm to the weakest nerves. The Bill will have to be a genuine measure of reform, dealing thoroughly with the evils which require to be corrected, and at the same time giving 'no cause for alarm even to the smallest minority of the Irish people.' If this cannot be done, of course the whole theory upon which the Government is working will fall to the ground. But it is impossible to form any opinion on that point until the Bill has been well considered. We cannot but believe that the Conservative party will recognize the necessity of bringing forward such a measure, and of dealing with it in accordance with the principles laid down by Mr. Balfour.

At the same time, we cannot understand the necessity for making this a 'life or death' measure. The Ministry is bound to produce the Bill; it is not bound to attempt to force it through in the teeth of all opposition, fair and unfair. The Gladstonians will not be anxious to see the last decent semblance of an excuse for setting up an Irish legislature taken away from them. They will therefore oppose any such settlement as the Ministry are able to offer, and the Irish Nationalists will assist them. The whole of the Session cannot be sacrificed to this one question. Knowing as we do what are the cherished objects of the Irish party, it would be absurd to entertain any hope that a Bill such as a Conservative Government could introduce would satisfy them. We must get out of 'holy Ireland,' and leave it to the Nationalists, the hill-side men, and the Fenians. But the Gladstonians dare not come forward and avow that this would

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be the effect of Mr. Gladstone's policy. They assert that all they want is to see Ireland treated in the same manner as England and Scotland. It is in our power to satisfy them without incurring any undue risks. We shall thus place ourselves in a very strong position before the nation, and make the path of the Gladstonians a good deal more difficult than it is even now. Mr. Balfour, therefore, is much more far-sighted than some of his critics in resolving to grapple with this problem before the Dissolution of Parliament.

We may hope that these measures will complete the scheme of Scotch and Irish legislation, and we naturally look round to see what else is impending. A Bill establishing District Councils has been talked about, but we cannot believe that a project so vast will be touched during the coming Session. It would be utterly out of the question to find time to deal with it. We must remember that some of the Ministers are new to their places, and this does not, as a rule, tend to accelerate the despatch of business. The Irish Secretary, Mr. Jackson, is a man of affairs; but if the Irish are disposed to give him trouble, it remains to be seen how he will pass through the ordeal. Few have come out of it so successfully as Mr. Balfour. Sir John Gorst is a new Secretary to the Treasury, and the Estimates are likely to be very sharply discussed. The answers are so well prepared beforehand by the permanent officials of the Treasury, that the Secretary cannot wander very far astray, but one who is handling the weapons for the first time may find them somewhat unfamiliar. But the great rock ahead is the elaborate plan propounded by Mr. Goschen for enlarging the metallic reserve, and introducing 1*l.* notes into circulation. We should have thought this might have been postponed for a time, but it seems likely that Mr. Goschen will make an attempt to get his Bill passed next Session, and in that case an immense amount of time will be consumed. No one can say with certainty how the public will regard it; for our parts, we suspect that nine persons out of ten will show a preference for gold over paper, and choose the clean shining sovereign rather than the dirty and evil smelling strip of paper. We greatly doubt whether Mr. Goschen's device would accomplish the purpose for which it is intended. But we do not here propose to discuss the subject, except as bearing upon the question of the disposal of Parliamentary time during the forthcoming Session. And that is a serious consideration. Perhaps it has not always been present with sufficient clearness to the mind of Mr. Goschen. The Licensing proposals produced great and memorable delay, to say nothing of ill-feeling, and finally they had to be withdrawn. The Van
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and Wheel tax, the Horse tax, the Wine tax, and some other projects shared the same fate, or had to be greatly modified. We do not underrate Mr. Goschen's great abilities or skill, but he may not always see, as others do, that a measure, good in itself, may be pressed at an inopportune time, or forced upon the public at a moment when they are not prepared for it. Are the people generally ready for a change of any kind in the circulating medium? It is more than doubtful. Trade is anything but good, and we have no doubt that even such a measure as the Conversion of Consols—fully justified as it was on 'scientific' grounds—has created a feeling of soreness in many minds. For, to begin with, it has greatly lowered the price of Consols, thus causing a loss of capital to thousands of persons who have been obliged to sell out a portion or the whole of their holdings; and in the next place it has not only lowered the rate of interest on Consols, but upon money generally. Therefore, we fear that the great body of the people are not at all grateful even for the Conversion of Consols; and when they are told, what is unquestionably true, that the country saves money by it, their answer is that they have not been benefited. Their share of taxation is not perceptibly lighter than it was before, and the income-tax payers, composed in a very large degree of persons of extremely limited resources, are especially angry on this point. Mr. Goschen has lowered the tax, it is true, but not enough. If his aim had been to secure popularity for himself and for his Government, he would have reduced the income-tax to say threepence in the pound, even if he had been obliged to leave more ambitious projects alone. But this is taking a very narrow view of the subject. We are confident that the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought only of the welfare of the nation at large, and of posterity. Unfortunately, posterity will not vote in the next General Election, and the holders of Consols and the income-tax payers will. We may not have any sympathy with the opinions to which we now refer, but there can be no doubt that they are held by a large number of persons all over the country. The attack upon the Government with regard to them will be sharp and persistent, as Mr. Goschen appears to have felt when he was speaking at Glasgow last December. He there replied at some length to a denunciation of his Conversion scheme which had been promulgated by one of the Scotch Members of Parliament, Dr. Cameron. From the point of view of the political economist, this reply may have been perfect, but popular prejudice is not amenable to argument, and popular prejudice is against the reduction of interest on the National Debt. That prejudice has not been softened by the heavy fall in Consols. All things considered,

considered, we must declare our full concurrence with those who maintain that the present time is not opportune for attempting another great alteration in the monetary arrangements to which the public are accustomed. Mr. Gladstone could not well oppose the Conversion scheme, seeing that something of the same kind had been attempted under an Administration of his own. But he is evidently ready to give the one-pound notes a hot reception. Speaking at Northampton on the 10th of December last, he said, 'We are to have a quack measure of Mr. Goschen, for the introduction in the most extraordinary manner of 1*l.* notes.' There appears to have been a burst of laughter from the audience, and no one will doubt Mr. Gladstone's ability to present the proposal in such a way as not only to bring ridicule upon it, but to excite the utmost antipathy to it. Whatever may be its intrinsic merits, every practical man who has had experience of Parliamentary procedure will agree with us in the conclusion that an immense deal of time, labour, and anxiety will be required to force it through this Session. It is most desirable that this should be thoroughly understood from the outset.

The Opposition will be only too glad to have another instrument of warfare placed in their hands, for their own armoury is nearly exhausted. As for policy, it is summed up in the famous Newcastle programme—give all comers whatever they may ask for. It was a compilation intended to provide something for every taste, but which, on the face of it, could not possibly be carried out. For the preparation of a 'programme' there is no one in the present day to equal Mr. Gladstone. The specimen produced at Newcastle was a masterpiece in its way. Like the wallet of Autolycus, it contained a great variety of articles likely to catch the simple folk. The arrangement has its advantages, for a Gladstonian candidate has only to come forward and say, 'As for my opinions, Gentlemen, they are all to be found in the Newcastle programme,' and that matter is settled. This is a method which saves a great deal of trouble alike to the candidates and to the constituencies. Discussion is not required, and indeed, at the formal meetings of the party, nothing of the kind is tolerated. The Newcastle Conference presented an excellent example of the Schnadhorst plan for 'developing opinion.' Some of the Gladstonian delegates themselves have complained that the gag law was put into operation with a severity never before known. 'I have attended many public gatherings,' wrote an innocent delegate, probably from the country, 'but never one conducted on these autocratic lines.' The resolutions to be presented at the Conference

Conference were carefully withheld from the knowledge of the delegates until they entered the room, and then they were put 'without even asking whether any delegate desired to offer any remarks in a contrary sense.' No time for deliberation was conceded, no voice was permitted to be raised in criticism. This is the Radical caucus in all its glory. As Sir William Harcourt told a meeting on another occasion, 'You have your orders, and all you have to do is to go and obey them.' Nothing can be easier than for a statesman out of office to promise all classes in the country some special boon for themselves, if they will but unite to return him to office. The difficulty comes when these promises are to be redeemed. Mr. Gladstone's admirers have had some experience of this in former days. When the distribution of gifts was made, there was nothing for anybody that was worth taking away. Mr. Balfour put the matter very clearly in a speech at Bury. Mr. Gladstone, he pointed out, 'so frames his language that, be a man's opinions what they may upon the Socialistic issue, he may feel in following Mr. Gladstone he has at all events a better chance of getting his wishes than if he did not follow Mr. Gladstone. So you may go through the whole list, and all that Mr. Gladstone has done has been to bribe each small section of the community in turn to do that which, if it were put before them in its simplicity, they would never consent to submit to.' That is the exact theory of an electioneering campaign as now planned by Mr. Gladstone. A bribe for everybody, and then 'three cheers for the Grand Old Man,' and all is over. There is to be Disestablishment—but not just yet. Something undefined is to be done with the land—Mr. Gladstone cannot say much about it until he is in office. Then he will discover that there is no immediate hurry for dealing with the problem, and that the claims of Ireland must first be satisfied. The payment of Members of Parliament must certainly be considered, and it is very desirable to shorten the duration of Parliaments. But those who suppose that, if Mr. Gladstone and his party are returned to power, they will begin by abridging their own term of existence, would, as Canning said of the dry champagne, believe anything. 'One man one vote' makes a good cry, but try to reduce it to an Act of Parliament and it will be found to involve proportionate representation and a redistribution of seats. The Conservative party would not raise any objection to that. Ireland and Wales have a greater number of representatives in Parliament than they are justly entitled to, or than they would get under any fair plan of equal electoral districts. Ireland would certainly lose twenty members if the representation

tion of the country were placed upon this basis, and Wales would lose three. The people of England will some day demand this reform, and then will come the time for taking up the spurious cry of 'one man one vote.' England will not always be indifferent to the warning uttered by Lord Salisbury in 1890, when referring to this subject in a speech at Rossendale. 'I believe,' he said, 'that the great defect of our present representation is that the Celtic races of the country on both islands are represented enormously out of proportion to the rest, the Anglo-Saxon population; and if Parliament resolves to take the question of its own constitution into consideration again, the first question with which it will have to deal is the more equitable distribution of political power in that respect.' We should have been very glad if the present Government had been able to deal with this question before the Dissolution, but another Conservative Ministry will assuredly take it in hand with results which the country generally, and especially the great body of tax-payers, will heartily approve.

But the chief hopes of the Gladstonians are centred in the agricultural labourers. There does not appear to be much chance of capturing many of the boroughs now in the hands of Conservatives, although we should not advise over-confidence even in that direction. Where a change of candidate is impending, it is highly desirable to find the strongest man to lead the fight without regard to 'prior claims.' A very mischievous candidate having once been sent to a certain constituency, the persons who sent him were asked why in the world their choice had fallen upon him? The reply was, 'He has spent a good deal of money in contesting other seats, and we thought he ought to be recompensed.' That system will never win elections in these days. We look upon most of the Conservative boroughs as fairly secure, unless where the sitting member has fallen out of favour or is weak. There, of course, anything may happen. The rural counties are likely to be more easily moved against the Conservative party. The Radicals are issuing promises to pay with the utmost profusion under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone himself. There is nothing which the agricultural labourer may not hope to get if he will help to put Mr. Gladstone into office. All the resources of the party are to be brought to bear upon this section of the community. The 'Conference' which was so skilfully got up in December last, is but an indication of what is going on. Everywhere the labourers are being taught that their worst enemies are the 'parson and the squire,' and their best friends the Radical agitators. During the election in East Dorset, Sir William

Harcourt

Harcourt wrote a letter to the Radical candidate in which, with his usual adroitness, he brought all the popular fallacies together in a short compass. The Tories, he explained, 'are the party of monopoly and privilege. It is only with reluctance and by force that they are compelled to concede to others that which they have so long exclusively enjoyed, and which they would gladly, if they could, retain.' The Free Education Bill, and every other measure passed for the benefit of the poorer classes, in town or country, have been wrung from the Tories by the pressure of the Radicals, and therefore no thanks are due to the former party for these concessions. Such is the burden of the tale told to the rural population, and there is no reason to doubt that many of them believe it. The remarks made at the Conference last month breathe a spirit of hostility to the Conservative party, and of great bitterness towards the 'parson and the squire,' but we searched them in vain for any practical suggestion as to the means of giving the agricultural labourer the substantial boons which he seeks. Not one word was uttered which denoted that his mind had ever been turned to the great problem which underlies the present troubles; namely, how is the agricultural industry to be made prosperous when it no longer pays to grow the great staple product of that industry? If the land cannot be cultivated at a profit with capital, how can it be done without capital? It is not open to question that, taking one year with another, corn cannot be grown at a profit against the competition of all the world. There is no remedy for that. Sir Robert Peel declined to admit that such a state of things could ever arise, and upon that belief he based his Free-trade policy. But now we have to face it, and it is producing the results which Sir Robert Peel himself, by implication, and Mr. Disraeli in express terms, predicted. That is to say, land is going out of cultivation, employment in agricultural districts is becoming scarce, and the rising spirit of discontent is a growing source of danger to the whole country. All this was foretold long ago, but the prophets of evil were hounded down as wicked 'Protectionists' who were conspiring together to rob the children of the working men of their bread. The landed interest has gone first, as everybody knew that it would, but let no one make too sure that the manufacturing interest will not follow. It must, at least, share in these misfortunes. Hostile tariffs and commercial treaties are doing their work,—slowly, it may be, but very surely. The South American markets are going the way of so many others. The 'volume' of our trade may be perfectly satisfactory to the statisticians, but the iron-masters and the cotton-spinners

cotton-spinners cannot get much comfort out of it. Their profits are sinking, while the volume of their trade possibly shows little or no diminution. The Prime Minister and the President of the Board of Trade have both felt it to be their duty, within a few weeks, to warn the public of what is coming. Referring to the growth of hostile tariffs, Lord Salisbury, speaking at Birmingham on the 25th of November, said, 'We have constant cares, constant difficulties pressing upon us, for we live in an age of the world in which the interests—the commercial, the industrial interests—of this country are put to trial and to hazard, and with them the vast populations whose whole existence depends upon her prosperity.' So, again, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach told the public at Horfield, on the same day, that he viewed 'our immediate commercial future with some little anxiety, though not with any great anxiety, because of the protective tariffs of our neighbours . . . It might be that there were signs that we were now beginning to go down hill.' This, it will be observed, is a very different note from that which used to be sounded in official speeches. We were invariably told until very recently that protective tariffs were an injury only to the nation which adopted them, and that a Free-trade country like ours must necessarily profit by them all. It has not worked out in that manner, and the artisans are beginning to see it. Consequently, Governments are also compelled to admit it. 'It was necessary,' said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, 'that the people of this country should insist upon the Government watching over our interests abroad, and be careful to maintain all those possible outlets into which our trade and commerce should flow.' The advice is good, and probably the 'people of this country' would be glad to know how it can be carried into effect.

The agricultural labourer has never had his attention drawn to the great forces which are at work against him, and it would be useless to attempt to instruct him upon the subject, for once more the bugbear of 'Protection' would be raised, and the big and the little loaf would be carried solemnly round the villages. Yet, surely, there must be some among these men who are capable of seeing that, if corn cannot be grown at remunerative prices, the great source of prosperity in land is gone. All other makeshift contrivances can only answer for a season, and then but imperfectly. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables are all good in their way, but this nation cannot live by cultivating them. We wish the agricultural labourers could everywhere be induced to think over the plain and practical consideration urged by Lord Salisbury in the speech to which we

have just referred. 'You talk lightly,' he said, 'of grass and pasture being substituted for cultivation of arable land; but on every small farm where such an operation takes place, it means that three or four families, less capable than any others of shifting for themselves, more dependent upon the daily work they have hitherto enjoyed than any others, are cast loose upon the world without employment, and have to seek such a desperate remedy as may be found by crowding still further the overcrowded towns.' We believe that this goes to the very heart of the matter. Push the principle of small allotments as far as you will, and at last nothing will be done to make up the loss occasioned by throwing arable land into pasture, on a vast scale, or to restore the land to what in commercial language may be called a paying condition.

The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Chaplin, estimates that over a million of acres which used to be covered with corn are now in pasture or lying idle. 'You cannot,' he told the people of Swindon recently, 'have Free-trade and greatly depreciated prices in the produce of agriculture, and expect the same prosperity in your villages which you had before. The rents of the landlords have been enormously cut down, and the money which they formerly spent among the people is proportionately curtailed.' These changes must fall under the observation of thousands of the rural labourers, but, unhappily, they misunderstand the causes of what they see going on around them. They ascribe everything to the maleficent influence of the 'parson and the squire'! And yet it is not an extravagant thing to assume that thousands and tens of thousands of these very men have been indebted, in times past, for many an act of kindness from the parson and the squire. It is not unworthy of observation that Mr. Gladstone, in his address to the Conference, took particular care not to say a word which might tend to disperse the prejudices which have grown up in the rural districts against the 'Hall and the Church.' He must know as well as any man how unjust they are, in the majority of instances—we do not say in all. We do not assert that all clergymen or all landowners have performed the duties of their several stations in an irreproachable manner. We are dealing with large classes of men, and in every large class there must be a certain proportion who do harm and not good. From those who attended the recent Conference, and who watched it closely, we learn that the feeling of the meeting was much more hostile to the 'parson' than to the 'squire.' That also accounts for the enthusiasm with which a reference to Disestablishment was received. Mr. Gladstone could have told the delegates

delegates that the evil days which have fallen upon agriculture have not been brought about by the landlord or the clergyman. Without sacrificing his Free-trade principles, he might have shown that unlimited competition on equal terms necessarily places every industry which is exposed to it at a great disadvantage. This is a fact which may be admitted without compromising any opinions on the general question of the Corn Law Legislation of 1846. It was a fundamental article of Sir Robert Peel's faith that foreign corn could not be imported into England at less than 50s. a quarter. That has proved an utter fallacy, and all the conditions of the agricultural industry have been changed by the reliance upon that fallacy. We do not see why Mr. Gladstone should not admit that, for he would still be free to contend that the present state of affairs is in every way to be preferred to a duty on corn. Such a duty no longer comes within the range of discussion, and therefore it need not embarrass Mr. Gladstone or anybody else. What may happen when a large part of the country has been broken up into small allotments, and when that system has broken down, as it inevitably will, we shall find out in due season. More impossible things have happened than for the tillers of the soil to demand that measure of Protection which Sir Robert Peel thought was permanently secured to them by the very conditions on which their industry was carried on.

But Mr. Gladstone either cannot afford, or is not willing, to look at this side of the question. His advice and his arguments are fraught with mischief, to the nation as well as to the agricultural labourer. He deplors the continual migration of the labourer to the towns, but he does not venture to assert, as so many of his followers do, that this movement is owing to 'feudal laws,' or to the rapacity of the landlords. Only the most utter unscrupulousness or the densest ignorance can account for such language as that. But Mr. Gladstone is equally misleading when he tells the labourers that the necessity of migrating to the towns can be done away with by 'restoring their moral and their social freedom.' These words have a taking ring with them, but what do they really mean? What restrictions are there now on the social or moral freedom of the labourer which the law has imposed or which the law can remove? Mr. Gladstone seems to think that parish councils will make the crooked straight. His idea with regard to them is not quite so vague as that entertained by Sir William Harcourt, who thinks that parish councils will impart to the labourer 'a real sense of what belongs to the citizenship of a free country.' We doubt whether that would suffice to satisfy all the longings of the agricultural

agricultural labourer. One of the delegates who spoke at the Conference happened to remark, 'I have lived in my district since 1855, and my wife has had thirteen confinements.' The requirements of his case would not be fully met by teaching him 'what belongs to the citizenship of a free country,' even if he did not allege that he understood all about that. What he wants is money enough to meet the unavoidable expenses incidental to 'thirteen confinements,' and that is certainly not to be had by tilling the soil. Mr. Gladstone opens up a wider, though it may be a delusive hope, to the rural voter. The 'principle of compulsion with regard to the taking of land' must be 'absolutely embodied in effective provisions.' He proceeded to sketch a plan, though with all the practical details carefully left out, by which the parish council or the 'public authority' should take land and sublet it. 'They can regulate the rents,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'they can make provision, not only against extravagance of rent, but for adequacy in the holding.' It was, perhaps, quite as well that Mr. Gladstone should have added that he was not a 'practical man.' How in the world any local body would be able to perform such duties as those just outlined, it is impossible for the human mind to conjecture. What local body would dare to undertake all the risks and responsibilities inseparable from the project of letting land at a profit, and looking after the tenants? How would it be able to regulate competition, to satisfy all demands and claims, to collect the rents, to meet the exigencies of bad seasons? How would it act when the holders of the land could not pay the prescribed rent? How would large defaults be made good? When the crops were destroyed by unfavourable weather—a thing of common occurrence enough now—what measures of relief would the 'public authority' be able to adopt? Almost any day when we take up the papers we may read that some landlord or other has made an abatement on his half-year's rent of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. Would a public authority do that? In the first place, it could not, unless the State placed a large reserve fund at its disposal to enable it to meet such emergencies. But, according to Mr. Gladstone, who is never so happy as when he is building castles in the air, the small allotments could not fail, because the profits would be so large. 'As far as I have seen,' he remarked, 'the estimate of 10% an acre of substantial profit which would be effected from these small holdings is not an unreasonable estimate. It is quite as likely, with an industrious man, to be below the mark as above it.' And this profit is to be gained from land worked without any capital. It would be interesting to hear the

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comments of practical farmers, or even of labourers who already have small allotments, on this amazing calculation. If 10*l.* an acre of clear profit can be gained by the exercise of mere manual industry, how is it that the land is passing out of cultivation, and that thousands of acres are almost literally going begging? Has any labourer with a small allotment made this profit on an average of several years? In travelling through the country, and looking out of the windows of a railway carriage, we may see how rapidly the small-allotment system is spreading. Landlords almost everywhere are quite willing to place facilities in the way of their workpeople or their neighbours obtaining a few acres on very easy terms. It pays better to let the land in this way, no matter at how low a rent, than to suffer it to lie idle, or to cultivate it under a bailiff. These small holdings enable an industrious man to keep his own table supplied with vegetables, and perhaps to send something to the nearest market. But this can only be done by lengthening the hours of daily work, and in the end nothing equivalent to 10*l.* per acre of profit is secured. It is only in dreamland, where the agriculturists wandered in company with Mr. Gladstone last month, that money is thus easily obtained.

But there is still another objection to these visionary schemes, and it is that they are not put forward with any honesty of purpose. Very likely there are some Gladstonians who will resent that charge; but what are the facts? Is it not notorious that Mr. Gladstone is pledged to the very eyes to make his first business, whenever he returns to power, the introduction of another 'Home Rule' Bill? Will anybody contend that such a Bill could be carried through, with another first-class measure, in a single Session? It could not be done if the House of Commons sat twenty hours a-day out of the twenty-four. A Home Rule Bill would occupy the whole of one Session, even if it were only half as long and half as complicated as the Bill of 1886. But there is something else to be considered, and this part of the subject was discussed by Lord Hartington in the masterly speech which he delivered at Manchester in November last. Assuming that the House of Lords passed the Bill as it came from the Commons—a very large assumption—there must still be a dissolution of Parliament. 'It would be hardly possible,' contended Lord Hartington, with irresistible force, 'that a Parliament which had been summoned as a Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, should continue to sit and legislate when it had become the Parliament of Great Britain alone; and I think it is clear that when its powers and its composition had been so vitally altered, it would
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be necessary to send it back to the constituencies at once, in order that a new Parliament might be elected by the constituencies with a due sense of the new conditions under which it would have to act.' There must, then, be another General Election before the grievances of the agricultural labourer, or any other grievances, could come under consideration. Of course, however, no one can assume, except for purposes of argument, that the House of Lords would pass any such measure as that submitted by Mr. Gladstone to Parliament in 1886. But if it refused, we are told, the Upper House would be abolished. Perhaps so, but that could not be done forthwith. The House of Lords, as we all know, has been abolished once already, but that was after a revolution in which the Monarchy had fallen, and the very man who abolished it was very glad to call it into existence again, to temper the intolerable despotism of the House of Commons. This is not quite all. Will it be asserted by any sane man that the House of Lords has not the constitutional right to decline to pass a measure on the first occasion of its presentation? That it could not and would not continue to throw out that measure if it were returned to it with the undoubted and manifest sanction of the people, everybody admits. But it is absolutely certain that on this particular Bill the country would be nearly equally divided. Nearly one-half of the nation would demand of the House of Lords the rejection of the Bill. If it failed to give the people at least one opportunity of reconsidering it, and of turning its authors out of power, it would be so faithless to its trust and to its duty that it would almost deserve to be abolished for that offence alone—supposing always that there were any power in the State ready and able to deal the fatal stroke. It is next to impossible that the issue can be raised in this form, for, as we have said, the Lords themselves are perfectly well aware that their powers of resistance could not be wisely pressed beyond a given point. What happened over the first Reform Bill would, of course, happen again under any similar circumstances. Look at the matter how we will, the promise to deal with the agricultural labourer and his perplexities at an early date is obviously an imposture. Grant that the House of Lords is to be abolished. It must take some time to do it. Meanwhile, everything is blocked. The Home Rule Bill itself is still hanging in the air. The whole country is in a state of such commotion and agitation as no one now living has ever seen. And somewhere in the background is the agricultural labourer calmly waiting for his free land, with the contingent profit of 10*l.* an acre. Mr. Gladstone must laugh in his sleeve at the credulity of

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some of his followers, especially when he meets them at breakfast time.

But these fanciful pictures of the labourer turning up gold with every cast of his spade are not without an object. They are designed to conceal the fact, that neither Mr. Gladstone nor any of his followers will venture to submit to the public anything approaching to a clear idea of their new Home Rule Bill. Candidates who are sent to the various constituencies are left free to promise any measure which may seem most likely to take the fancy of the neighbourhood in which they find themselves. One gentleman has, indeed, candidly admitted that he would prefer not to be hampered by any definite scheme, put forward on authority. It is infinitely more convenient to leave everything free and open, so that there may be abundant room for the play of the imagination. In one constituency, the English prejudices in favour of a united country and a single Parliament may be studied. In another, the Irish claims for absolute independence may be pleasantly accepted. We do know this much, however, that Mr. Gladstone has said that for him 'to propose any measure except on the lines which he has already laid down would be fatuity as regards the Liberal party, and treachery to the Irish people.' Now there cannot be a question that the 'lines' here indicated have been most positively condemned by a majority of the nation, and it is certain that Mr. Gladstone cannot, even if he would, depart widely from them. It follows, therefore, that the new scheme will not differ in any essential respect from the last, and even that would have been greatly modified by the Nationalist party. The Gladstonians take it for granted that the nation are now ready and eager to reverse the decision of 1886. We do not for a moment believe it. But if the next election can be made to turn upon some side issue, the Irish question being carefully kept in the background, then the anticipations of the Gladstonians might be realized. It is upon that danger that the Unionist party must fix its eyes. Many things go to decide a General Election which stand outside the great question of the day. We may suppose, for example, that the income-tax payers feel not only sore, but revengeful, and stand aloof in large numbers from the contest. The effect would doubtless be to bring disaster upon the Unionist party, without any reference whatever to its general policy, or to the dangers which would surround a rash attempt to re-open the Irish question. Many people forget how small a number can decide the fate of a Ministry or a party. In 1885, for instance, the total vote was upwards of 4,000,000. The aggregate majority gained by

by the Liberals was only 200,000, and this gave them eighty-three seats more than the Conservatives in the House of Commons. No wise Government will wilfully or carelessly estrange from it any class of the community. Every seat is worth fighting for as if the entire success of the party depended upon that particular seat being kept. It is to be hoped that those who are responsible for the party organization are not inattentive to this consideration. As a rule, the Radicals are much more on the alert in these matters than their opponents. They may sometimes throw a seat away through sheer carelessness, but it does not often happen. It requires a great knowledge of local affairs to follow with accuracy the circumstances which powerfully affect opinion in each constituency. Wherever there are causes of dissatisfaction, it is important to look thoroughly into them before the great election takes place. We cannot altogether ignore the complaints which have been made in connection with a recent distribution of offices. That is a task which can never be performed to the satisfaction of everybody. But care should be taken in these days that the claims of strong constituencies should receive proper recognition, and that claims of other kinds should not have too much weight. Lord Beaconsfield invariably displayed great acuteness in this respect. The younger men of a party, the rank and file generally, soon get profoundly discontented if they see that a family name or private connections count for a good deal more than assiduous services or zealous devotion, extending, perhaps, over a long series of years. There will always be some grumbling in every party, but it is highly desirable to afford as little plausible occasion for it as possible.

The eager attempts of the Gladstonians to divert the attention of the public from the real issue which is before the country must not be allowed to succeed. We know perfectly well that in London society, and especially in the Press of London, there is a feeling of weariness associated with the Irish question in any phase, so that whenever a speech is made upon it, the cry is instantly raised, 'We have heard all that before.' That is true as regards well-informed editors and persons who live in the midst of politics, but it is not true of the great bulk of the people. Their minds require to be instructed, and therefore it is that such speeches as those delivered a few weeks ago in Manchester by the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Hartington have an immense value. Newspapers need not report these speeches unless they think proper, but they must be made. Moreover, the Irish question never remains long in the same state. It is as variable as the weather. Since the death of

Mr. Parnell,

Mr. Parnell, it has undergone an almost total change. The aims of the Nationalists are not essentially different, but they are being worked out with different instruments. We have the Roman clergy allied with the revolutionists. Even in Ireland, the priests have rarely identified themselves so closely with politics as they are doing now. During an election they transform themselves into a body of unpaid canvassers, and exhaust every appliance at their disposal to coerce the electors into obeying their mandates. Mr. Parnell was always well aware of their secret hostility to him, both on account of his Protestantism, and of his stubborn resistance to their authority. But how much they hated him has only recently been made manifest. There is something beyond that in their subtle and crafty operations. For a long time, they lost the control of politics in Ireland. They are now determined to get it back, and never before did so many circumstances combine to assist them. The Irish people are still bewildered by the multitude of counsellors who have sprung up since Mr. Parnell's death. The events which are taking place around them may well increase their confusion. They have seen Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon owing their safety from the wrath of an Irish mob to that very constabulary, against which both the Irish leaders have threatened summary vengeance. We should like to know what would have become of these men and their followers, if they had been left without the protection of the police and the military. At Cork, during the election, the streets were filled with dangerous mobs, violence and disorder were quelled with difficulty, and from the housetops stones and other missiles were rained down upon the people. At Waterford, still more recently, a bloody riot was with difficulty prevented. The newspapers of the day presented instructive pictures of the scene. 'The quay, which is a mile in length, was a scene of bloodshed. . . . People fled in terror in every direction. In many instances skulls were fractured. . . . The streets for a distance of some miles seemed alive with sticks, and almost every one was besmirched with blood.' On Christmas Eve, when Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Dillon had to leave the town, it was found necessary to escort them 'by a formidable force of cavalry and police.' Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Davitt were seated on a car, and 'behind them galloped a troop of Hussars with swords drawn.' Mr. Dillon followed, and 'by the side of the cavalry and in the rear rode forty or fifty police on cars.' Mr. Dillon, we are further told, 'looked the picture of despair,' as well he might. Here are the heroes of Ireland, the men who propose to 'free their native land,' only saved from being torn

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to pieces by their countrymen by the 'brutal constabulary' and the 'ruthless soldiers' whom they have so frequently denounced. It was extremely fortunate for the Irish leaders that the 'minions of the tyrant' were allowed to remain in Ireland at least until after the Waterford election. Not the least suggestive part of the proceedings on Christmas Eve, to those who remember the sayings and doings of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon, is set forth in the following sentence:—'One car was devoted to the Divisional Commissioner and to Messrs. Bodkin and Considine.' The officials here named are the very men who have been made the subjects of abuse and calumny scarcely less vile and abominable than Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan formerly received from Mr. O'Brien and his friends. The name of 'Considine,' associated with every foul accusation, has resounded many and many a night from the Irish benches of the House of Commons. The 'popular leaders' themselves must have felt a pang of humiliation as they drove to the railway station, owing their personal safety, and in all probability their lives, to the resident magistrates, the police, and 'the blood-stained' cavalry of the Saxon. People who wonder what will happen when the Nationalists are the only rulers of their country, and when the 'foreign garrison' is disbanded, have only to imagine the constabulary and military absent from Waterford at the recent election, and they will be able to form some faint idea of the paradise which 'Holy Ireland' will speedily become.

Meanwhile, the Irish people generally have once more had a taste of priestly rule. They have found out that the thunders of the Church roll heavily round the heads of all the hardened wretches who insist on voting for the candidates of their choice, or in accordance with their convictions. They have learnt that it is their duty to march meekly in obedience to the orders of the priest. They have heard one of their present members, Mr. Dalton, declare that 'it was a sad and a sorrowful day for Ireland when they saw the priests taking to the field again, and using influences that should not be allowed to be used in any free country on earth.' The same gentleman was driven in his sadness and sorrow to avow 'that he hated tyranny and despotism of any kind, but he saw very little to choose between despotism from Westminster and despotism from Cashel or Dublin.' These are the feelings which are growing up in the ranks of the Nationalists themselves. The priests cowered down before Mr. Parnell, but the wand of the magician is broken, and they begin once more to assert their power. The supremacy of the Roman hierarchy is not only a momentous
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fact for the Parnellites, but it is still more momentous for the Protestants of Ulster. It used to be said, 'What can the Protestants have to fear from a Parliament in Dublin, under the direction of Mr. Parnell? He is himself a Protestant.' But that pretext, whatever it was worth, has been scattered to the four winds. The Nationalist organization will henceforth be controlled by Fenians on the one hand, and by the priesthood on the other. These are the men who would be dominant in an Irish Parliament, who would fill all the offices, and who would bring into existence a new police force of their own—a force which could soon be turned to other uses than the preservation of order. The people of Ulster, who have not yet quite forgotten the bitter lessons of the past, understand the meaning of all this only too clearly. They will, if Mr. Gladstone's designs succeed, be thrown directly under the rule of the priests and of their hereditary enemies. They will not submit to it. Consequently, the warning which Mr. Chamberlain uttered at Edinburgh last month cannot be regarded as unnecessary. 'Either,' he said, 'you must cut out Ulster from your scheme, and then you will lose the support of all your Irish allies, or else you must include Ulster, and then—you know what you are doing then—your "union of hearts" will be the signal for civil war.' To call this plain statement of the truth an 'incitement to strife' is ridiculous. Mr. Gladstone might with greater reason be accused of that for referring to the Protestant minority as 'not wholly incapable, one would think, of some effort at self-defence.' Surely this is a sufficiently distinct intimation from the author of the Home Rule Bill that, if a section of the people are deeply aggrieved and injured by it, they may put into operation their powers of self-defence. We cannot for a moment doubt that they will act upon this hint if they are driven to it.

Now, the people of this country generally do not understand that any such issue as this is involved in the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. It is absolutely essential that they should be made to understand it, and therefore Unionist members and candidates cannot take too much pains to enter into the question. The crisis, should it come, will throw all Ireland into anarchy. We do not believe that Lord Salisbury exaggerated in the least degree when he said recently, that the North would endeavour to hold its own, but that 'it will be a terrible struggle. It will be the cause of unnumbered scenes of cruelty and massacre; it will be a revival of all those terrible religious wars from which Ireland has suffered too much, and it will in the long run undoubtedly call the opinion of this country

country to bear upon the struggle.' And not the 'opinion' of the country only. It is impossible to suppose that the English or the Scotch people would stand by calmly and look on at the destruction of their fellow-loyalists and co-religionists in the North of Ireland. 'We shall interfere,' said Lord Salisbury, in that masterly speech at Birmingham from which we have already quoted, 'to prevent such oppression, we shall reconquer the country, and the long dreary roll of seven centuries will begin again.' These warnings are not to be disregarded. They point to a real, and it may be to a near, danger. A chance couple of hundred thousand more or less at the polls may bring all these evils upon us. Mr. Gladstone foresees the peril, but waves it off as a thing too distant for serious attention. He has never been able to appreciate the consequences of his own acts. But the people of Ulster, whose property and whose liberties are at stake, cannot take Mr. Gladstone's philosophical view of their position. They are quiet now, because they have not been able to bring themselves to believe that Mr. Gladstone will obtain a majority at the next election. But it would be madness to disguise the fact that the greatest circumspection and the most strenuous exertions will be requisite to defeat him. We have never been able to agree with those who persuade themselves that Mr. Gladstone is an 'extinct volcano.' It would be difficult to exaggerate his power with the masses of the people, who have but the haziest recollection of his actual career, and who do not even remember the details of his disastrous Egyptian policy, recent as it is. When he stands up before them, and refers, with all the skill of an orator who has now no equal left, to his 'fifty years of service to the nation,' and to his grey hairs, all his faults are forgotten. The English people cling with extraordinary tenacity to their public men. They invest them with all sorts of imaginary qualities—which is a very fortunate thing for some—and never turn their backs upon them unless they feel that their confidence has been betrayed or abused. Mr. Gladstone, they say, has made mistakes; but who has not? They look upon him as one of the wonders of the age—he, a man of 82, able to address an audience for an hour together, with a spirit and a fire, to say nothing of a copious flow of language and a charm of manner, which the youngest and ablest might well envy. And, so far, the people are quite right. In Parliament, or out of it, for 'speaking purposes,' there is no one who deserves to be mentioned with Mr. Gladstone. Whether the task which he has to perform be small or great, whether he has to pay a compliment to the mover and seconder of the Address, or to make an
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animated appeal to an audience of five or six thousand, he is unapproachable. Friends and enemies alike are obliged to listen with rapt attention. Now this is all that the general public see or know about him. They are captivated with his style, and they are told that this is the man who brought them out of the bondage of Egypt to the Promised Land. They find it easy to believe it. Let it not be supposed, then, that he is anything now but what he has always been—a most formidable force to reckon with. We may depend upon it that he will present his case in the most plausible light that human ingenuity can invent, and that all the hidden dangers of 'Home Rule' will be more skilfully put out of sight than ever. From his own point of view, he is right in concealing his scheme. There may be dangers in that course, but there would be far more in any other. We recommend all who are seeking to influence the constituencies in favour of the maintenance of a Conservative Government to pay no heed to the advice which is sometimes given them to avoid the Irish question, because 'everybody has had enough of it.' It should be explained over and over again, with as much variety of illustration and thought as can possibly be brought to bear upon the subject. Let us imagine what Mr. Gladstone would be able to do with our cause if he had happened to have taken it up instead of his own. He would never allow the country to become weary of it. He would ply it like a whip of steel. The wickedness of destroying the Union, of placing the Constabulary under the heels of the Nationalists, of betraying Ulster, of surrendering to a disloyal group everything they had been clamouring for, of adopting, in nearly all its entirety, the Fenian programme—the whole land would ring and ring again with the iniquity of these things. If Mr. Gladstone chose, he could bring the nation to a fighting point with far less material at his disposal. And we are told that we had better drop the theme, because some writers for the newspapers have heard too much about it already. Then let them close their ears, while Conservative candidates, and all who can influence opinion, continue to hammer at it with all the energy and ability they possess. Other subjects need not be forgotten. But this is still, what it was in 1886, the issue of vital and overwhelming importance; and to treat it carelessly, or to cast it into the background, will be to invite a signal, and it may be an irreparable, disaster.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The People's Archbishop—the late Most Rev. William Thomson, D.D., Archbishop of York.* By Charles Bullock, B.D., author of 'The Crown of the Road,' &c. 1890.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON was buried at Bishopthorpe on the 30th of December, 1890, under the shadow of the Palace where he had ruled for twenty-eight years. Only three of his predecessors had held office for so long a time. When he came to the Diocese, he was comparatively a young man, with the vigour and promise of one who, in mind and body, was singularly well equipped for his work. He died in his seventy-second year, his strength hardly yet abated, and having been only persuaded in the last two years to summon a Suffragan Bishop to his aid. It has often been said by those who knew him well that he was happy in the moment of his death. Not only was it a death-bed of little pain or distress, but he was at work till within a few hours of the end: he had not to endure what vigorous minds find so difficult to endure, the feeling that he was laid by, and that the work which he had loved and done so well was in other hands. That he was a masculine and strong prelate, will hardly be denied. But most men that knew him rated him higher than this, and claim for him a place among the few great Archbishops. Some go a step farther, and maintain that of all the Archbishops of York since Wolsey, William Thomson was the greatest. Perhaps the estimate is less flattering than it sounds, for the 'chair of Paulinus,' for one reason or other, has not been favourable to the display of the qualities which make up greatness. Still, the late Archbishop was, by general consent, acknowledged to be a powerful man, whose life was of great value to the Church; and it would not be well that such a man should leave us without some attention being drawn to his career. Possibly

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his Life may one day be given to the world ; though we have no reason at present to think that such a work is in view. In the meanwhile, Mr. Bullock's little book, the title of which stands at the head of our article, enables us to offer some remarks on the Archbishop's life and work. Without pretending to offer an elaborate account of the subject, the brochure gives correctly enough the salient points in the Archbishop's career, and its quotations are selected with sufficient care and judgment. In speaking here of the late Archbishop, we propose to dwell chiefly on that side of his life which is least familiar to the general reader. So far as his career touched the general life of the Church, or was itself involved in it and helped to mould it, the biography of his brother Archbishop, lately reviewed in our pages, will have brought it sufficiently before us. But his influence, not as a statesman or Member of Parliament, but as a worker in the Church's cause ; his life—not in London but at Bishopthorpe, and in the great towns of the North—this is a side that is less known to most readers. And the contrast which it presents to the Life of Archbishop Tait gives further interest to the picture.

William Thomson was born at Whitehaven in 1819, of parents whose extraction was Scotch. His mother was a Home, and connected with the Marchmont family ; a woman of great individuality of character, and with a cultivated taste for poetry, which she transmitted in considerable measure to her son. His father, a man of singular independence and fearlessness of mind, had come to Whitehaven in his early days, had married there, and became subsequently a director of the local bank, chairman of the first Hematite Company that was formed in the North of England, and chairman of the bench of magistrates. The local school was good of its kind, but the lad found his chief education at home, for his principal teachers were books. He was at all times omnivorous in his reading, but no doubt his tastes led him early to the subjects of science and philosophy, of which he showed a singular knowledge even in his early life. At eleven he migrated to Shrewsbury, in those days more even than now given up to the worship of the classic Muse. It is interesting to hear what he tells us some fifty years later of the famous school. He goes down to a Prize Day in 1888, and says :—

‘When I was at the school I must confess that I should have liked a little chance of studying a bit of science. I had blackened my nose and burned my fingers with chemistry in the holidays, but I should never have dreamed of doing either at the school. I remember on one occasion that my master—Mr. Thomas Henney, for whom

whom I shall always entertain the highest regard—detected me with another book under my Thucydides: I was reading it in class. It was not a great crime, for when some boys were called up to construe, there was nothing for the rest to do. It seemed quite legitimate, so long as one was not found out.'

The book thus secretly preferred was 'Combe's Constitution of Man,' and we fear that the young reader must have lost caste with his companions, even more than with his master, for the singular preference he showed. In truth, he was never a scholar, as scholarship is understood, nor did he ever simulate the taste. When the time came for modern science and the modern languages to claim their place in the time-honoured curriculum of education, Thomson spoke more than once with no uncertain voice. Giving away the Doncaster School prizes in 1866, he says:—

'The reason why we have gone on so long studying Greek and Latin has been because of our conviction that, by training the young in them, we put before them some beautiful models, to which they cannot do better than conform. We furnish them with a series of what have been called moulds and models, in which they may place the English material, so that their own style may become classical and beautiful. But I am not prepared to say that we have no means of teaching a pure and exact style except through the medium of Greek and Latin. I think it quite possible for a person, studying our own tongue in a scientific manner, and with all the appliances which we bring to bear upon Greek and Latin, to form a beautiful and correct style, even though he has never drunk of the fountain of classical languages, or has taken but a slight sip of them.'

So again, in distributing prizes at Manchester, he says:—

'I am afraid that tradition is likely to be too strong for us, and that the old story will go on for a long time to come; that Latin and Greek will still be the staple of education; and that the making of Latin and Greek verses will be the intellectual exercise of the boys of the future as it has been of the boys of the past. I do not for a moment deny that there are masterpieces of beautiful form in the old literature. To deny it would be absurd. I should be very sorry, for my own part, to give up the knowledge I have of these languages, and I remember what an era it was in the expansion of my own thoughts when first I was set to work on the Republic of Plato. But when we speak of Greek and Latin literature, I suppose it is like English and French literature in this respect, that it contains good, bad, and indifferent. It is a great mistake to think that everybody who wrote in Greek wrote beautifully, or that every work composed in Latin about the Augustan era is a model to admire and imitate.'

Sad heresy, this, to come from lips that should have drunk deep of the Pierian spring at Shrewsbury. Meanwhile, how-

ever, the heretic could now and then make excellent use of the models which he decries: any one who remembers a certain article on 'The Ritual of the English Church,' which appeared in this 'Review,' will recall a classical allusion which shows not a little familiarity with some portion of the despised literature, and which one would almost think should have pricked the writer's conscience.

'From afar off comes a breath of rumour that does not presage peace. Achilles is returning to the fray, with the flame upon his head, and with that voice, the very sound of which carries fear and confusion to Trojan hearts. In more sordid prose, Mr. Gladstone rises from nursing his heart upon the War of Troy, and from trimming the quiet woods of Hawarden; and with resolution in his heart, and six Resolutions in his pocket, comes to cast himself in the path of this hated measure,* and to destroy it.'

It is clear that Thomson had not stood out from his compeers either in the school sports or in the school studies; he was neither an athlete, nor a future Ireland scholar. But a public school teaches various lessons, and is many-sided in its influence. The independent and somewhat reserved student was learning human nature; and was training a mind already resolute, and a determined will, for the larger school of public life. From Shrewsbury Thomson went to Queen's College, Oxford, as the College which in those days opened its gates more widely than others to North-countrymen; and here he became first a Scholar, and subsequently Fellow, Bursar, Tutor, and Provost. Here again, though his contemporaries record his friendly bearing and the charm of his society, it is clear that he lived his own life and thought his own thoughts. He read as eagerly and as widely as before; and music—for he was an accomplished musician—solaced his rare leisure with her dangerous pleasures. Those were the early days of the great Oxford movement; but the storm and stress of that convulsion passed him by unheeded. Then, as always, the spiritual question of the epoch presented itself to his eyes in quite another shape. In the final Examination he was, like some other men of note about the same period, placed in the third class. People sometimes demand an explanation of such failures; and the explanation is sometimes missed from its very simplicity. When J. H. Newman was asked to explain his failure in the schools—the logician, the philosopher, the poet, only in the third class—he used to say that there was no mystery whatever in it—'it was a case of a simple breakdown.' Thomson would have had more

* The Public Worship Regulation Bill.

to say, if he had cared to say it. Some of the tutors in those days were not the wisest of men; and Thomson's College Tutor advised him to omit some of the books and take in only such books as might procure him a third class. Anything below that class would forfeit the College Fellowship which he coveted; anything above that class represented needless labour. The unsuspected ambition of his nature would probably have appraised such advice at its true value; but the young scholar was already engaged on a secret task, which had more interest to him even then—and was to prove by-and-bye of greater service to him—than the highest class in the list. He was busy with a book which the world presently knew as 'Thomson's Laws of Thought.' Its publication was deferred till 1842, but it was written while he was still an undergraduate, and we believe that it was actually finished before he went into the schools. So accurately had he gauged his own strength, when he deliberately turned aside from the lists where his contemporaries were contending, to match himself with men whose names, in the field he had selected, were of European celebrity. The 'Laws of Thought' has, no doubt, seen its day, and in the keen struggle for existence has made way for younger rivals. But the book was at the time a marked success; and to have been written by an undergraduate makes it almost a marvel. It came into immediate use at Oxford, and passed through several editions, of which the last, we believe, was issued at the end of last year; and it has set the lines on which logic has been studied in Ireland, America, India, and even Scotland. Compliments poured in upon the writer from all quarters. Logicians, who had long made their own mark, wrote cordially to the new comer who had joined their ranks; and, not forgetting to maintain the superior value of their own dogmas, were lavish of their praise. Dr. McCosh, Professor De Morgan, Sir W. Hamilton, welcomed him to their side with ready frankness. But perhaps the most original tribute, and one that would have interested the author most if he had ever come to know it, was only revealed after his death. A present dignitary of the Church, who was just planting his foot on the first rungs of the great ladder, and held a Mastership in a famous school, speaks of the enthusiasm to which the book had stirred him:

'When I was a young master at the school, I was so struck by "The Outline of the Laws of Thought," that, without having ever (that I know of) seen its author, I started one day at 6 P.M. after school, and rode to B—, and thence drove on to Oxford, so as to vote for him the next morning as Professor of Logic, returning the same day at once—a ride and drive of about ninety miles. Some friend

friend introduced me to him then, and though I don't think he ever heard of my zeal, I have never received anything but unvarying kindness at his hands from that day to this.'

But the author of this successful work had now to decide on his future career. The decision was not easy. In spite of his humble place in the Class List, he could not be unconscious of possessing unusual gifts; and all who came in contact with him carried away the same impression of his ability. We can easily believe that he was woo'd in more than one direction. In later years some singular testimonies to the breadth and scope of his powers were found converging from many quarters. When he conducted his own case in the well-known suit before the Court of Queen's Bench, some of his hearers affirmed that, had he entered the legal profession, he must have mounted yet a step higher in the order of the Queen's subjects. He often lectured before the College of Music, and showed such a mastery of the subject, that the Executive Council counted him among their first authorities. At St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the students lamented that he had become an ecclesiastic, for that he was an eminent physician spoiled. 'If he had gone into our trade,' said an iron-master who was at the top of his calling, 'he must have beaten us all.' But a more amusing tribute was paid him by a sportsman whose name was well-known on the Turf. The Archbishop chanced to be staying in the neighbourhood when some races were going on, and found the sportsman in question a fellow-visitor in the house. They fell into conversation one evening, and the Archbishop was told that his friend had just returned from the day's sports. Thomson's views on betting were very strong, and he did not affect to conceal them. He took the young man aside, and pointed out to him the folly, as well as the wickedness, of his occupation. 'I tell you what,' remarked the subject of the lecture to a friend on escaping from the interview, 'it is just as well that that fellow went into the Church; if he had gone on to the Turf, he would have cleaned us all out.' It is possible that, among other paths that seemed open to him at this juncture, he cast some longing looks towards the path that leads to poetical fame. He had inherited the gift, as we saw, from his mother, and from time to time had found, like most young men, refreshment and solace in composition. But he was wont to be in all things more in earnest than most young men; and now he stood at the parting of the ways with a collection of poems in his possession, doubting whether to set his foot on the lower slopes of Parnassus, or to leave that hazardous climb to others. A well-known publisher

fisher with whom he opened negotiations deterred him from the experiment. He had not seen the poems, but 'poetry was just then a drug in the market, and he could not advise publication.' The hint was taken, the poems returned to the drawer, and the possible poet was presently lost in the divine: So, too, a logician was lost when Oxford subsequently denied him her Logic chair; but it is probable in both cases that the world was the gainer.

In 1842 he was ordained, and in the following year he attracted the notice of Samuel Wilberforce, whose curate he became at Alverstoke. When Wilberforce passed to the see of Oxford, Thomson followed him as his curate to Cuddesdon, and the two men, both so powerful and yet so dissimilar in most of their qualities, became intimate and friendly. That the friendship did not survive the friction of subsequent events is well known. We have heard in many ways what Wilberforce thought of the man whose elevation to York was such a stumbling-block to him. What the Archbishop on his side thought of Wilberforce, the world has never heard, nor will hear. Thomson was a man of great largeness of heart and of abounding charity: there was much he might have said, for Nature had given him a quick wit and incisive phrase; but no one could ever say he had heard him utter an unkind word, or speak even of an opponent without charity. Their intimacy, at all events, was not long continued, for in 1847 Queen's College demanded that Thomson should come back as Tutor and Dean. His brief contact with the world had braced and strengthened him; if he had ever been a dreamer and a would-be poet, he was so no longer. Like Newman in 1833, he felt that a work lay before him, and he came back resolved to do it. That work was College and University Reform. The Oxford of 1892 is by centuries removed from the Oxford of forty years ago. But it is almost forgotten how much the reforming movement owed to the young Tutor of Queen's. A signal mistake, in an election to a College Fellowship, set Thomson in motion: *fecit indignatio versum*: his well-known letter to Lord John Russell led to an enquiry before a House of Commons Committee, and the University Commission was the result. The letter was an able and convincing production, but it was meant for private eyes: it was, however, preceded by a pamphlet on College Reform from the same pen, which was able and masterly, and challenged general attention.

The author of these two publications was henceforward a man to be observed, for his career was likely to merit such notice. His sermons were soon found to contain the same vigorous thought,

thought, couched in similar masculine language. His progress was rapid. He was made Select Preacher in 1848, as again in 1856. He failed, happily, as we have already said, in his candidature for the Chair of Logic, which might have beguiled him out of his direct path. Some of our readers may be able to recall a *jeu d'esprit*, very famous at the time, in which a late Canon of York Minster had described, in language borrowed from the Turf, one who was eventually to become his own diocesan, and whose candidates for Holy Orders he was often to examine. The squib—alas! the culture of a reformed University has forgotten the art of squibbing—was very excellent fooling. Well do we remember when the conversation at a Bishopthorpe *réunion* chanced upon the old theme, and the jester and the subject of the jest changed their respective places. Thomson's 'Bampton Lectures' soon followed, and it was admitted that the admired preacher was also a theologian. In 1855 he was offered the rectorship of a church in Langham Place, and a chaplaincy to the Queen: and for a few months he attracted large congregations in London. But in the same year the Provostship of his own College fell vacant, and he was recalled to University life. He became a candidate in 1857 for the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn, a position of considerable mark, of which the holder had rarely failed to obtain subsequent promotion. The last holder, indeed, had been an exception to this rule: he had been a popular preacher, and a lady of some sagacity shook her head at his appointment; 'he will find preaching to heads a different thing from preaching to bonnets.' Thomson distanced his competitors by a large majority, and his sermons soon filled the chapel. The repute of his preaching marked him out for speedy promotion: and when, on the vacancy of the see of Gloucester and Bristol, it was offered to the preacher, the choice was generally approved. His tenure, however, was to be of no long duration, indeed scarcely a year. The Prince Consort died on the day before his consecration, and the Bishop's first sermon in his Cathedral was on that national calamity. It was a striking discourse, and it has been sometimes suggested that to the timely accident of this sermon, and the favourable notice it attracted in high quarters, the Bishop owed his speedy elevation to the Primacy. We believe that this was not the case, though there would have been nothing surprising if it had been so. The sermon was a powerful appeal to feelings already stirred to their depth, and was clothed in his usual power of language. Compared with later specimens of his pulpit eloquence, its style was more ornate and picturesque than his maturer taste admitted; for more and more,

as time went on, he grew to discard ornament and rhetorical effect, and depended for his strength on the matter and the argument.

The Primacy was offered in the first instance to Tait, then Bishop of London, and it was understood that, in the case of his acceptance, London would be offered to Thomson. Tait, however, refused the office, and Lord Palmerston offered it at once to the Bishop of Gloucester. After some hesitation he accepted it. Thus by a strange chance it fell to Lord Palmerston's lot to offer Thomson his three chief promotions—Langham Place, Gloucester, and York—and yet the Minister and the Ecclesiastic were personally unknown to each other. Thomson was enthroned in the early days of 1862, and entered on his duties at once. From that day to the day of his death he seldom left his see for more than a few weeks at a time. At one period he did not leave it, except for his London business, for seven continuous years. Under medical insistence, indeed, he spent a few months in 1880 at Biarritz, with the photographic camera which was always the companion of his holidays; but with that exception, and a few weeks annually in the autumn, if his family could so far persuade him, he was always at his work. And the work was necessary, for it was not an easy task which he had undertaken. The conditions of a Bishop's life had been altogether altered by the career of Samuel Wilberforce; thenceforth all Bishops would be expected to move along the lines which he had laid down. But an Archbishop, though it be of York, is in a still more difficult position. He has duties to his province as well as to his diocese; and imperial, as well as provincial, questions force themselves on his attention. An amazing number of secular duties mingle with those that are purely spiritual. It is easy to understand that a person should have doubts and misgivings in accepting such a position. But, the week of anxious consideration once past, doubts and misgivings were not in Archbishop Thomson's way; he was before all things strong and self-reliant. One keen comprehensive look round his new diocese, a more anxious survey of the Church's wider horizon, and he cast himself into his work.

What the state of things was which met his eye in his own province, a few words will make clear. The prospect was not encouraging. His own diocese was enormous, and no Suffragan Bishop was yet in existence to help him. He saw large centres of industry, where the population had made, and was making, giant strides, and where the Church toiled after it in vain, if in truth it toiled at all. The churches

churches were in sad disproportion to the work they had to do, and each year increased the disproportion. Sheffield had only one church for every 8000 souls; Hull but one church for every 8500; Middlesbro' one church for 10,000; Rotherham a single church for the same number; Mexboro', with a considerable population, had no church at all. Nor were the multitudes that filled the towns by any means like sheep ready for a coming pastor, and prepared to follow at his piping. Sheffield might be taken as a type; there the age of 'rattening' had not yet past; or, if the ratteners had been taught to respect the law, they remained ratteners at heart. A diocesan of weak nerves might be excused if he sought to come to his work by degrees, and let Sheffield wait until his nerves were braced for the ordeal. Indeed, Archbishop Musgrave had refused to visit the town, unless he had some guarantee for his personal safety. It is said, though we will not vouch for the story, that in one of his earliest visits, as he walked from the station with the vicar, the late Archbishop met a mechanic walking with his son. The mechanic glanced at the commanding figure and the resolute face, and made no sign. The boy involuntarily touched his cap in respect: years had not yet taught him how his class received a stranger if they had the chance. But the Archbishop had not passed a step or two, when he heard the paternal hand fall heavily on the lad's head: 'If I sees thee touching thy cap again to a parson, my lad, I'll give thee some'at to remember a parson by.' It was not encouraging. And if the needs proclaimed by the very existence of such towns were clamorous and urgent, the country parishes had their wants too: life had to be quickened where it had gone to sleep, to be shaped and moulded where it had begun to develop. And meanwhile in all the centres, large or small, the masses were demanding attention, instruction, and above all sympathy. A relentless competition had sown its dangerous seed, and the Socialist was abroad. A fierce Unbelief was master of the mechanic's heart; and woe to him who sought to remove it with powers less resolute than its own. Men smiled in the Archbishop's closing years at the name of Sheffield, and professed to marvel at the hold it kept on the strong man's heart. But the marvel was rather the other way. The Archbishop had won the hearts of the masses. How they first came under the magician's sway is a story that is often told. The Archbishop was laying the first stone of a new church: it was not a scene that in itself had much attraction for the mechanic; but chance, or curiosity, had brought a few loiterers to the spot, and the Archbishop, seeing his opportunity,

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opportunity, mounted a few steps of a ladder which happened to be within reach, and from that coign of vantage turned round and faced the visitors. He did not say much, but what he said was so opportune, so simple, and above all so obviously sincere, that it created the impression which was never afterwards effaced.

To what conclusions a more comprehensive outlook might lead a thoughtful observer, looking beyond the horizon of his own province, the Archbishop explained in his Inaugural Address before the York Church Institute. He said :

‘In the last half century various influences have been at work to produce that love of the literal and visible and tangible, which everybody agrees to be the great mark of our epoch. The first of these is what may be called the critical tendency. At the end of the last century the whole ecliptic of human thought appeared to have tumbled into utter ruin. In France, the cultivated class was, as it has been said, at one time seduced by a mocking Epicurean scepticism, at another disturbed by dogmatic unbelief, at another irritated by fits of religious intolerance without faith. In Germany, a great work had been published, which went to prove that ideas of God and of immortality were beyond the reach of the understanding, and belonged to the region of things which man could not know; and though the author found in the law of duty a means of convincing himself that the conscience might still hold fast what the understanding was obliged to abandon, he left the whole philosophy of knowledge to be reconstructed. In England, Bentham had laboured to destroy the one stronghold which Kant had left unshaken; for all men’s actions were referable, not as Kant thought to that high law that men should act on principles which would admit of becoming the law for every thinking being, but simply to the wish to avoid discomfort and pain and to secure satisfaction and pleasure. Priestley and the elder Darwin were materialists—that is, they sought for an explanation of everything connected with man in the laws of the matter of which man was compacted. In one word, the ground was everywhere strewn with the ruins of old philosophies; and out of the new facts that were to replace them the student would gather that henceforth the boundaries of human knowledge were to be greatly contracted, and philosophy was to desist from the ambitious discourse of God and man’s eternal destinies, and to confine itself to the collection of facts which the senses brought them in, and to their classification and arrangement.’

It was abundantly clear that the new Primate was to be a power elsewhere as well as in the pulpit—that Materialism, Scepticism, Socialism, would henceforth have to reckon with a new and vigorous adversary. That conflict was carried on without a truce for twenty-eight years; year after year, almost month after month, the Archbishop found time, amidst the pressure of

of the duties of his diocese, to deal with the Protean forms of the infidelity which, as he said, marked the epoch; labouring men gathered in one town or another in large masses, and marked with close attention how his arguments smote the foe in his very strongholds. You might think, as you listened to a single address, that here was a speaker of rare power who seemed to have an unusual grasp of his subject; but you must trace his life year by year, and read speech after speech, delivered in his diocese and out of it, to discover that this was not a single effort to deal with a difficult topic, but that he had studied the subject, had recognized that here was the one foe which religion needed to confront, and had matched himself with that foe with all his singular energy of argument, attack, and defence. Let us glance at the kind of work in which he was engaged, remembering that his diocese contained 630 parishes and a population of a million and a quarter.

Passing over the ordinary functions of his office, we find the Archbishop making his first public appearance at a meeting of the Castle Howard Reformatory in 1863. From that time onward there was no meeting on any large scale in the diocese, for purposes of criminal amendment, amelioration of the state of the poor, encouragement to education, cultivation of artistic or scientific tastes, but the Archbishop was pressed into the service, and helped the cause by weighty address or lecture. What labour this involved in a diocese like York can be judged, and much of it was beyond and beside the ordinary labour of a Bishop's life. In 1864 the Social Science Congress met at York, and Dr. Thomson made an address on Education. In the same year, at the distribution of prizes after the middle-class examinations at Leeds, the Archbishop presided, and his opening remarks throw some light upon his busy life.

'I have been invited,' he says, 'no doubt, as Archbishop of York, to have the pleasure of presenting the prizes on this occasion. It is not, however, as Archbishop of York that I wish to present myself before you. I wish to appear before you as a veteran, connected with those very institutions about which the Report has just spoken, for I was for two or three years Examiner in Theology to the Oxford University Local Examination Board, and I have myself presided at the Examinations in two great centres, London and Liverpool. And, more than that, I believe that I am the first Bishop who ever acted as Examiner to the Society of Arts in London, and that I continued to do until the present year.'

In 1865 the Church Congress met at York, and the Primate was Chairman; under his auspices the Working Men's Meeting was for the first time a reality. An Exhibition of Industry and the

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the Fine Arts was held at Wakefield, and the Archbishop spoke with his usual direct force.

‘I must say that, if ever the working classes are to solve the problem of education, this is the time to do it; for I cannot discern that they were ever in such a good and flourishing condition upon the whole as at this moment. Now the problem which strikes my mind is this. The mere hodman’s work has disappeared almost entirely. It is done now by machinery, and some of our working people are employed in things which are in themselves almost an education. Why, think of the instruments of precision which we have attained to! Think of the simple fact of the invention of the slide-rest, which has completely revolutionised our machinery! And I say that the things produced by means of that invention are high art in themselves, and that to be employed in the construction ought of itself to be a half-education. It ought to educate the eye and the hand, and in some degree the moral sense also, because it teaches the need of accuracy and the habit of exactness.’

It will occur to many of us that what the speaker says here of the working people is in a sense true of himself, the things he had to do were in themselves a half-education. Had he remained at Gloucester, we do not doubt that he would have been eminent among Bishops; but the Archbishop of York had a special work to do among special men—he was in the land of the artisan and the mechanic; they demanded special treatment, and he soon learned to give them what they wanted. In coming to the North he was returning to his native soil; and, like the wrestler in the fable, he seemed to renew his vigour and increase his powers by contact with his maternal earth.

In 1866 he became President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society and delivered the inaugural address. He laid the first stone of the new school buildings at Doncaster, and discoursed on education. It was long before the days of compulsory education, before even the days of Mr. Forster’s code, but the speaker was singularly prescient in his forecast of the future:

‘I do not scruple to say that education ought to be compulsory. A man who can neither read nor write is a different being to his fortunate neighbours; he knows nothing of what is passing beyond the little world in which he lives, and nothing of the world into which he is to go. Something ought to be done, though how it is to be done I cannot say. We are too free and independent a nation, it is said, to have anything done by compulsion; but I do not understand such arguments.’

In 1869 he met the working classes of Sheffield, for the first time deliberately and of set purpose. An extempore address, a few

few words delivered from the rungs of a ladder, had been one thing ; it would be another to arrange a formal meeting, to let the hall pack itself with friends or foes, and to take his chance. The meeting arose out of a mistake that is not altogether corrected even yet. He was told that at a working men's meeting, held in Sheffield, it had been roundly asserted that the clergy were paid agents of the State. 'I should very much like to meet five hundred of those men somewhere if I could,' he said, 'and have a talk with them.' The wish was reported to a leader of the class. 'Does he really mean it?' this man asked the vicar. 'His Grace always means what he says.' 'Then I'll be there to meet him, and my mates with me.' He was as good as his word, and the great hall was packed. Such sights are more common now than they were in 1869. No one had yet dreamed of 'a working men's meeting' till the Church Congress created it ; and gatherings of the masses were unknown except for political purposes. There were many people in Sheffield that night, beside those present at the meeting, who wondered how the Archbishop would speed, and what would come of it. As far as he was concerned, it was no doubt a triumph from the first few sentences. As to what came of it, who can tell? But a story is still current in the great town, and we can vouch for its truth, that one of the working leaders, an advanced Socialist and an unbeliever, was present at the meeting, and listened earnestly to the speaker : how his heart softened and became as wax, as the speaker went on, was learned some time after by the Vicar, who was called in to minister to his dying hours. Few, no doubt, went so far as this, but many went a long way : and from that moment till the bleak afternoon in 1890, when the deputies from the Sheffield working men bore the pall of their dead Pastor to his grave, the hearts of the men of Hallamshire were his own. They made him a costly present of their famous cutlery in 1883, and the Archbishop's pride in showing it to his friends was not in the value of the gift, but in the warmth of the feeling which suggested it. If there should be any permanent memorial of the Archbishop, we would suggest the erection of a bronze statue in Sheffield, to which we have little doubt that the men of that town would cheerfully and liberally contribute. Sheffield was the scene of the first and greatest triumph of his career as an Archbishop.

Let us look at the famous speech, and see what he has to say of the relations of the clergy to the State :

'On this side of the room are a number of clergymen, and on your side of the room are a large number of citizens ; and I say to you, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that not one of us, the clergy,

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clergy, is a burden upon you to the extent of one single farthing from the beginning to the end. Now, to take my own case, which you know is quite the most flagrant. I am a gentleman living on my own estates; and if my estates were taken away from me, which is quite a conceivable thing, I say if they were taken away, it is a most absolute certainty that not one single acre, or portion of an acre, would find itself the day after in the possession of any of the gentlemen who are listening to me. And I am not at all sure that the possession of land, on the condition of working for it, in the public service, is worse than the possession of land without any condition of working for it at all. Well, that is so much for my share of the matter. And now, with regard to the clergy. Why, it is still more preposterous! Knowing what I do know about the clergy of this country, I do say that this is not only an unjust accusation, but also an ungrateful one. I will venture to say that, in proportion to the income they possess—which, mark you, comes in one way or other, not from your pockets as tax-payers, but from real property or land acquired—no class of men do half so much for the working people of this country. Yes, I know cases—and I could mention the names, but of course I must not—I know cases where men of 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year keep up at their own expense an efficient school in which they educate into useful members of society all the children, male or female, born in the parish. And who would do it if they did not? And they tax themselves sometimes to the extent of one-sixth, or even one-fifth, of their income for that excellent purpose. Well, then, I venture to say that, when you see the clergyman walking in and out among you, he does not come to you as your servant who is paid by the State, but he does come there as your minister and servant who is so for Jesus Christ's sake.'

And then having disposed of that misconception, he goes on to speak frankly of some tender subjects:—

'I am going to another part of my subject. There is one thing which, I think, hinders religion here, and yet for which I cannot help feeling a certain measure of respect, though I think it is a mistake. I believe there is a kind of feeling of independence, which is antagonistic to religion, and I will say a few words about it. Most of you, I dare say, or at least many of you, live by the exercise of the skill of your hands, and the article you make is in its way a perfect thing, and satisfies you when you have done it. You feel that the skill which you have got, the man next you has not got, that it has taken you ten years to acquire it, and that you may quite possibly lose it if in the providence of God anything goes wrong with your senses. But you have a certain pride in that power you possess, and you show it in various ways, for all Englishmen have a measure of such pride. They wish to be independent, and they would not for the world allow the chains and fetters that are allowed to bind other nations to be fastened upon their neck. Supposing a law were made in England to-morrow that, by a simple letter of the Queen

Queen under private seal, one of us could be committed to gaol without the form of a trial, I do not believe that all the armies of Europe, with all the arms they possess, could enforce that law in this country for a month. And I am glad to think it. I do not look with despair upon this feeling of independence, although I think it is, in some cases, an obstacle to the cause we wish to further. It leads men in a wrong direction. It leads them to think not only that they will not be coerced, but also that they will not be taught. The two things are, in my judgment, totally different. The men who begin by asserting their own independence, very often go on until they become the least independent of all God's creatures, because they are the slaves of some unfortunate vice. Hence a man who says, "Nobody shall dictate to me—I will dispose of my own time; I shall not go to church or chapel unless I choose," that man spends the day in his own way, and I am not sure that it is a better way because he has chosen it. And if it has led him towards the public-house, if he spends his time in making up his betting-book—for I am told that practice pervades all classes of society at present—I say if he has been doing these things, drinking, or betting, or spending his time in idleness and vice, he is a worse man than if he followed the bidding of some man who said to him, "Go to church, and see what you can hear there," because all these vices have some sting in them; they all strike at a man's independence and dignity.'

In 1875 he was busy in passing his Dilapidations Bill through Parliament; in vainly attempting to stem the movement for Disestablishing the Irish Church; and later in the year in delivering a powerful address on Materialistic Theories before the Christian Evidence Society. In 1876 we find his first recognition in public of the fact that Disestablishment is passing within the 'sphere of practical politics.' Speaking on Church Defence at Malton, he said:—

'It does not seem to me that a Bishop of the Church ought to be foremost in any agitation for what is called Church Defence. That, I think, is mainly a layman's question, and it is also natural that the clergy should join in it: but it does not seem to me that the Bishops should be the first to move, because it may easily be said that they have a principal stake in the institution whose welfare is involved. Therefore I say emphatically that this is a laymen's question, and if the day shall ever come when the laity of this country cease to wish for the Church as an establishment, then it will disappear. Disendowment is a different thing. The Church of England is not a tax upon the people. I should astonish you if I were to tell you—what is nevertheless perfectly true—that the creed in many of the manufacturing centres is that the Church is a tax upon the Consolidated Fund, and that the destruction of the Church, with the sweeping away of its officers, will have the effect of diminishing the amount paid by the taxpayer. It is no such thing.'

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In 1875 he preached at Bradford, when the British Association met there, and in the same year we find him again addressing the Christian Evidence Society in London. In the following year there was another Lecture before the same Society, and a mission in Sheffield occupied much of his attention. For the first time he assembled a Diocesan Conference of Clergy and Laity, an experiment which was destined to become permanent. He was seldom, perhaps, seen to greater advantage than when presiding over this Conference, which met every second year. He always addressed it at some length on opening its first session; and his Charge presented a luminous exposition of the Church's present position, and a forecast of her future. If in such a forecast he inclined to a gloomier view of the outlook than some of his hearers could accept, if he thought that Disestablishment lay in the nearer future than to others seemed probable, he had a right to his opinion, and the question has still to be decided. But as to the skill and success of his management of the meeting, there was never any doubt from the first. The diocese was not, of course, quite homogeneous in its views. But all difficulties melted as if by magic, when the chairman's scrupulous fairness in presiding, and the impartial justice which he meted out to all, came to be recognized. He was especially happy in the summing up of a discussion; then he would rise and gather up the straggling threads of the debate, and presently, abandoning these, would come to his own views on the question at issue, seldom failing to pour light upon the dark places, and to determine his hearers in his own direction. Latterly it seemed that all semblance of opposition had died out; and, under the strong hand that guided them, the autumnal meetings were never anything but harmonious and pleasant.

In 1877 he conducted missions in Hull, in York, and in Whitby; laid the first stone of the College of Science at Leeds, and in the same town gave an address before the Philosophical and Literary Society. The year 1878 was an important one for his Sheffield work; for the Church Congress met there under his Presidency, and he addressed the working men in company with the Bishops of Carlisle, Manchester, and Sodor and Man. The opening of St. George's Hall at Rotherham gave rise to another of these stirring speeches, half-philosophical, half-pastoral, which seem to distinguish him from most of his episcopal brethren. In the following year the British Association met at Sheffield, and the Archbishop filled the pulpit of the parish church. The sermon is excellent reading, and we must make a short quotation.

'Belief is always more than assent to certain propositions. Christian belief is the loving resolve to have Christ as the Guide and Master in life, and the Hope in death. It is not that mere loose assent with which many content themselves, by which Christianity is held to be provisionally true, as one in the midst of many systems, some of which have a great deal to be said for them. If Christianity be to us a life and a life's love, it cannot find room beside it for other life-systems and other objects of affection. For this plain reason, that a man cannot march along two roads at once. In matters of belief that do not demand a life, we can afford to hold the opposing views balanced in our hands, waiting it may be for such future evidence as may chance. But when a journey is to be made, and you come to three divergent roads, and time is short, and the sun declining, you *must* take one of the three roads, because the journey must be made, and you can only take one. There may be more or less of risk in the choice; but to make no choice at all is worse than a risk—it is a certainty that the journey will not be made. Once the choice is made, you would be foolish to slacken your pace on the road, from some lingering idea that you might perhaps have taken another: the choice has been made after care and thought, and it is wisdom to follow it out earnestly. Let us compare moral with intellectual things. One of our friends reads every book that comes out, on almost any subject, and can give in agreeable language the different views of various parties on some matter of policy or social interest. It is a common type, in a time when men run to and fro and knowledge is increased: the well-informed man. Another has been drawn to some one subject, loves it, lives in it. All the powers of his mind are bent towards it. At last the fire kindles and he speaks, and a great poem, or historical study, or scientific discovery, is added to the world. That is the man of genius. Now compare these two with their moral counterparts. Nothing is more common than interest in religious discussions: true faith is as rare as ever. Men know that a great deal may be said for the immortality of the soul, and for the power of the soul to know God: but on the other hand a good deal has been said on the other side; and this or that eminent writer has been brilliant, even jocular, on the weakness of those who believe either. He thinks that in point of party rancour there is little to choose between the great religious parties, that true toleration teaches us not to be hot or cold about anything. Nothing is so absolutely true but that something may be said on the other side: nothing so absolutely false but that some day it may find a champion. This is the well-informed religion of the time. That such a faith will not move mountains need cause us no surprise. But that faith which has been called the genius of the soul is of a different kind.'

It would tax the patience of our readers to describe the Archbishop's engagements year by year, many of which, it must be remembered, were above and beside the ordinary work

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of an episcopal life, which in so vast a diocese must have been almost overwhelming. But we will take the years 1883 and 1884 as specimens of his usual life. In 1883 the Archdeaconry of Sheffield was created, and that part of the diocese rearranged. The two Houses of the Northern Convocation, in whose joint sitting various difficulties had arisen, were separated and set apart. The Archbishop was at Durham helping the Church Extension Society of that diocese with an address; he was at Manchester speaking on Sunday Closing; at York, speaking on Church Extension, on Diocesan Temperance, and on the Gilchrist Lectures; he was lecturing at the Royal College of Music in London on Musical Progress; and at the York Holgate School on Force of Character; speaking at the giving of the Cambridge Local Prizes, and at the Factory Girls' Club in York. In August he was speaking at York on Religious Education in Canada, and in the same month he was in the Isle of Man, laying the first stone of a School for Navigation; in October we find him at Carlisle preaching to the Church Congress, and addressing the Working Men's Meeting; again at Sheffield speaking on Temperance, and preaching in York on Agnosticism: he addressed the Church Extension Society in Middlesbrough; lectured on Art and Science to the new Institute at York; and took the lead in forming the Sanitary Association in Hull. In his confirmation engagements he had by this time been obliged to supplement his own powers by the assistance of the Bishop of Sodor and Man; but except in these spring weeks he performed all his episcopal duties unaided. And it must not be forgotten that to these various matters he always brought a mind which had somehow got to the root of the thing in question. He lectures on Musical Progress to a College of professed musicians: but how and when did he get that knowledge of music? No doubt he had a great taste for the science. But a taste for music, however great, will not enable one to lecture on Musical Progress; still less will induce Professors of Music to listen to the lecture; and, least of all, will persuade such listeners that they have found enjoyment and even profit in the lecture. Somehow, we suppose, he must have kept his musical knowledge abreast of the progress of the day, notwithstanding the numerous calls upon his time and attention. He is to lecture on Music to-morrow, and he must contrive in some way to read his brief. But close by its side on the table there lies another brief, and this is labelled 'Isle of Man Navigation.' Where has he got his knowledge of navigation? Perhaps he had a taste for this also. But the Manxmen are not easily satisfied about navigation; an address from one

with a slight taste for navigation will not stay their robust appetite. No! he must have somehow got to the bottom of navigation also. But stay a moment! there is yet another brief that demands reading; we make out the label, it is, 'The Future of Religious Education in Canada,' and he has to do justice to that brief also. But how has he learned anything worth imparting about religious education there, its present or its future? While engaged upon these various subjects, he had, it must be recollected, to discharge all the ordinary duties of a Bishop: sermons had to be preached, churches had to be consecrated, young people in thousands to be confirmed, conferences, convocations, visitations, clergymen with a grievance—where, in the midst of all these occupations, is one to acquaint oneself with the state of Musical Progress, with the conditions of Manx Navigation, or with the prospects of the Episcopal Church in Canada? Had Archbishop Thomson been surrounded by Suffragan Bishops, he might possibly have rid himself of the smaller engagements of a Bishop, and reserved himself entirely for the statelier occasions, picking and choosing daintily among the briefs upon his table, securing ample leisure for each, and delivering here and there a massive speech. But no such facilities existed in his case. We have touched on some of the exceptional engagements at this period, and we may now perhaps lift the veil for a moment, and catch a glimpse of the every-day routine. In 1884 a writer on the *Pentateuch* solicited permission to dedicate his book to the Archbishop, who on reflection consented. The writer, however, is not easily contented; he demands examination, criticism, sympathetic approval. This is a large demand when a work on the *Pentateuch* is in question. The Archbishop writes to him—one can almost hear the weary sigh of the writer:—

'It may be that I ought sooner to have read the book, so as to give a complete answer to your enquiry. But it is not easy for me to study a work of 350 large pages, dealing with almost every verse in the "*Pentateuch*," and to give a well-considered opinion on it. Nor can I feel satisfied even with the hasty glance I have taken. Since the date of my last letter to you, something more than a fortnight, I have preached six times, travelled nearly 700 miles, spent six days in holding a Synod of Rural Deans and an Ordination examination, held two consecrations, received at my house about eighty persons, principally clergy and candidates for Holy Orders, and written nearly 200 letters, many of them upon subjects of considerable moment. Others may work more rapidly: I have had little time to spare, and would rather have avoided any subject requiring further reading.'

Well,

Well, but in all this welter of small engagements, what has become of Manx Navigation, of Progress in Music, and of the Church's prospects in Canada? Perhaps, we think, he sacrificed his domestic evenings; gave up his family; devoted the night to study, while the day was swallowed up in engagements. But even this solution will not satisfy the facts. It is no secret that Archbishop Thomson was, more than most men, happy in his home and in those that filled it. He had a large family: one and all were devoted to him, and he to them. But such devotion cannot live upon nothing; it must have fuel to feed it, and opportunities to keep it going. And in truth the same energy and power which he brought to bear on outside subjects he brought to bear also on family questions. The interests, the prospects, the happiness of any one member of the family were matters of the utmost anxiety to its head: each member brought to that little parliament sympathy and affection; but the father brought to it not only these, but experience and wisdom, and boundless patience. In the early days of 1891 one of his children touched this point in counting up his losses, 'There is no one now with whom I can talk things over.' But we must not intrude. These are not paths for the public foot to tread: only it is clear that the Archbishop did not give up to his briefs the hours he held sacred to his family. He was Archbishop outside his house: within it he was husband, father, companion. It was a picture for any one to appreciate; but one returned from enjoying it to revolve the question which once perplexed a famous critic, himself a man of wide and accurate knowledge, and by no means given lightly to admire and marvel: 'How, in the middle of all this, has the Archbishop time to keep level with what is going on? And, above all, how ever does he contrive always to get to the bottom of everything?' Nor was the wonder lessened, if men saw him as a host dispensing that gracious and refined hospitality which was the law at Bishopthorpe. It used to be said, that if you wanted to know the real Archbishop Thomson, you ought to see him at Bishopthorpe: it might have been added that when you did come to know him there, you would love him. 'What is it that you like so much in the Archbishop?' it was asked; 'is it the polished host, the *raconteur*, the epigrammatist, the man of knowledge?' 'No, it is none of these: it is the magician; he keeps a wand, and when he waves it over a guest, there is no more to be said; from that moment one is a captive, and even delights in his captivity.' For, as one might guess from what we have already seen, the Archbishop's intellectual stores were large and varied. He had to keep up, and did keep up, with the literature of the day: it was impossible for
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him to linger below the level of the last height on which Science had made good her footing: the latest mechanical improvement, he could make its intricacies clear to you; the newest attack by a sceptical philosopher, he could expose the fallacy and render it harmless; the most tangled question that perplexed the lawyers, he had the arguments *pro* and *con* at his fingers' end. Meanwhile, in a certain drawer of his favourite table there is a sheaf of papers, which the sagacious publisher once refused to touch; they are the rejected effusions of the Oxford days. They are lying on our table before us as we write. The publisher was perhaps wise in his generation: nevertheless, the poems are far above the general standard of amateur poetry. It seems that even in later days the author can snatch some moments from the claims of Navigation and Materialism, and can weave a few rhymes that delight his children. Let us open one of the papers; it is but a short poem which the writer handed to his family on the morning when he completed his sixty-sixth year:

'A six times seven years' war of life
With head—heart—spirit—plays some tricks:
A little weary of the strife,
I pause—and find I'm sixty-six.

'My head is clear, my joints are free
Of gouty and rheumatic cricks;
Of working power there seems to be
Still something left at sixty-six.

'The comradeship I most enjoy
Of Ita, youngest of my chicks;
She calls me "darling!" "young old boy!"
And quite forgets I'm sixty-six.

'The jangling of contending creeds,
Of Christian hate the sneers and kicks,
Weary the spirit: love it needs
From God towards man, at sixty-six.

'It's night—the lamps are burning low—
The waxlights dwindle into wicks:
Nurse says, "'Tis almost time to go,
The clock has just struck sixty-six."

'But Love and Purpose, as of yore,
With the world's throbbing pulses mix;
The world, with thousands to its score,
Is young, tho' I am sixty-six.

'And

'And clearer views of life shall reach
A higher self-restraint, and fix
Vague impulse to high rule, and teach
More than I've learned at sixty-six.'

We must hasten over the closing years, although there seemed at the time no sign of the end approaching. The days slip by fast, and still the life moves along the same lines, more or less. The diocese is peaceful, and of past storms even the ground-swell has subsided. The Archbishop has his critics and his censors, of course. Whispers of detraction sometimes come round to him; he is too wise to be surprised or moved by them. He feels that he is better understood now than when he first came to Bishopthorpe; and when silly people credit him with the saying that he means to 'put down Ritualism,' most men would now laugh at the story, as he did himself when he first heard it. There are no outward signs yet of decay or weakness, though it came to be known afterwards that already the disease was at work, which presently mastered him. Men marked the tall upright figure, the head carried high, the stately tread, and saw few signs, or none, of the incessant work he was doing; and if now and again, and more frequently of late when men came to think of it, he touched in speech or sermon on the narrowing space of his remaining life, they put such hints aside and conjectured for him at least another decade of sustained energy and work.

A slight stroke of paralysis at the parish church at Keswick was the first warning. With characteristic self-control he sat through the service, and even raised himself to his feet at the Creed by an effort of the indomitable will; but on reaching home it was soon clear that his active work was finished. He rallied for a time, and seemed to regain strength; he even exchanged telegraphic messages with the Church Congress at Hull; he wrote, or dictated, letters up till 5 P.M. on the last Saturday of his life, and it was said by his secretary that his mind had never seemed more alert and active. In truth, his heart and mind alike were still in his diocesan work, and he was actually entertaining the candidates for the Advent Ordination when the life powers suddenly gave way. He sank into painless unconsciousness, and death took him on the Christmas morning.

Hardly sixteen months have gone, and the interval has been too short to admit a final estimate of his career; but it has not been too short to enable us to take some account of his work, and to appraise his character. The brief tragedy of his successor's Primacy left the diocese as it was when Thomson died, and to compare the York of 1892 with the York of 1862 is to see some

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of the outside at least of his work. We say 'outside,' for of the influence of a Bishop as it penetrates the inner heart of his diocese, giving it strength and spirit and life, it needs a longer time to estimate the character. But the external growth of the Church during his incumbency is unmistakable. He consecrated, or helped to consecrate, 103 churches: he was instrumental in forming 76 new ecclesiastical districts: he organized 5 new Rural Deaneries, and created out of the Archdeaconry of York the important division of Sheffield. The number of confirmation centres advanced from 32 to 76, and the number of persons confirmed from 4651 in the year to 8958. A great number of small benefices obtained larger endowments, mainly through the aid of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and for this they were chiefly indebted to the Archbishop, who never failed—whatever might be the pressure of work—to attend the annual meeting of the Commission to consider the claims for aid. He marked the Jubilee year by creating a special fund to relieve temporary distress among his own clergy, and he was engaged in converting this into a permanent institution when the end arrived.

We have considered Dr. Thomson in the various labours of his Primacy: but of his work in other departments we have said little. It was in his diocese that for the most part he lived his life; and it was here that his work was most characteristic. A very few lines will give the result of his parliamentary labours. For, in truth, of his legislative work, and of the influence he had in shaping the Church history of his time, we have lately read with so much fulness in Archbishop Tait's 'Life,' that there is no need to retrace the same ground. Wonder has been expressed that Dr. Thomson, being what he was, should not have impressed himself upon that history more deeply. But the Diocese of York is of vast size, and it is 200 miles from London. Its Archbishop may go up and make a speech from time to time, but a speech goes but a little way towards propelling a Bill through Parliament. Had Tait been a weak man, or indolent, or one who habitually effaced himself, the world would assuredly have heard and felt much more of Thomson. But Tait was none of these, nor likely to be thought one. Hence the Archbishop of York was never master of the situation, and it was necessary for Thomson to be this to stimulate his interest and call out his powers. The actual measures of consequence, which he may be considered to have affected to any material extent, were:—1. The Ecclesiastical Dilapidations Act of 1871, condemned subsequently by the Commons, and pronounced by his own Vicar and Chancellor to have been 'An Act for the relief of Diocesan Surveyors—invented

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by two or three Bishops who did not understand what they were about, and two or three Surveyors who did.' 2. The Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, when he spoke strongly for an amendment reserving life interests, which was carried in 1869. 3. The Public Worship Act, of which the story is told with sufficient fulness in Tait's 'Life.' 4. The Clergy Discipline Bill, on which the speech he made at the third reading was felt to have pronounced its doom. Always heard in the House with respect, and always felt to be weighty and effective, he yet was not a Parliamentary orator. It is true that the atmosphere of that *frigidarium* was unfavourable to his special style: but besides that, his heart was elsewhere. He did not love that depressing chamber, with its empty benches and impassive listeners. What he loved was the hall packed to the doors with eager men, spare of frame and gaunt of face, with life looking keenly out of their eyes; men demanding intellectual bread, and prepared to rend the speaker who should proffer them a stone. To see these packed masses before him, and to feel his own pulses stir and quiver as the moment approached for him to rise—then in the first few sentences to feel that he was master of his audience, and that he was carrying them with him to the conclusion he sought, as he touched the strings they knew; and at last, the orator making way for the preacher, to bid them look heavenward, because earth must needs fall short of their wants; this moved his heart, and made his speech a power. But at Westminster the *genius loci* was not akin to his own genius. Magee could rise superior to the same surroundings, but then Magee was Irish. And Tait had great influence over that matter-of-fact assembly, but then Tait was Scotch. And Wilberforce swept his hearers away with him, always and anywhere: but then Wilberforce was Wilberforce. Thomson was none of these; but he was himself, and in any Church matter he would have his say. Only he could have his say equally well if he remained in Yorkshire; and so in Yorkshire for the most part he remained, and dwelt among his own people, and was Archbishop of York, not of Canterbury.

His episcopate, long as it was, was little vexed by internal troubles. The only prosecution for Ritual or doctrine promoted by the Archbishop was that of the Rev. C. Voysey in 1869-71. He sought earnestly to avoid the necessity for this prosecution, but escape was impossible. Both the great parties in the Church, we believe, offered to contribute to his legal expenses, but he declined both. Mr. Voysey was condemned in the Provincial Court, and on appeal to the Privy Council the decision was sustained. As he offered no retraction of his error in the

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week of grace, he was deprived under the Act of 13 Elizabeth, c. 12: a striking contrast to the wavering legislation of our own day, which allows a clergyman three years to consider his errors, while his parish fares as best it can in the interval.

Thomson sat on the Judicial Committee in one of the numerous Mackonochie cases, when he warned Lord Cairns, emphatically but in vain, that his language as to the Eastward position would be misunderstood; and he sat also in the Purchas case. He was one of the Privy Council Judges in *Sheppard v. Bennett*, said to have been decided by the casting vote of one who had been put into the Committee for the purpose a few days before. Speaking on the Church Discipline Bill in 1888, he mentioned that he had sat in the Privy Council in five cases of immorality, and that in two of them the judgment of the Dean of Arches had been reversed, as not supported by the evidence. It was owing to Thomson, in part, that the great fiasco of the Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts got no further than its Report, so often exposed, so entirely undefended.

There was hardly any function in which the Archbishop figured with so much of what was special and characteristic as in his Presidency of the Northern Convocation. Would you see what a man really is, and what he is worth, place him in that seat, give him a little time, and then observe him. Now he who observed Dr. Thomson in that seat saw him in a characteristic position indeed. There he was intellectually at his best. He knew his House well, in theory as well as practice. He showed his knowledge of the theory before the Court of Queen's Bench in 1887, and he showed his knowledge of the practice *passim*. In the Upper House his ascendancy was not disputed; in the Lower House it was disputed often, but never with success. That there was friction sometimes between the Lower House and the President, is well-known; nor shall we seek to apportion the blame for it at this date: the grave-dust has fallen on quiet coffin-lids. But, this put aside, there was much to notice, and much to admire, in the President at such times. As we said, he knew the business thoroughly. He was never to be caught tripping in his facts. As for his inferences, you might dispute them to-day; but it was astonishing how reasonable they seemed the next morning. And through the debate, however keen or even personal the discussion, the President maintained his temper and his dignity. No opposition stirred him from his composure, not even personality stung him to retort. We have witness to this effect, not from those only who were biassed in his favour, but even from his opponents. It was good to see him, they said, at such times.

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The face flushed perhaps for a moment as some word was dropped by the speaker which should never have been uttered; but when the President rose to reply, there was no tremor in the voice, no abatement of dignity: a stately and fixed composure, as of one who had sought, and found, calmness elsewhere. Some people accounted for this by his familiarity with storms: 'Look at him in the Southern Assembly,' they said: 'What did Wilberforce's Diary say of him in Convocation?' But Wilberforce had said nothing of him in the Southern Convocation, nor had Thomson learned the art of treating storms in that assembly; for he had never taken his seat there. The famous passage in Wilberforce's Diary alludes to another prelate, not to him. Whether Thomson's management of the two Houses was always wise, we need not enquire now. The question does not always seem to turn on matters of the first importance. Possibly the Archbishop was right, possibly he was wrong. He was not a 'faultless monster'—he was only Archbishop of York. But in this he was entirely consistent with himself, that, whatever difference there was of opinion, no one ever heard him utter a word dictated by spleen or malice; in public or in private, not a peevish or spiteful expression fell from his lips; quicker than most men to detect a weak point, ready as any one in retort and repartee, no one ever heard him indulge in epigram or sneer, at the expense of an adversary. And this made itself felt sooner or later. The tenderness of heart which was his by nature, came to be recognized. One who had differed from him much and had crossed many a sword with him in debate, was lying upon his death-bed, when he received an affectionate letter from the Archbishop: his friends bore witness afterwards to the kindliness of heart which must have dictated the lines, and to the pleasure which they gave to the dying man. It illustrated the same softness of heart which lay at the bottom of his robust character, that even when he had to prosecute one of his clergy for his opinions, he so mingled kindness with the duty, that the man who suffered never ceased to regard him as a friend.

Few things in Dr. Thomson's life roused more general interest than his appearance in 1887 before the Court of Queen's Bench. That Court had probably never before seen an Archbishop occupy such a position. The election of a Proctor in the Northern Convocation had been disputed, and the President had allowed the objection. The Proctor in question applied to the Court for a mandamus to compel the President to receive him, which practically would have been to reverse the President's decision. At first sight it seemed that the question must be discussed

discussed on its merits, for the Court of Common Law had once exercised jurisdiction in a similar case in *Randolph v. Milman*. But the Archbishop had studied the question, and in his mysterious way was familiar with all the facts. The former case turned out to have been tried there by agreement, and therefore formed no precedent when the jurisdiction itself was disputed. And this was Thomson's argument. He held that the President of Convocation was like the Visitor of a College, who acts under the statutes that appoint him. Reserving his argument on the merits, which, however, he had carefully prepared, he disputed the jurisdiction. The Court heard him attentively, and after calling on the opponents to respond at once to the argument, adjourned their session, and, without further plea from the Archbishop, decided in the following year in his favour.

As time went on, the Archbishop's speeches and addresses tended to gravitate in certain particular directions. It was natural that it should be so. His thoughts were brooding constantly on those masses of his people, their hopes, their difficulties, their temptations. If he was not called on, like the Manchester brother whom he so much resembled, to arbitrate between conflicting parties, yet he studied carefully the history of the successive strikes, and in all the many phases of the struggle between Capital and Labour he was ready with his advice, and gave it vigorous utterance. Thus his special topics, on which he spoke again and again in and out of his province, were those that bore especially on the welfare of the poor, viz. temperance, purity, thrift, sanitation, and education. We had intended to furnish specimens of each of these, but the limits of our space forbid it. We have already given extracts which show how he viewed some of these matters, and how he was in the habit of presenting them to his audience. He included among his topics the Higher as well as the Elementary Education.

'It can hardly be disputed that a great need exists of schools, and especially of boarding schools, in which the son of the tradesman or the farmer may have secured to him a sound and lawful education. There may be many private academies in which he may find it, and for these there will still be room: but good schools, with a body of men whose names would guarantee the best management and method of instruction, schools that are systematically inspected and tested from time to time, schools that aim at an education as liberal and enlightened as that taught by our great public schools, but shaped for the mode of life which the pupils are to lead hereafter; schools so moderate in their expense that they do not exclude the class for which they are intended: these are really wanted in every county in England; and that great middle-class, so active, so frugal, so orderly, so loyal to Queen and laws, which contributes so much, by

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its hatred of agitation and its refusal to be misled, to the peace and security of the country, would gratefully receive—and would well requite—any efforts made in that direction.’

There was another topic akin to those we have mentioned, which attracted his attention much in his closing years, as more and more the subject forced itself on public notice, that of gambling. He preached on it to the undergraduates at Oxford, and he spoke on it to the working people at Sheffield and elsewhere. He was at truceless war, as we have said, with the advancing Materialism of the day, in all its phases.

Dr. Thomson was not a prolific writer of books; his life after 1861 left scant leisure for writing. But what he did write was marked with vigorous individuality. We have spoken of his ‘Laws of Thought,’ and of the plea for ‘College Reform.’ His Bampton Lectures on ‘The Atoning Work of Christ,’ and his Lincoln’s Inn Sermons, were powerful and weighty discourses, and justly helped his growing reputation. In his single year at Gloucester he edited the ‘Aids to Faith,’ himself contributing not the least able of the Essays. The articles in Dr. Smith’s ‘Dictionary of the Bible’ on Jesus Christ and on the Gospels, and his ‘Introduction to the Gospels’ in the ‘Speaker’s Commentary,’ complete the list of his more important publications.

Such, then, was his life, and such was the work of Archbishop Thomson. Even in the short outline which we have given, we can picture him to ourselves, a clear and distinct figure, such as for twenty-eight years swayed the Northern Province. Having, as Archbishop, to choose between London and Parliamentary fame on the one hand, and on the other a provincial life as the master-workman in his large diocese, he never wavered in his choice. In that diocese, we had almost said in that province, his influence was felt from centre to circumference. If it was a fault to be masterful on that vast stage, and to grasp the reins with a hand that never slackened, he had that fault. If it was a fault to turn coldly away from the strife of Ritualism and non-Ritualism, because he was possessed with the overpowering belief that the real conflict lay between Faith and un-Faith, he had that fault also. He would have his clergy work—if possible on his own lines—but always work, or he would know the reason. If he found what he held to be illegal, his back stiffened, and he would redress the wrong; but always with the grave kindliness of which we have spoken. Of little feelings of personal self-assertion or personal rancour, he was without any apparent trace; his nature was on too large a scale for them. Men spoke of him as unsympathetic and cold, because he was six feet high and poised his head proudly. It was hard to
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make a greater mistake. What he said in a touching sermon at Rochdale on Bishop Fraser applied to himself: 'that tender spirit—for if it was robust, it was also tender to the very quick.' And he *was* tender to the very quick. In all the hurry of his busy life he found time to grapple his family to his soul as with hoops of steel; their ideal treat was to be allowed his company, their gravest penance to be held aloof. When his father was lying in his last sickness at the Palace, and some of his children suffering at the same time from scarlet fever, he happened to be in the midst of his Confirmation engagements. Those he could not break; but every night he returned home from whatever distance, often having to travel by goods or cattle train to do so, sometimes not arriving till 3 A.M., worn out and *impransus*, but always resolved to hear the latest news, or to see the sufferers, before he slept. And the tenderness was not confined to his own family. It chanced to him sometimes to be obliged to send a man back at the Ordination Examination; no one who saw him at such a time, and observed how he felt, could ever think of him as hard or cold. A friend wrote after his death, 'I remember the case of one man who had lived on ten shillings a week for the sake of getting books and working for the examination; the Archbishop told me of it with tears in his eyes.' But, in truth, this was no secret to any one who found entrance within the circle of his friends; he might be, he often was, mistaken abroad, but it was impossible to mistake him when he was seen at home. And to be admitted once to his friendship was to be always a friend, for he was loyal and staunch to the heart. He had enemies, it is said. But had you been his enemy and wished to preserve your enmity, you would have been wise to keep at a distance from him, lest haply you found yourself converted from enemy to friend, and surprised at your former self. This was Archbishop Thomson, as men saw him or found him. What he was behind the veil, how humble a Christian before God, and how little uplifted by his brilliant career; how sensitive while he seemed hard, how devout and spiritual while he seemed practical; how liberal, nay! munificent, in his private charities; all this is hardly matter for these pages, though it has to be taken into account by any one who would form a true conception of what he was. A more elaborate Life may some day give his picture at greater length; meanwhile, we believe this slight sketch to be a faithful likeness enough in miniature. He was loyal from his very heart to his Church, as he conceived and understood her; he was a strong Archbishop; he had a powerful intellect, a determined will, and a most tender heart.

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- ART. II.—1. *Blanche Lady Falaise*. By J. H. Shorthouse, London, 1891.
 2. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. By Thomas Hardy. In Three Volumes. London, 1892.
 3. *The History of David Grieve*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. In Three Volumes. London, 1892.

THAT accomplished man of letters whom France, and not France alone, has lately lost was, as every one knows, a staunch advocate of the historical method in criticism. It might be incorrect to say that M. Scherer invented the method: to lay one's finger on the exact beginnings of things is never easy; but at least no one has practised it more zealously or preached it more confidently than he. Criticism pursued on any other system was, he maintained, and could be no more than the expression of a mere personal sensation of liking and disliking. The historical method on the other hand seeks 'To understand things rather than to judge them; to account for a work from the genius of its author, and for the turn which this genius has taken from the circumstances in which it was developed.' Only thus can criticism work to any useful purpose: 'For thus,' says M. Scherer, 'out of these two things, the analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age, there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work.'* *There spontaneously issues!* Here we may borrow the critic's own fling at Macaulay, and say, 'Well done! that is something like having an opinion.' M. Scherer has, of course, spoken rather too confidently. There are so many writers about whose age we do not really know much; there are so many more about whose characters we really know nothing. A too universal application of this rule must therefore necessarily involve a desperate deal of guess-work, which will inevitably be based in a great measure on the personal sensation. Nevertheless, when practised with reason and a due recognition of its essential limitations, the historical method has many advantages. The analysis of a man's character (when we can find it), and the study of his age (when adequate materials for its study exist), will undoubtedly help us to account for his work, to recognize how it came to be what it

* See 'Milton et le Paradis Perdu,' in 'Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine,' vol. vi. The studies of English writers in these volumes have been well translated by Mr. Saintsbury ('Essays on English Literature,' 1891) who has prefixed to them a study of M. Scherer himself which will be found by no means the least interesting in the volume.

is for good or for bad, and may so far, at least, improve our chance of rightly understanding it.

The attempt to apply this method to our own contemporaries must seem at first sight but a wasted labour. How can it be possible to analyze the character of a man who is known to us only from his books, or from his portrait in the illustrated papers? Even a personal acquaintance cannot be implicitly trusted to supply the necessary materials, to say nothing of the danger of a prosecution for libel, or at least the odium of treachery to a friend, which a too rigorous application of M. Scherer's method might obviously involve. It may, indeed, be said that, thanks to a fashion which has added a new terror to life, sufficient materials already exist in those biographies from which few living men of note have managed to escape. But it will be obvious that this sort of biography must at its best be partial and incomplete. The most good-natured man will probably wish, while it is still in his power, to exercise some sort of control over his private affairs. Again, the careful study of a certain class of newspapers will undoubtedly yield much curious information about many distinguished individuals who have not yet perhaps quite risen to the dignity of a biography. Great men, Carlyle once said, taken up in any way are profitable company. The way in which the Special Reporter generally takes them up no doubt makes them very profitable to him; his invention is fertile, and, moreover, the old churlish practice of reticence is one this liberal age has for the most part discarded. It is possible now to be familiar (or to think we are familiar, which really comes to much the same thing) with the personal habits and tastes of many famous men on whom we have, perhaps, never even set eyes,—poets and painters, statesmen and divines, novelists and actors. We know whether they shun tobacco or wine, either, both, or neither; whether they use the cold bath regularly and wear flannel next the skin; how many meals they eat daily, and how many hours they devote to exercise; what they think of this world and the next, of their God, themselves, and their neighbours. On such points there is now little excuse for ignorance; yet this knowledge, precious and comforting as it is to many minds, does not really help us far to an analysis of character. Nor, in truth, are we much better equipped for a study of the age. It has grown a commonplace now to say that no man can be trusted to survey his own time with the same clearness, impartiality, and sense of proportion that he may bring to the study of times gone by. Nevertheless, despite these serious limitations, to the work of our contemporaries also the historical

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torical method is in some measure capable of application ; and in that measure we propose to apply it to the books, the titles of which stand at the head of this paper. They have not been preferred as in any particular degree better or worse than scores of others we could have selected ; but each has for its little hour been the object of some curiosity, and each, with all its difference of style and subject, represents a certain phase or mood of the moment which an application, so far as it may be possible, of M. Scherer's method may serve partially to explain.

As even the freshest of these books is now some three months old, it will be well perhaps to preface our explanation with a summary of their respective contents. In this busy curious time of ours, unresting like the star, but not like it unchanging, it would be unfair to presume too much on our readers' memories. Books die even faster than they are born ; and we greatly doubt whether anyone who read these three on their first publication could give a clear account of them now ; of two out of the three, indeed, it had been no easy matter to give a clear account within half-an-hour after turning the last page. And on this occasion we shall waive the good old rule of precedence to ladies, and give first place to Mr. Hardy. In truth, as a work of fiction, if not as a piece of literary composition, it is the only one that on its merits would be worth serious consideration at all.

We are required to read the story of Tess (or Theresa) Durbeyfield as the story of 'A pure woman faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy.' Compliance with this request entails something of a strain upon the English language. Mr. Squeers once with perfect justice observed that there was no Act of Parliament which could prevent a man from calling his house an island if it pleased him to do so. It is indisputably open to Mr. Hardy to call his heroine a pure woman ; but he has no less certainly offered many inducements to his readers to refuse her the name. Told plainly and without sentiment, the story is to this effect. Tess is a pretty village-girl who is seduced by a small squire in the neighbourhood. In due course a child is born and dies, and the mother betakes herself to another part of the country where she is unknown, and where her misadventure is therefore unlikely to debar her from employment. This she finds at a large dairy-farm ; but she finds there also a certain Angel Clare, the son of an Evangelical parson, a young gentleman of crude notions and an amorous temperament, who, unable to gratify his father by taking Orders so long as the Church 'refuses to liberate her mind from an untenable re-

demptive theolatri,' takes instead to studying the habits of cows and the art of milking, and to strumming on a harp between whiles. He has already filled the hearts of the three other dairy-maids in the story with a hopeless passion, but to the charms of Tess he falls a ready victim. She refuses him more than once, conceiving herself, after that little affair on the other side of the country, no fit subject for honest wedlock; but in the end she relents and becomes his wife. She has always intended to explain to him the reasons of her refusal, but can never quite screw her courage to the sticking-place. But on the evening of her marriage-day, emboldened by the revelation of sundry little peccadilloes on his own part, she makes her confession. It has a result she did not anticipate. Angel does not recognise the parallel between their cases that seems so clear to her. This is perhaps not altogether surprising, but his mode of explanation is certainly one of the most surprising things in literature. 'Forgive me [she cries to him] as you are forgiven! I forgive you, Angel.' 'You—yes, you do.' 'But you do not forgive me?' 'Forgiveness does not apply to the case. You were one person, now you are another. How can forgiveness meet such a grotesque prestidigitation as that?' Considering all the circumstances of the scene we take this to be one of the most unconsciously comical sentences ever read in print. Mrs. Ward has with great truth (and the most surprising frankness!) observed in her book that Dissent kills the sense of humour. Mr. Hardy is not the first to prove that to other things than Dissent belongs this fatal power. But to resume. Angel is obdurate. He provides his wife with a sum of money, and his parents' address that she may apply for more when she needs it, and departs for Brazil. On his first stage (in a dog-cart) to that remote land he encounters one of the heart-broken dairy-maids, and promptly engages her to accompany him on his travels in lieu of his discarded wife. The girl, who admits that she loves him 'down to the ground,' asks for nothing better; but the mercurial Angel repents of his offer as suddenly as he has made it, adjures the disappointed victim of his charms to think of him 'as a worthless lover but a true friend,' turns her out of the dog-cart, and drives off to Brazil alone. Tess for a time behaves in a manner sufficient to satisfy the most exacting husband. But her money fails, employment is hard to find and scantily paid; her appeals to her husband are unanswered, and she is too proud to apply to his parents. In her sorest need she encounters her seducer, who has now developed a fancy for itinerant preaching, but in whom the sight of Tess (his 'dear witch of Babylon' with the 'most maddening

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maddening mouth since Eve') at once awakens the original and unregenerate Adam. He proposes a renewal of their former relations, to which, after some decent hesitation, Tess consents. Meanwhile in far Brazil trouble, need, sickness, and other infirmities, aided by the conversation of a casual stranger, have worked a change in Angel also. His passion revives; after all, he reminds himself, 'Was not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-Ezer?' He returns to England, but too late. He tracks his wife to the watering-place of Sandbourne, only to find her living in luxury with the degenerate field-preacher. Husband and wife meet at last,—he worn with hardship and illness to a mere yellow skeleton; she 'bewilderingly otherwise' than he had expected to find her, more beautiful than ever, in a rich cashmere dressing-gown with embroidered slippers to match, and her brown hair dishevelled, as of one newly-risen from bed—certainly in more senses than one a bewildering vision to an expectant husband. Not unnaturally he asks her, 'How do you get to be like this?'—but he asks also for her forgiveness. 'I did not think rightly of you—I did not see you as you were!' he pleads. 'I do now, dearest Tessy, mine!' But she explains that it is too late, that she is no longer his, that there are obstacles—or at least one obstacle, in bed upstairs—to a complete reunion; and she implores him to 'Go away, Angel, please, and never come any more!' He goes; but he has not gone far when he is joined by his wife, in a walking-dress of the latest fashion with an ivory-handled parasol. She has removed the obstacle by the simple expedient of stabbing it to the heart with a carving-knife as it lay in bed ('I owed it to thee and to myself,' she observes), and is once more her own Angel's unfettered wife. They enjoy a brief but blissful honeymoon, first in an empty house in the New Forest, then amid the ruins of Stonehenge. In this last, and somewhat draughty, bridal-chamber the officers of justice surprise them. Tess is tried, found guilty, sentenced, and hanged, imploring Angel with almost her last breath to marry her sister, who is growing, she assures him, into a beautiful girl, and with whom she is quite willing to share her husband 'When we are spirits.'

It is a queer story and seems to have been published in a queer manner. The bulk of it originally made its appearance (with some slight modifications) in an illustrated weekly paper; but some chapters, which Mr. Hardy distinguishes as 'most especially addressed to adult readers' had to be relegated (as 'episodic sketches') to other periodicals whose editors presumably take a more liberal view of their duties towards their

neighbours, or whose readers are more habitually adult. Finally, with the modifications made good and the episodic sketches restored to their appointed places, the whole work was issued in the orthodox three volumes. Putting the sense of the ridiculous and the sense of self-respect out of the question, one might have thought that a writer who entertains such grandiose views of the mission of the novelist would see something derogatory in this hole-and-corner form of publication. It recalls the amusing stories one used to read in the papers, before Mr. Balfour had succeeded in bringing Ireland back to some part of its senses, of the straits the Nationalist orators were put to to get rid of their speeches, letting off a few words here and a few words there wherever and whenever they could momentarily escape the vigilance of the police. However, it is not our business to object to a process in which so stern a champion of the novelist's art can see no shame, nor to talk of self-respect to a writer who has evidently no respect for others. Mr. Hardy assures us that 'The story is sent out in all sincerity of purpose, as representing on the whole a true sequence of things.' We have no wish to doubt him, but we could wish that he had made his qualifying phrase clearer by explaining where the sequence of things was not true; without this knowledge his purpose must necessarily remain somewhat doubtful. Is it in the episodic sketches, and the passages that his first editor requested him to modify, that the sequence departs from the straight road of truth? This doubt, we say, throws none on Mr. Hardy's sincerity, yet it cannot but throw some on his purpose. When Tess removes the obstacle with a carving-knife, the sincerity of her purpose is unquestionable; but that unfortunately in the existing state of the law only makes matters worse for her. For the first half of his story the reader may indeed conceive it to have been Mr. Hardy's design to show how a woman essentially honest and pure at heart, will, through the adverse shocks of fate, eventually rise to higher things. But if this were his original purpose he must have forgotten it before his tale was told, or perhaps the 'true sequence of things' was too strong for him. For what are the higher things to which this poor creature eventually rises? She rises through seduction to adultery, murder, and the gallows. Higher than the gallows, indeed, this frail nature of ours is often incapable of rising while lodged in its earthly tenement. That is the humour of it! Again, it would appear from the opening scenes that the author had it in his mind to illustrate the great principle of Heredity which, as we all know, is, like a man called Habakkuk, capable of everything. His heroine's

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father, tipsy, ineffectual old Jack Durbeyfield the haggler, is, it seems, the lineal descendant of an ancient and knightly race of Norman warriors who once held large possessions in the West Country. This is, we suppose, designed to account for a certain superiority claimed (though not very clearly proved) for Tess over her rustic associates: it is this that despite her education and surroundings makes her essentially a 'pure woman'; and perhaps it is this also that has familiarized her with the prophecies of Ezekiel and the poetry of Dante, subjects which are unlikely to play a conspicuous part in the meditations of a village beauty of less exalted lineage. But here again the author's purpose obviously breaks down. The Tess of Mr. Hardy's inner consciousness is as much a creature of fantasy as Titania or Fenella. Some such lass may, for aught we know, have herded pigs or dug potatoes in the mystical hamlet of Auburn, but assuredly she never drew breath in any fields trod by human foot. Yet even when thus gloriously free from sense and the reality of things, Mr. Hardy cannot keep true to his own ideals; *desinit in piscem*, his maid of honour ends in a mermaid's tail. A girl unconsciously raised by the mixture of gentle blood in her veins to a higher level of thought and feeling would never have acted as Tess acted. Deserted by her husband, with all the world, as she conceived, against her, she might have joined her fortunes with some man she could love and respect; she would never have gone back at the first opportunity to her seducer, a coarse sensual brute for whom she had never professed to feel anything but dislike and contempt.

Considering the book then, with our necessarily imperfect knowledge, it seems only that Mr. Hardy has told an extremely disagreeable story in an extremely disagreeable manner, which is not rendered less so by his affectation of expounding a great moral law, or by the ridiculous character of some of the scenes into which this affectation plunges the reader. No one who remembers how Mr. Hardy used to write in his earlier and happier moods, can accuse him of having been born without the sense of humour. But his assumption of the garb of the moral teacher would appear to have destroyed his relish for this salt of life. Even then it surpasses our comprehension how any man who had once known its taste could have penned that impossible episode where the three green-sick dairy-maids, in their scant white night-gowns, sit shivering on end in their beds, 'like a row of avenging ghosts,' to gaze with reproachful admiration on their successful rival. Of course, as the scene is laid in the author's favourite Wessex, the reader is pleased with many charming natural descriptions, with many clever sketches

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of village life and humours. Mr. Hardy's rustics have always, it is true, had a smack of caricature about them; but they have generally been extremely amusing caricatures, and founded, moreover, as Dickens's are founded, on the essential facts of humanity. While for his powers of description, only Charles Kingsley and Mr. Blackmore have rivalled, we will not even of them say surpassed, him in bringing that beautiful West Country home to us; and there are passages in these three volumes equal to the best he has yet done in that way. But it is hard to conceive what further pleasure a whole-some-minded reader will find in this book. Not long since Mr. Hardy published in one of the magazines his recipe for renewing the youth of fiction, which he conceived, and not without justice, to have grown, like Doll Tearsheet, 'sick of a calm.' The national taste and the national genius have returned, he said, to the great tragic motives so greatly handled by the dramatists of the Periclean and Elizabethan ages. But the national genius perceives also that these tragic motives 'Demand enrichment by further truths—in other words, original treatment; treatment which seeks to show Nature's unconsciousness, not of essential laws, but those laws framed merely as social expedients by humanity, without a basis in the heart of things.' Here, it will be observed, Mr. Hardy speaks only, and prudently, for himself as representing the national genius, being evidently conscious that the national taste might decline his interpretation. But was there ever such foolish talking? Mr. Hardy must have read the dramatists of the Periclean and Elizabethan ages very carelessly, or have strangely forgotten them, if he conceives that there is any analogy between their great handling of great tragic motives and this clumsy sordid tale of boorish brutality and lust. Has the common feeling of humanity against seduction, adultery, and murder no basis in the heart of things? It is the very foundation of human society. In the explanatory note from which we have already quoted, a sentence of St. Jerome's is offered as a sop to 'Any too genteel reader who cannot endure to have it said what everybody thinks and feels.' Does everybody then think and feel that seduction, adultery, and murder have their basis in the heart of things, that they are the essential laws of Nature? If Mr. Hardy's apology means anything at all, it can mean only that. His apology is, in truth, as much beside the mark as the sentence from St. Jerome with which he thinks to enforce it: 'If an offence come out of the truth, better is it that the offence come than that the truth be concealed.' Now this,—and here we must be excused for plain speaking—this is pure cant, and that

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worst form of cant which takes its stand on a mischievous reading of the old aphorism, 'To the pure all things are pure.' St. Jerome's argument would be a good one enough to salve the conscience of a delicate-minded witness in a court of law, who in the interests of truth might be required to speak of inconvenient things. It is absolutely no argument for a novelist who, in his own interests, has gratuitously chosen to tell a coarse and disagreeable story in a coarse and disagreeable manner.

As we have found fault with Mr. Hardy's manner, equally with his subject, we must spare a few words to that. Coarse it is not, in the sense of employing coarse words; indeed he is too apt to affect a certain preciousness of phrase which has a somewhat incongruous effect in a tale of rustic life; he is too fond,—and the practice has been growing on him through all his later books—of writing like a man 'who has been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps,' or, in plain English, of making experiments in a form of language which he does not seem clearly to understand, and in a style for which he was assuredly not born. It is a pity, for Mr. Hardy had a very good style of his own once, and one moreover excellently suited to the subjects he knew and was then content to deal with. The coarseness and disagreeableness of his present manner come from within rather than from without. That they come unconsciously we most willingly believe; indeed it would be only charity to suppose that they come from an inherent failure in the instinct for good taste, and a lack of the intellectual cultivation that can sometimes avail to supply its place, added to a choice of subject which must always be fatal to an author, no matter what his other gifts may be, who has not those two safeguards. But whatever be their origin, there they are and must be apparent to the simplest reader. To borrow a familiar phrase, Mr. Hardy never fails to put the dots on all his i's, he never leaves you in doubt as to his meaning. Poor Tess's sensual qualifications for the part of heroine are paraded over and over again with a persistence like that of a horse-dealer egging on some wavering customer to a deal, or a slave-dealer appraising his wares to some full-blooded pasha. We shall not illustrate our meaning; there are more than enough chapters in the three volumes to make it only too clear. The shadow of the goddess Aselgeia broods over the whole book. It darkens the sunny landscape of the Froom valley equally with the poultry-farm and gardens of the Slopes, the silent glades of the Chase with the seaside villa at Sandbourne; for Angel Clare is as much a prey to its influence

as Alec d'Urberville, and the three dairy-maids as much as Tess. From first to last his book recalls the terrible sentence passed by Wordsworth on 'Wilhelm Meister': 'It is like the crossing of flies in the air.'

We turn with a sense of relief to the cleaner atmosphere of Mr. Shorthouse's pages; but we turn also with some perturbation. It is not easy to give a clear notion of 'Blanche Lady Falaise' to those who have not read it, or to those who have read and forgotten it. There is no kernel to extract, no story to summarize. It records the divagations of the mind of Miss Blanche Boteraux which appears to have been thrown off its balance (like the mind of a heroine in real life) by the perusal of Amiel's Journal. And here we are at once brought face-to-face with one of the chief perplexities that confront us in our study of this most perplexing young woman. We have drawn up a careful chronological table of the events of her life, from which we are forced to the conclusion that, on the most liberal computation, Miss Blanche was in the habit of reading, marking, and learning this solemn Frenchman's broodings over the Infinite, even to the extent of making copious extracts from them in her own private diary, a quarter of a century before they were published! Many are the novelist's privileges, nor would we, for our part, abate one jot of them; and among them must always be the peculiarly blessed one of annihilating time and space to make his lovers happy. But that is manifestly a privilege that should only be exercised when absolutely necessary for salvation, and then exercised with the utmost discretion. In antedating the publication of so recent and so notorious a piece of nonsense as Amiel's 'Journal Intime' by five-and-twenty years, surely Mr. Shorthouse has rather exceeded his privilege; and he certainly cannot plead the excuse of its being necessary to his lovers' happiness. Never was human being so resolute and so ingenious in contriving unhappiness as Miss Blanche Boteraux, since Master Stephen procured himself a stool to be melancholy upon; and indeed, like Master Stephen, Mr. Shorthouse appears to consider melancholy a very gentlemanlike complaint. Beautiful exceedingly ('an angel in white llaa with pink camellias in her dress' she appeared to the enchanted young lord), well-born, well-bred, well-taught, with an indulgent father who supplied her with everything necessary for culture and for comfort, good friends and a pretty home, Blanche will have none of the goods the gods have provided her (including a rich, high-born and devoted young lover), but feeds on this prehistoric Amiel and on Plato's dialogues (in translation, but not, it is to be presumed, Mr. Jowett's) till her young mind becomes

becomes a very chaos of 'doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.' She might have married Lord Falaise at any moment, who, albeit something perhaps of a prig, is a gentleman, and one moreover with auburn colouring and agate eyes and everything handsome about him, including a fat rent-roll, an ancient name, and a fine old house with terraced gardens, picture-galleries, and rooms which were 'epitomes of human life.' But the wilful girl prefers the Rev. Paul Damerle, a popular preacher and a great 'missioner' among the London poor, less comely than his lordship yet not without attractions to the eye of female sentiment. But the Reverend Paul proves a sad scamp. He discards the dowerless Blanche for 'a Christian lady of rank' and also of fifty thousand pounds; he spends all his wife's money, takes to drinking, and eventually is clapped into prison for swindling. Meanwhile Blanche, left helpless and almost penniless by her father's sudden death, is persuaded, in a momentary flash of common sense, to accept Lord Falaise when he renews his offer, and almost at the same time the unexpected decision of a law-suit makes her as her father's heir a very rich woman in her own behalf. On the heel of all these good gifts come in their appointed time two fine boys; and still, like a certain popular comedian, she is not happy. The Infinite Illusion, the Double Zero, and the Great Wheel of the melancholy Frenchman have entered too deeply into her soul. She has persuaded herself that she is the cause of the Reverend Paul's ruin. By what extraordinary process of unreason she has evolved this delusion out of her inner consciousness surpasses our comprehension; but that it is so these veracious pages remain to testify. We need not follow their mournful divagations further; let it suffice to say that, after coming within measurable distance of suicide, the intolerable burden of existence is removed from this unfortunate woman by a stroke of lightning in the Austrian Alps at the very hour and time that the prison doors are set open for the Reverend Paul Damerle.

A reader unfamiliar with Mr. Shorthouse's previous works might take this doleful tale for a skit upon a certain foolish sort of women who persist in puzzling their heads with studies they were never meant to understand and are congenitally incapable of understanding. But those who remember 'John Inglesant' and its successors will also remember that it is not the author's habit to jest on serious subjects. The motive then must be sought elsewhere; but that search we shall for the present defer, till we have considered the last book on our list.

Few authors can ever have seen a more difficult task before them

them than Mrs. Ward, when she set about preparing a successor for 'Robert Elsmere.' Whatever may have been the causes which combined to make that book popular, the indisputable fact of its popularity remains. That it is now as dead as last year's almanack matters nothing. Its hour was short, of course, as will be the hour of all books which succeed by virtue more of what is written about them than of what is written in them; but if short, it was crowded as has been the hour probably of no book that has appeared in the guise of a novel since Dickens ceased to write. Here was one obvious source of difficulty; like Sheridan, Mrs. Ward must have felt that she was her own most dangerous rival. But there was another and even more serious problem to be solved. It is notorious that 'Robert Elsmere' was admired rather as a theological treatise than a novel; though it is hard to guess what the most inexpert amateur in that field of speculation can have found in it which has not been a commonplace of religious controversy for the last sixteen centuries. Nevertheless, that fact also remains; and as what many found the book's chief title to praise, many others found its chief title to blame, it was clear that to follow too closely on the same lines might prove impolitic. It was necessary, therefore, while retaining enough of the old to please the old tastes, to devise some means of attracting those which had hitherto remained cold. Obviously the way to do this was to reduce the proportion of theology to fiction; to make the new work more of a novel and less of a treatise. We find the result in 'The History of David Grieve.'

It is not a satisfactory result. If we may venture to apply a flippant illustration to a work evidently designed and composed in the utmost seriousness, we should say that the author had fallen between two stools. The theology and the fiction do not coalesce. David Grieve is not, as was Robert Elsmere, a wanderer betwixt two worlds. He has, on the contrary, an overweening confidence in his capacity for settling the affairs of the heavens above and the earth beneath, and a sovereign contempt for everybody who would settle them on a different basis. The perusal (in translations) of a few of the French infidel writers of the last century, is quite enough for him: henceforth he has no need to think; he knows. But Mrs. Ward, like Frankenstein, has been the victim of her own creation. Irresistible as the majesty of buried Denmark, the phantom of the buried Elsmere beckoned her to the misty platform of religious controversy, and she could not choose but follow. Accordingly the concluding section of her book is prolonged with copious extracts from David's journal, in which is reproduced

duced that mild effusion of unorthodoxy (or agnosticism, as it has become again the fashion to call it), which Mrs. Ward has compounded out of a not very profound acquaintance with the labours of her predecessors in that well-reaped field. It is all beside the mark; it neither belongs to the character of David, nor has any bearing on his story. This side of the book then we shall not touch. We have no care to don the champion's armour for a cause which can safely be trusted to take care of itself against all such assaults. We are well content to leave these puzzled commonplaces to those who are entertained, or shocked, by them, being, in truth, very much of a mind with one of the characters in the book, with the young French painter who opined that, 'The sceptics are becoming bores,—they take themselves too seriously.' Our proper business is with the fiction.

It can hardly be necessary to do more than briefly recapitulate the leading events in David's 'History.' He and his sister, Louie, are orphans, born of a clever Scotch artizan and a French milliner, clever also in her way, which is a crooked one ending in the Thames. This ill-assorted union is understood to be the direful spring of unnumbered woes to the children, and to the girl especially; for Mrs. Ward, like Mr. Hardy, feeling the pulse of the public, has assured herself that it beats towards the 'science' of Heredity. The children live with their uncle, the owner of a small farm among the Derbyshire hills and also of an ill-tempered, ill-featured wife. It is a hard, dull, barren existence, of which David soon tires, and, after passing through a brief fever-fit of revivalism and another of village debauchery, he departs for Manchester. Here he finds employment with a second-hand bookseller, reads Voltaire and Rousseau (in translations as aforesaid), joins a Free-thinking club, and becomes as bumptious and self-satisfied a young prig as might be expected. But, if he cannot think highly, he can live plainly and work hard; and having a natural bent for the book-trade, he soon goes beyond his master's tether and sets up a business on his own account. Herein he prospers, and in due time summons his sister to live with him. That young person has always been somewhat of a disturbing element in his life, and, having grown into a handsome girl of an animal type, is not less so now. Fired by a perusal of George Sand's and other novels of that time, and by the memories of an old French Bohemian who lends them to him, he resolves on a visit to Paris, and the exigencies of the story of course require that his sister shall accompany him. Here ends the first part, 'Youth,' and the period known as 'Storm and Stress' begins. Both storm and
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stress are of an obvious and familiar type. Having thrown a sop to the national taste for Heredity, Mrs. Ward now proceeds to gratify that other national taste which, as Mr. Hardy assures us, has decided that the 'relations between the sexes' must be the basis of all imaginative literature. These relations are nothing, of course, if not illicit. Both brother and sister proceed at once to satisfy themselves on this score. David's experiment is short and somewhat humiliating; but Louie takes to it with all her hereditary instinct, and when the time comes to transport her brother back to Manchester, he has to go alone. In the third part 'Maturity,' David is seen as a rising printer (on the profit-sharing system) and publisher. He is married to an insignificant little creature whom he confessedly does not care much for, but his Parisian experiences point to matrimony as being on the whole the safest course. One son is born to them, and then the mother dies: Louie opportunely commits suicide in Paris; and David is thus freed from both his encumbrances. In some mysterious way, which we cannot interpret, but which appears to arise partly from the contemplation of his wife's photograph, the Divine Voice becomes clear to him, and the book closes.

In some respects 'The History of David Grieve' is superior to 'Robert Elsmere.' It contains more of what may properly be called a story; the incidents are more varied and animated, and there are moments of comparative briskness in the action. On the other hand, in construction and evolution, in all the arts and devices necessary to produce a literary composition, it is distinctly and surprisingly inferior. It is said that Matthew Arnold, being once asked why he had never tried his hand at a novel, gave the characteristic answer that the genius of the Arnolds did not lie in the way of fiction, or he had written one long ago. It almost begins to look as though the genius of his accomplished niece did not lie in that way. Certainly it is rare to find a writer of Mrs. Ward's quality to whom practice has brought so little profit. About 'Robert Elsmere,' with all its faults, there was a certain sense of proportion, of completeness. It was very long, somewhat disconnected and incoherent; yet it was possible to detect in it a beginning, a middle, and an end. One saw that the author was inexperienced in the art of story-telling, and had not that instinct for it which is often more than all experience. But it was also clear that she understood what is meant by literature, that she had some power of expression and sense for style; and it seemed as though time and practice might supply what else is needed to make a work of fiction. These expectations have not yet been verified.

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The technical faults of the old book are multiplied tenfold in the new one. 'The History of David Grieve' is yet more inordinately long than 'Robert Elsmere'; it is more inconsequent, more loosely constructed; it is more deficient in the sense of proportion, in the essential art of reserve, of knowing when to stop; to its author the half is never greater than the whole, and yet the whole is vague, inchoate, unreal; when all has been said, nothing has been done. One of its critics has hinted that the three volumes might have been four. They might have been forty or four hundred; for although most of the principal characters are cleared off the stage by a convenient death, Mrs. Ward has not ventured quite so far as the author of 'Hamlet,' and David is left, still on the threshold of life, serene, untouched, and more than ever confident in his arrangement of the universe. Yet many a novel has succeeded in defiance of serious faults of construction. The humanity of the characters, the fitness of the dialogue, the interest of the story, the variety and briskness of the scenes, an attractive style, wit, humour, pathos,—these qualities have often compensated for mere technical defects, and will continue to compensate for them till the end of novel-writing. But for this compensation they are not sufficiently conspicuous in 'The History of David Grieve.' Even in its purely literary qualities it does not match its predecessor. No one could have called 'Robert Elsmere' other than a well-written book; one cannot say that as a whole of its successor. That it is far above the ordinary levels of the circulating library will be universally conceded; but neither can it be denied that the style, where it would rise, is too often laboured, pompous, diffuse, that it is sometimes even a little slovenly, and that the language is too thickly strewn with that new Euphuism which is vaunted by its professors for the finest flower of Victorian culture, but which a plain man calls jargon. We should not have been thus particular in noting these imperfections, were it not that Mrs. Ward has taught us to look in her work for more than the everyday graces of contemporary literature; and we must therefore confess to our disappointment.

But, after all, the signal fault of the book lies in its failure to convince us. For all the care lavished upon it,—and on this side at least the author has surely deserved success—it wants reality. Through all these twelve hundred pages there runs no current of life. The characters are not moulded out of human flesh and blood, but cut out of paper; often very dexterously cut, let it be granted, but,—snip-snap, one hears the scissors going throughout. And over all broods the depressing sense

sense of a great work to be accomplished, a message to be delivered to us frail and feeble children of dust. Characters and scenes they come and go, as on the slides of a magic lantern used to illustrate the author's lecture on human existence. One figure alone seems to have caught the natural touch, the quaint figure known as 'Daddy' the keeper of the vegetarian eating-house in Manchester where David takes his simple meals; this alone looks as though it had been wrought from the life and not out of books. Some have given the same praise to Louie; and more care seems indeed to have been spent on her than on any other character in the story, and she certainly has a stronger and more consistent personality. But it is impossible to feel any sympathy for the girl, or even to take any interest in her. Vain, selfish, spiteful, ill-tempered, with every vulgarity and every vice engrained in her from birth, a more ignoble heroine never figured in the pages of fiction. If this be the character Mrs. Ward designed to exhibit, she has undoubtedly succeeded. But her success is an artistic failure; there are no half-tones in the painting, no relief, no reserve, no play of light and shade; everything is seen, hard, bare, and barren in a monotony of ugliness. Louie is, in short, a monstrosity; and we watch her go to the ruin which was her inevitable portion in life with as much unconcern as her brother apparently felt for her. Elise Delaunay, the French girl with whom David passes his brief period of storm and stress, is only Marie Bashkirtseff at second-hand; and of that most tiresome young person at first-hand,—if the term be applicable to such a little piece of affectation—there has surely now been more than enough. In the same way the Parisian scenes are pieced together from a variety of sources with which every reader at all conversant with French fiction, and especially that side of it which exhibits Bohemian Paris, must be familiar. Yet this section of the book is in point of composition the most successful of the three; patchwork it is, but extremely skilful patchwork. The reader may smile at the spectacle of a well-ordered English matron gravely essaying to exhibit scenes of disorder in a series of polite glimpses; but he must own that, despite the fact of the exhibitor having, as the saying goes, the misfortune of good manners to contend against, the presentment of reality has been most ingeniously counterfeited. The third section contains one good scene, in some ways the cleverest of all,—the unwelcome irruption of Louie and her child on her brother's respectable household; but the rest, being for the most part composed of the aforesaid extracts from David's journal, is but weary work, and, as though in direct defiance of its

its title, more hopelessly immature than all that has gone before. The description of the visit to Lord Driffield's country house, and of poor little Mrs. Grieve's discomfort among the fine ladies and gentlemen, is a very mine of wasted opportunities; but, as the author frankly confesses, 'Dissent in its active and emotional forms kills the sense of humour.' The discovery of Louie's dead body is picturesquely done. That David should have fainted at the sight seems at first perhaps unreasonable; he had never professed to love his sister,—which is indeed not surprising; she had been nothing but a hindrance and a disgrace to him throughout her short life, and had latterly threatened to become an intolerable burden. But on reflection it will be found to be of a piece with the rest of his character. For all his assertion and independence David has much more of the woman than the man in him. He is in fact a type of what used to be known as the Strong-Minded Female; and in that peculiarly unlovely specimen of her sex there has ever been (though she would at all times sooner die than own it) a strong dash of the hysterical element.

In one respect however 'The History of David Grieve' bears a striking and significant resemblance to 'Robert Elsmere.' In both books the opening chapters are so decisively superior to the rest, that it is almost inexplicable how the same head should have devised and the same hand have written what we read there and what we read thereafter. The superiority is indeed not quite so marked in the later book. The shadow of its rival broods over it, as we have said, from the first, and the author, weighted, as it were, with a solemn sense of responsibility, moves less freely among the Derbyshire hills than she moved among the dales of Westmoreland. But over those lonely uplands blows the breath of Nature, and some echo of human voices (slightly muffled, it is true, for common ears in a laborious imitation of the Derbyshire dialect) sounds there and in the farm below. They are not cheerful voices; there is no gleam of cheerfulness in the book from the first page to the last. Even when freed from the numbing influence of their aunt, there is no gaiety about these poor children. They seem as though oppressed with a consciousness of their mission in life, to set right our disjointed times; never regardless of their doom do these little victims play. But the reader gets at least the fresh winds of heaven on his face and the blessed sunlight over him. He is in a world of God's own making, not in the artificial atmosphere of the hot-house among strange sexless growths of men's forcing. His eye drinks in the wide landscape of heather and rock, the white cloud of the distant waterfall,

waterfall, the rush of the snow-fed river, the great purple peak taking the April morning. There is a reality in these scenes which we find nowhere else in the book, a reality which lends some spark of life to the human figures in the foreground, not to be wholly quenched even by the gratuitous intrusion of the grotesque old visionary 'Lias Dawson, who suffers still more severely from an effusion of King Charles on the brain than did Mr. Dick. What evil genius can have lured an author from a form of composition which promises to suit her talents so well to one where they have no scope and which can evoke no others to take their place!

Among other foolish things which we have lately borrowed from the French is a habit of chattering about the end of the century. A stranger suddenly projected into our midst, who should listen to our young men, and maidens, (and indeed to others of both sexes old enough to know better!) might suppose that we were still in the morning of the world, and that no century had ever come to an end before. And as usual we have perverted and spoiled what we have borrowed. What with our livelier-witted neighbours is a mere jest invented to furnish an easy gloss for sundry freaks which it might be inconvenient to define more categorically, is with us a solemn justification. All the trivialities of our literature (nor of our literature only, but it is with this that we are at present concerned), its affectations, its shallowness, vulgarities, impudence, are attributed to the fact that another century of the world's course is nearing its end. We are but the creatures of Fate. The Spirit of the Time lies heavy on us. The Hand of Destiny leads us along the road of life, whither we know not, confident only that it is to issues immeasurably greater and more glorious than the race of man has known before.

‘Our spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven
We are borne darkly, fearfully afar;’—

Here our quotation must stop. Whose be the soul that lures us on this tumultuous voyage would seem to be uncertain; but assuredly it beacons not ‘From the abodes where the Eternals are.’

Sir George Trevelyan repeats in his delightful biography an anecdote Macaulay used to tell of those Camisards, or Huguenot refugees, who, under the appellation of French prophets, filled all London with their vagaries in the latter years of the
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seventeenth century till they were laughed into oblivion from the Stage. One of these impostors stalked once into the Court of King's Bench, and announced that the Holy Ghost had sent him to command Lord Holt to enter a *nolle prosequi*. 'If,' said Lord Holt, 'the Holy Ghost had wanted a *nolle prosequi* He would have bade you apply to the Attorney-General. The Holy Ghost knows that I cannot enter a *nolle prosequi*. But there is one thing which I can do. I can lay a lying knave by the heels;' and thereupon he committed him to prison. Since the Stage (being in truth somewhat too freely tarred with the same brush) cannot help us, we could wish there were some literary Lord Holt to awaken the sufferers from this delusion by some equally drastic process. Some, of course, will say that it is not worth while to take these poor people so seriously; that it gives them an importance they would not otherwise possess; that the affectation will pass in time, and that meanwhile they are the only sufferers. But this is not all the truth. It is true that common sense and right reason need no help to see through the delusion, but those inestimable virtues do not happen to be in fashion at the moment. Moreover, it is a delusion from which the sufferers derive also much comfort, and, as will always be the case, they recognize the comfort while blind to the suffering. Finally, every delusion, however outrageous, if advertised with sufficient persistency and noise will find votaries, and in proportion as it spreads so will the inevitable period of awakening be more painful. There can be no question about the noise and persistency with which our victims of destiny advertise their fate. When the fathers eat sour grapes the children's teeth are apt to be set on edge. For the sake of posterity therefore it is right that the nature and origin of this particular delusion should be exposed.

The plain truth of the whole matter is that we have fallen upon a barren time, which we are straining every nerve to persuade the world to take for a rich one. It is the natural law that a period of great fertility should be followed by a period, not indeed of reaction, but of comparative rest. This is no cause for national reproach. No nation can remain at intellectual high pressure for ever; and surely no nation has less cause than ours to reproach itself with the infrequency or brevity of its flowering-times. We will put the ancients out of the question. Where in the modern world can we name a people whose literature in the splendour and variety of its production can match the literature of the English people? For five hundred years, from the time of Chaucer to our own, has the great stream flowed on, with periods of drought, it is true, periods when it shrank to little more than a feeble thread

of water languidly creeping through its barren banks, but never wholly lost to sight, and how often rushing with mighty volume, 'brimming, and bright and large,' and like old Nile making the waste places to blossom as the rose. We have no wish to declaim; but as our tune is to take a very different key from 'Rule Britannia,' we may permit ourselves to dwell with some complacency on a past which time, if it cannot renew, at least can never destroy. Nor is there any reason to assume that what has been once shall not again be, or

'That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever.'

And in truth our time, if it be not a time of giants, is not one we have need to blush for if we would only take it for what it is, a time of great activity and curiosity in every department of mind, a time of great endeavour if not of much first-rate achievement. It is often said, and said with not unreasoning satisfaction, that at no period in our history has the average of intellectual production been so high as it is now. This is probably true. If we consider the prodigious quantity of our production, the quality is no doubt surprisingly good—except, indeed, in the department of the drama, where it is, perhaps not surprisingly but, beyond question extremely bad. The mischief of it is that we will take the levels of an intelligent, or even (to stretch a point) let us say a brilliant mediocrity for the great heights of genius.

There is no spectacle so ridiculous, we have all of us heard, as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. The British public in one of its periodical fits of culture (for it would be a mistake to suppose that we are suffering from any new disease) furnishes, we think, a yet more ridiculous spectacle. It has been often said, and by our own countrymen as well as by foreigners, that the English nation lacks the æsthetic instinct, that moral sense, as it were, in art which, though not necessarily including the creative power and sometimes even dissociated from it, seems almost unconsciously to supply its possessor with an æsthetic standard of right and wrong. It will probably be conceded that the English literature is rich in great works of imagination, and some measure of achievement in the other creative arts, less splendid indeed and frequent, will probably be not altogether refused us. But we must understand that we are not a nation of connoisseurs, a nation of artists; we have not the inherent sense of beauty and order, the right perception and knowledge of the

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the fitness of things; the creative power in the English genius is not informed and guided by the critical instinct. In a word, we lack, as a people, those qualities which are commonly included in the word *taste*. We may, if we please (and so long as the rest of the world will permit us), console ourselves with the fine compliment that Virgil paid to his countrymen, the type on so many sides of our own—

‘*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes:*’

but with this dominion, or with the idea of this dominion as the case may be, we must be satisfied. It should have been no great hardship. So long as we were content to be what nature had made us, to take the ample store of goods with which the gods had provided us without sighing for others beyond our reach, our state, if not the best possible, might at least have served. Whether we were ignorant of our shortcomings, or, like Queen Elizabeth, hugged ourselves in the pleasing fancy that ours was the only true standard of grace, mattered nothing; in either condition we were equally happy. Then, in an evil moment, some malignant sprite whispered into the ear of John Bull, ‘Have a taste,’ and the play began.

It was, as we have already said, no new play. It was acted in its first crude draft many centuries ago, and has many times since been revived in many forms. Don Adriano de Armado, Sir Nathaniel, and Holofernes were of the company, and Visto, and the Della Cruscans of a later generation. But never before has it assumed such an extravagant shape or gained such large audiences as to-day. Nor is this surprising. It is the age of democracy in art and letters as in public affairs, the age when every man is competent to be a law not only unto himself, but also unto his neighbour. Mr. Bryce’s ingenious plan of robbing Peter to pay what Paul has not earned extends far beyond the confines of Scotland. Among the high places of the earth which must henceforth be open to the trampling foot and restless hand of Demos are the mountains of Parnassus and Olympus and the shrine of Delphi. There is no man, nor woman either, so poor that he shall not find some fragment of the ample robe of ‘culture’ to cover his intellectual nakedness.

It would be difficult to say precisely where or how the new Renaissance began; it is always difficult, as we have already confessed, to lay one’s finger on the beginnings of things, on the primal source of any revolution in human affairs. A thousand influences are in the air, unperceived, it may be unsuspected, ‘Waiting for the spark from heaven [or from the

other place] to fall.' If the soil be ready, a bird of the air may carry the seed. The Reform Bill of 1832, the Oxford Movement, the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, the Educational Movement; we have heard all these experiments cited and supported by the most ingenious arguments, as the causes of the great æsthetic epidemic we are at present suffering from under the name of culture. It is far from improbable that they all, each in its turn and degree, have contributed to it. Some might be inclined to take the Pre-Raphaelite Movement as its first practical beginning, and the connection between that and the Oxford Movement would be no harder to trace than the connection between the Oxford Movement and the Reform Bill. However, these speculations are not vital to our case. We have 'got culture,' as the Americans say; that is the great fact; how we got it we need not now stay to consider. We fear, however, that Matthew Arnold has something to answer for; but in saying this we must emphatically protest against being thought to cast any reproach on that distinguished man, or to refuse to recognize the humanizing influence that in many ways he has exercised on his generation. The history of all reformations shows that the work of their leaders will almost inevitably for a time be hindered and discredited by the violence, the extravagance, and the folly of a few disciples. A revolutionary age will always breed impostors, and the first instinct of the impostor will always be to advertisement. And when the reformation is sought to be effected in the things of the mind, and especially in the domain of art, this will be more than commonly inevitable, and most particularly will it be so here in our own England where, as we have said, there is no native instinct to guide us, no recognized standard of right and wrong in such matters. Some of the more unlovely parasites which at first wreathed themselves round our nascent Tree of Knowledge have, indeed, perished by natural decay. Those merely vulgar antics with which the suburban mænads of the new worship used to symbolize their conversion under the guidance of a foolish young man from the provinces, have long ceased to provide jests for 'Punch.' Their *choragus*, indeed, still, we have heard, exists, like Ephraim, 'a wild ass alone by himself,' but his devotees have either perished 'so as by laughter,' or, their brief fit of frenzy over, are once more clothed and in their right mind. Yet it is a question whether the solemn gambols in which the votaries of culture now indulge are not more disheartening, as being in truth so much more mischievous. That there is no lack of earnestness and sincerity among them must be freely granted. Many of them

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are still toiling as painfully after culture as a few men have toiled after virtue; many seem to have genuinely persuaded themselves that they have reached it. But this only makes their state more deplorable. 'Culture has one great passion,' wrote Mr. Arnold, 'the passion for sweetness and light . . . but it must be *real* sweetness and *real* light.' And he warns us elsewhere that to walk staunchly by the best light we have, is of no avail so long as that light is but darkness. We see the same result of this mistake in another sphere where also men are wont to act rather from emotion than reason; we see it in the sphere of religion. No one would care to say that there is not one righteous man among that uncouth and blatant mob that is bawling Peace in the world's ear to the beat of the Salvationist's drum. Whatever we may think of their leader, we know that many devout and single-minded persons of both sexes have really persuaded themselves that they have found the way of righteousness by becoming, under the gracious patronage of one of Her Majesty's chief officers of the Law, an intolerable nuisance to all decent and orderly citizens.

True culture, said Mr. Arnold, needs 'times of faith and ardour, an opening and widening of the intellectual horizon.' Such times he thought he saw at hand when he began to preach his eloquent and beautiful gospel. But he saw very clearly also the danger that the culture he advocated ran from the central ideal of the New Democracy, the assertion of personal liberty. 'The ideal of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family . . . as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature . . . is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Culture, as he conceived it, was to be a bulwark against the political and social anarchy towards which the New Democracy, acting on the peculiar temperament of the English race, was likely to drift. But he apparently did not see, or saw not till too late, that the same cause acting on the same temperament was likely to produce in another sphere precisely that state of anarchy which he wished to prevent in the sphere of politics and society.

Although the volume from which we have been quoting, and which contains Mr. Arnold's remedy against our besetting evils in its best known form, was more directly aimed at our political and social than our æsthetic condition, no one needs at this time to be told that he advocated, with even more eloquence

eloquence and far more explicitly, the same remedy also for our literary shortcomings. It was against these, indeed, that he first took up his parable, and what may be called his Second Epistle to the Philistines was but a natural outcome of his First Epistle. It is with the first that we are now concerned; but those sentences we have quoted from the second are equally applicable to our present argument. They warn us against precisely analogous dangers arising from the same peculiarity in our temperament; and in this case, however, it may as yet be in the other, his prophecy has the peculiar distinction among modern prophecies of having been proved true. The New Intellectual Democracy has triumphed; our struggle after culture has developed into anarchy. He has quoted with approval an observation of M. Renan's on the intellectual condition of the American people:—'The sound instruction of the people is an effect of the high culture of certain classes. The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence.' That is very much our condition at the present moment. Neither M. Renan nor Mr. Arnold, of course, would have wished to be construed too literally. There were cultivated men in America, when they wrote, as there were in England. In England with its long history of national life and thought, with its old aristocracy, its rich and leisured classes, its great Universities and schools, there has, of course, been for many centuries a considerable body of cultivated men; in the United States, where those causes have not been quite so long in operation, where some of them indeed have not yet come into existence, such a body will naturally be less considerable. But what both writers designed to show was that in neither country, for various reasons, was the serious higher instruction strong enough to give the necessary tone to the popular instruction; the element of culture was not sufficient to leaven the whole mass. Instead of proving the master, therefore, it has been made the slave; and now bound to the car of Demos is led in the popular triumph, a spectacle and a show.

The times of faith and ardour that Arnold thought he saw bringing the hour for culture played him false. They were really times of 'a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction.' He tried to supply the latter, but the New Democracy has been too strong for him; they have reversed his plan, and given the tone instead of taking it.

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Everything conspired to defeat his purpose, and to cause him, against his will, perhaps for some time even against his knowledge, to appear as one who begins at the wrong end. The demand for more education, and especially for what is so ludicrously misnamed the higher education among women, itself a part of that foolish misconception of woman's true place in the world which goes by the name of Woman's Rights, the general array for party purposes of the Masses against the Classes,—all these things, aided by the extraordinary increase of cheap literature, and especially by the translations, hand-books, primers, and other multifarious short cuts to learning, have combined to defeat Mr. Arnold's plan and to turn the real sweetness and the real light which he advocated into what he most dreaded,—into sweetness which is mere vulgar affectation, and into light which is blank darkness.

Much of the mischief, we verily believe, came from Mr. Arnold's tantalising use of the word Philistine. That word, susceptible of so many interpretations, seems to have acted on those fluttering minds much as the word *rhomboid* is said to have acted on the old apple-woman. *Omne ignotum pro horrifico*; what it meant, or was intended to mean, they did not clearly know, but it evidently signified some terrible offence from which they must be purged at all costs. And as the natural bent of the English genius was, they were told, towards Philistinism, it seemed obvious that the remedy lay in giving that bent a twist in a directly opposite direction. With that superficial notion of things which is one of the characteristics of this false culture, they conceived this to be an easy operation. It was but to do as the legendary King of France had done with his battalions: for many years they had been painfully toiling up hill; they had now but to face about and march down again. The first thing to be done was clearly to free the spiritual body from the fetters of routine; the machine-made existence under which the English nation lay groaning must be ended at all hazards; for the rest, thereafter as might be. So all the old stock ideas had to go by the board at a sweep, all the old primitive notions of decency and order, of morality and decorum, of good manners, good taste, and good sense, were carted into the limbo of worn out things. With their minds cleared of all this old-world cant our Intellectual Salvationists moved gloriously forward into the anarchy of the New Culture.

The result is certainly curious, and to the laughing philosopher not unamusing. It reminds one of those old engravings of scenes from the French Revolution or the Irish Rebellion in which the rioters, in their wild frenzy to consummate the world's

world's reformation, are seen destroying all the familiar symbols and properties of the old order, but appropriating to their own use all that to their unknowing eyes looks strange, perplexing, and splendid. We see wild men and unsexed dishevelled women, drunk with wine and blood, draping their uncouth persons in rich stuffs and decorations under which their native clumsiness takes a fresh touch, and their unused limbs move stiffly. The comparison may seem something too serious for what after all is only ridiculous; yet it is not inapt. The *Jacquerie* of the New Culture is quite as earnest in its way, would be quite as mischievous if it knew how to be, and is assuredly not less grotesque. Its earnestness is, indeed, its most characteristic and comical feature. Were not the most convincing proofs daily offered to our senses it would be impossible to conceive how seriously these poor people take themselves. It is something so tremendous that, were the subject less preposterous and the result less pitiful, it would really go far to constitute a title to one's respect. Having read that true culture will not be content with the mere selfish enjoyment of sweetness and light, but will endeavour to make the passion for them prevail, they assume the office of teacher, and endeavour to make their notions of sweetness and light prevail. And they have selected the medium of fiction, partly because, after the newspaper, it is the most popular form of literature, and partly because it is the most convenient. Fiction (as Madge Ramsay said of metaphors) is 'such a pretty indirect way of telling one's mind when it differs from one's betters; it needs no proof, no evidence, no logic, none of the ordinary processes of reasoning. In what it does need, in imagination and invention, in the play of wit and fancy, of humour and pathos, in knowledge of life and manners, and of the arts of literary composition, it is true they are also somewhat deficient. But this deficiency they hope to conceal by affecting to change the purpose of fiction. Instead of the sweet influences it has exercised over so many generations of men worn with the common lot, whose hearts ache with sorrow or are heavy with toil, they would claim for it now the stern offices of the preacher, the law-giver, and the judge. These offices they interpret each one according to his own tastes; and in too many cases these tastes, as it will ever be in times of mental dissolution, seem frankly turning to the old primal tastes of the ape and the tiger, creatures which are never far from human haunts. As the intellectual forces grow weak, the animal instincts grow strong. In the dearth of the higher powers of the mind it will always be possible to fall back on those grosser materials which few men

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are without, but which most men are fortunately not ambitious of parading. The history of society, wrote Newman, begins in the poet and ends in the policeman. The poet seems unlikely to play an important part in the history of society as these reformers would wish to see it reconstructed; but there can be no question of the necessity for the policeman, if indeed those useful guardians of public virtue are to be included in the economy of the new republic.

The misfortune of it all is that many of these well-meaning but mistaken folk are really, if only they could be persuaded of it, very good citizens in their way, and capable, each according to his lights, of contributing, if not to our instruction, at least in a commendable degree to our entertainment. Who needs to be told how many clever novels Mr. Hardy has written? He was never indeed remarkable for the delicacy of his taste or the niceness of his judgment; but his vivacity, his freshness, his sense for natural beauty, his powers of description were undeniable. And now we see to what his acceptance of a great work, his consciousness of a mission to reform the art of fiction, and through fiction to redress the moral balance of the world—in a word, we see to what his taking himself too seriously has brought him. It has brought him to producing a work crammed with inartistic blunders and improprieties, disfigured by a grotesque jargon, and such as no clean-minded reader can get through without disgust. Mrs. Ward has indeed no such great career behind her as Mr. Hardy. Her production is as yet scanty; but it has been sufficient to mark her as an accomplished woman, as one who, if she would have consented to give her powers fair play, might have proved an agreeable and graceful worker in those lighter forms of composition in which her sex has so often succeeded. But she too has been inoculated by the Spirit of the Time; she too has accepted a mission to reform the world through fiction. It is true that, being a gentlewoman she prefers to do her work in more orderly fashion than Mr. Hardy. She has indeed felt herself obliged to pay some sort of tribute to what one of its most passionate champions has called 'The great sexual insurrection of the Anglo-Teutonic race;' but it is, one can see, only a half-hearted tribute, and, on the whole, it is evident that she would prefer to see 'A revolution in due course of law.' And look at the result—talents wasted, energies misapplied on a work, of which the verdict can only be that it is tiresome as a novel and ineffectual as a sermon. Mr. Shorthouse stands in a somewhat different position. He is content to be a victim of the New Culture without aspiring
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to be a leader ; and the phase of it which appeals most strongly to Mr. Hardy, and to which even Mrs. Ward has forced herself to curtesy, has no attractions for him. Yet in other ways he is perhaps its most conspicuous victim, as naturally gifted with less vital energy to resist the insidious progress of the disease. The sentimentality, the puling melancholy, the assumption of learning, of grace and refinement,—in a word all the ‘sweetness’ of the New Culture—are paramount in his last work. And yet no one who has read ‘John Inglesant’ can refuse to accredit its author with a genuine literary gift, which under happier influences might have been turned to more profitable issues.

One knows not whether to laugh or to cry over it all. Perhaps, as our time is not rich in conscious humourists, it were better to take what we can get and laugh. And at least there is a source of consolation in the not distant future that we cannot be deprived of. If all this folly be really due to the mystic influence exercised by the end of a century, we shall soon be quit of it. Meanwhile we, even those of us who are most persuaded of its false pretensions and mischievousness, must not forget the famous words with which Burke closed his ‘Thoughts on French Affairs:—‘If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of man. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.’ If, when the year 1900 is turned, the national genius and the national taste have decided that seduction, adultery, and murder are an essential part of the great moral law of the universe: that in the commonplaces that have been rejected by sixteen centuries lies the key to the problem of man’s relations with the unseen powers of the world; and that in the propagation of these two blessed truths is contained the whole duty of fiction, we shall be perverse and obstinate no longer. But during the eight years that intervene we shall continue to pin our faith on ‘The ancient and inbred piety, integrity good-nature, and good-humour’ of our nation, and look confidently forward to the passing of what we as confidently believe to be no more than the foolish fashion of a ‘barren hour.

ART. III.—*The Life and Teachings of Mohammed, or The Spirit of Islâm.* By Syed Ameer Ali, a Judge of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal. London, 1891.

THE age in which we live is often described as scientific. The description is more amply warranted than may, at first sight, appear. Our era is specially characterised not merely by the vast progress of physics, but by the application of the method so fruitfully followed in their domain, to all spheres of intellectual activity. We mean the method which starts not from abstract speculation, but from concrete fact; which advances to the idea of a principle as the explanation of a mass of phenomena, ascertained by observation and verified by experience; which finds in the comparison of these phenomena, and in the deduction of their effects, the guarantee of reality. It is, as we all know, by the employment of this method, that geology, astronomy, chemistry, have of late years made such marvellous advance, conducting us from the commonest and most individual instances, to the most recondite and far-reaching laws. But this, too, is the method followed by Kant, when in his 'Critique of Pure Reason' he set himself to the removal of what he calls 'the scandal to philosophy,' involved in the necessity of assuming, as an article of mere belief, the existence of things external to ourselves. In like manner, in his 'Critique of the Practical Reason,' he builds upon a primordial fact of human nature the sense of moral obligation; a sense independent of all ratiocination, of all dogmatic belief, of all notion of reward and punishment. There, while 'the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,' so long the homes of a whole world of *à priori* speculation, fall into dissolution, there is the rock upon which, serenely confident, he will rear the Divine shrine. In every intellectual province the chief work of modern thought has been to substitute facts for assumptions as the point of departure. Nor is it doubtful that to this we owe a vast expansion of our mental horizon, and the perception ever growing clearer, of the august verity that one law reigns throughout the universe; a law of progression, of development, of perpetual becoming.

Nowhere, perhaps, has this method been productive of greater results than in the province of history. It is not too much to say that one great achievement of the modern mind has been the entire reconstruction of historical science. With very few exceptions, the historians of the three centuries immediately preceding the French Revolution, were little more than annalists. That any moral significance underlay the tale of sound and fury which

which they related, that the spiritual and intellectual movements running through the ages are the most important elements in the career of humanity, that the phenomena of history are not isolated and fortuitous, but are connected, are co-ordinate, and are the expression of laws, they never so much as dreamed. Here, as in so many other spheres of thought, Voltaire is the herald of the modern spirit. His erudition was inconsiderable. His philosophy was not very profound. But in originality of ideas, in knowledge of human life, in keenness of vision, and in clearness of conception, he stands alone among his contemporaries. How admirable the manner in which he blends with his narrative of important events the most luminous sketches of the literary characteristics of an age, of the state of arts and sciences, of the material elements of civilization! How penetrating his apprehension of the springs of political action, of the real causes of great revolutions! How acute his examination of the received fables, the accredited traditions with which passion and credulity had encumbered the story of nations and the exploits of heroes! In all this, he was the precursor of the more patient and philosophic, if less brilliant intellects, whose searching criticism of long-received narratives, whose patient investigations of hidden causes, whose laborious employment of analysis, comparison, deduction, have rewritten the history of well-nigh every nation under heaven.

Islâm is certainly one of the subjects in which the employment of this 'large discourse of reason, looking before and after,' has been singularly successful. Fifty years ago the stereotyped view of that great religion, as we find it, for example, in the quaint pages of Ockley, was generally received. Here and there, the more sagacious account of it given in Gibbon's masterly chapters found acceptance. But its real sources, its true character, its actual place in the evolution of religious thought, were as little understood as were the earliest years of Rome before Niebuhr wrote; as was the making of the English nation in the days of Hume. The works of Sprenger and Weil, of Dozy and Kremer, of Deutsch and Palmer, of Muir and Bosworth Smith, to mention only a few out of many who have laboured abundantly in this field, have let in a flood of light upon these subjects. Thanks to them, our information concerning the life and deeds of the Arabian Prophet, and the sources of his religion, is as complete and exact as is our information regarding the authors and the antecedents of the Protestant Reformation. Of course in their estimates of the last born of the world's great faiths, and its originator, there is considerable diversity. But certain it is that a general result of their labours

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has been largely to modify, in the common mind, the adverse judgment of him and it, once unquestioningly received. Probably Mr. Freeman represents, with substantial accuracy, the view most widely current among intelligent persons in the Western world when he writes, 'the camel-driver of Mecca, the conqueror of Medina, call him Prophet, Reformer, or Impostor as we will, soars far above every other man in the history of the East; his religion is the truest of false religious systems.'*

This verdict would not appear sufficiently favourable to Mr. Bosworth Smith or to Mr. Reginald Lane Poole. Still less would it satisfy the cultivated Mohammedan gentleman whose elaborate work, 'The Life and Teachings of Mohammed,' has recently been given to the world. Syed Ameer Ali's great intelligence and wide culture, no less than his distinguished position as a Judge of the High Court of Bengal, well qualify him to be the spokesman of our fifty million fellow-subjects who hold his creed. Moreover his book presents the great advantage of enabling us to contemplate Islâm from within and Christianity from without. The Syed must have been often confronted with the claims of the Christian religion. No doubt some of the zealous men who are labouring for its diffusion in India have urged him to embrace it. In the six hundred and sixty-five admirably written pages before us, he explains, in effect, why he has not embraced it. He gives his reasons for the Mohammedan faith that is in him. But his purpose goes beyond that. He thinks that the considerations which satisfy him of the superiority of Mohammed over the rest of the world's religious teachers, and of Islâm over the rest of the world's religions, may satisfy others. He expresses the hope that his work 'may prove of some practical value to those seekers after religious truth in the West, whose minds have gone forth in the quest of a positive and eclectic faith, suitable for the noblest, and by its disciplinary character also for the lowest natures.' He judges it probable that the creed of the Arabian Prophet 'may receive acceptance among European Communities.' His book is, in fact, 'An Apology for Islâm,' and is deserving of full and fair consideration, not less from the manifest sincerity, than from the unquestionable ability with which it is written. Such consideration we shall endeavour to give it.

The learned Judge has divided his work into two parts. The first ten chapters deal with the life of Mohammed. The remaining nine with the tenets of Islâm. The division is not,

* 'The History and Conquests of the Saracens,' p. 6.

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indeed, strictly preserved. The second part of the book contains a vindication of the Arabian Prophet from certain charges of sexual licence commonly brought against him. The first presents various fragments of his teaching. We do not complain of this. In the case of the founder of a religion, as we shall have occasion, hereafter, to insist more at large, it is impossible rigidly to separate the man from his doctrine. For ourselves, in estimating the Syed's book we shall follow, as much as possible, his method. We shall consider, first, his apology for Mohammed's life; and, secondly, his claim for Mohammed's religion.

The career of Mohammed falls naturally into three divisions. First, there is his life to his fortieth year—the year 610 of our era—when he entered upon his public ministry. Next there are the twelve years, ending with 622, in which he devoted himself to the peaceful propagation of his doctrine. The close of this period is marked by the Hijrat or flight to Medina; a turning-point in his existence, from which the Mohammedan Calendar appropriately dates. And lastly there are the ten years, in which we behold him as chief, warrior, supreme magistrate and law-giver, until his strange eventful history ends in 632. With regard to the first of these stages of Mohammed's existence, there is little difference of opinion among his biographers. It is worth while, however, as indicative of Syed Ameer Ali's point of view, to note his attitude in respect of the signs and wonders by which, according to the early historians of Islâm, the advent of its founder was accompanied:—

‘His birth, they say, was attended with signs and portents from which the nations of the earth could know that the Deliverer had appeared. The rationalistic historian smiles; the religious controversialist, who, upon *à priori* grounds, accepts without comment the accounts of the wise men following the star, scoffs at these marvels. To the critical student, whose heart is not devoid of sympathy with earlier modes of thought, and who is not biassed with preconceived notions, the portents and signs which the Islamite says attended the birth of his Prophet are facts deserving of historical analysis. We moderns perceive in the ordinary incidents of the lives of nations and individuals the current of an irresistible law. What wonder then, that thirteen hundred years ago they perceived in the fall of a nation's memorial the finger of God, pointing to the inevitable destiny which was to overtake it in its iniquity?’

What were the religious convictions and practices among which Mohammed grew up to manhood is a question by no means easy to answer with precision. The substratum, so to speak, of the

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the old religion of Arabia, was the cult of a Supreme Deity (Allah taâla). But there were many lesser gods to whom homage was also paid, and whose worship was accompanied by a multitude of superstitions which found expression in coarse and impure idolatry. A movement, however, was in progress, aiming at a religious reformation, however confusedly and uncertainly. In the searchings after a purer faith made by men like Zaid and Waraka, Obaidullah and Osmân, we may trace the workings of

‘The Spirit of the years to come,
Yearning to mix himself with Life.’

No doubt Mohammed fell under these influences, in his youth and early manhood, of which we will here present our author’s account, taking leave, however, somewhat to abridge it:—

‘In the house of Abû Tâlib, Mohammed passed his early life. We can almost see the lad, with his deep wistful eyes, earnest and thoughtful, looking as it were, into futurity. Moving about in the humble unpretentious household of his uncle, or going often into the desert to look upon the beauteous face of Nature; sweet and gentle of disposition, painfully sensitive to human suffering, this pure-hearted child of the desert was the beloved of his small circle, and there ever existed the warmest attachment between uncle and nephew. “The angels of God had opened his heart and filled it with light.” . . . Deeply versed in the legendary lore of his nation, education, in the modern sense of the term, he had none. With all his affection for his people, in his ways and mode of thought he seemed far removed from them, isolated in the midst of a chaotic society with his eyes fixed intently on the moving panorama of an effete and depraved age. The lawlessness rife among the Meccans, the sudden outbursts of causeless and sanguinary quarrels among the tribes frequenting the fairs of Okadh, the immorality and scepticism of the Koreish, naturally caused feelings of intense horror and disgust in the mind of the sensitive youth. In the twenty-fifth year of his age, Mohammed travelled once more into Syria, as the factor or steward of a noble Koreishite lady named Khadija, a kinswoman of his. The prudence with which he discharged his duties made a deep impression on Khadija, which gradually deepened into attachment. A marriage which proved a singularly happy one was soon after arranged between Mohammed and his noble kinswoman, and was solemnized amid universal rejoicings. In spite of the disparity of age between Mohammed and his wife, who was much the senior of her husband, there always existed the tenderest devotion on both sides. This marriage “brought him that repose and exemption from daily toil which he needed in order to prepare his mind for his great work. But beyond that, it gave him a loving woman’s heart, that was the first
to

to believe in his mission, that was ever ready to console him in his despair, and to keep alive within him the thin flickering flame of hope when no man believed in him—not even himself—and the world was black before his eyes.” Khadija is a notable figure—an exemplar among the women of Islâm. The calumny which is levelled at Mohammed’s system, that it has degraded the female sex, is sufficiently refuted by the high position which his wife and youngest daughter, “our Lady of Light,” occupy in the estimation of the Islamist.*

This is not at all bad rhetoric, and we are far from saying that it may not be substantially true. We doubt, indeed, whether the learned Judge would, upon reflection, maintain the thesis which has escaped him in the fervour of composition, that the charge of degrading the female sex urged against Islâm is ‘sufficiently refuted’ by the reverence of pious Moslems for Khadija and Fâtima. It wants a great deal more refutation, than that. But what cannot be doubted is the blameless life and high character of Mohammed during this first period of his career. Sir William Muir is entirely warranted when he tells us ‘all authorities agree in ascribing to the youth of Mohammed a correctness of deportment and a purity of manners rare among the people of Mecca.’* Nor does Syed Ameer Ali exaggerate in affirming, more floridly, that during those fifteen years of his married life which preceded his assumption of the prophetic office, ‘his gentle, sweet disposition, his austerity of conduct, the severe purity of his life, his scrupulous refinement, his ever-ready helpfulness towards the poor and the weak, his noble sense of honour, his unflinching fidelity, his stern sense of duty, had won him, among his compatriots, the high and enviable designation of *al-Amin*, the Trusty.’ Of the details of his outward life during this time, we know nothing except that, upon a few occasions, he intervened in the public affairs of his city as a ‘*vir pietate gravis*,’ to compose differences and repress lawlessness, with the authority attaching to unsullied reputation and recognized wisdom. Of the workings of his mind no account whatever exists, and the conjectures in which various writers have indulged, are of small value. No doubt in his two journeys into Syria he must have seen something of the degenerate Christianity which existed there, described, not too strongly, by the Syed, as ‘a scene of unutterable moral and social desolation; rival creeds and sects tearing each other to pieces; wrangling over the body of the God they pretended to worship.’ But to what extent he was really acquainted with the creed and cult of the Catholic Church, or with the doctrines

* ‘Life of Mahomet,’ vol. ii. p. 14.

and practices of Judaism, 'we know not, and no search will make us know.' Certain, however, it is, that, from the first, religious questions vividly interested him; that his temperament was essentially meditative and introspective, and that he was by no means exempt from that melancholy which seems ever to accompany deep passion and high thought. His was one of those minds, stronger in the intuitive than in the ratiocinative faculty, to which are given from time to time sudden and brief openings of truth that may properly be called mystical.

Such was Mohammed when in the fortieth year of his life the call came to him with which the second period of his career opens. But concerning this memorable event let us hear Syed Ameer Ali :—

'Often in the dark and benighted pathways of concrete existence, the soul of every great man has been conscious of unrealised yet not unseen influences, which have led to some of the happiest achievements of humanity. From Samuel, that ancient seer, wild and awful as he stands, deep in the misty horizon of the past, to Jesus in the wilderness, pondering over the darksome fate of his people and the magnitude of his work, listening to the sweet accents of the God of Truth; from Jesus to Mohammed in the solitude of his mountain retreat, there is no break in the action of these influences.' 'For years after his marriage it had been his habit to betake himself, sometimes with his family, at other times alone, for prayer and meditation to a cave on the Mount Hira, a huge barren rock, torn by cliff and hollow ravine, standing out solitary in the full white glare of the desert sun, shadowless, flowerless, without well or rill. Here, in this cave, he often remained whole nights, plunged in profoundest thought, deep in communion with the unseen yet all-pervading God of the Universe. Slowly the heaven and the earth fill with predestined vision and command. . . . The mental visions and the apparition of angels at these moments were the bright though gradual dawns of those truths with which he was to quicken the world into life. . . . Whilst lying self-absorbed, he is called by a mighty Voice, surging like the waves of the ocean, to cry. Twice the Voice called, and twice he struggled and waived its call. But a fearful weight was laid upon him, and an answer was wrung out of his heart. "Cry!" called the Voice for the third time. And he said, "What shall I cry?" Came the answer, "Cry in the name of thy Lord." When the voice had ceased to speak, telling him how from the minutest beginnings man had been called into existence, and lifted up by understanding and knowledge of the Lord, who is most beneficent, and who by the pen hath revealed that which men did not know, Mohammed woke from his trance, and felt as if the words spoken to his soul had been written in his heart. A great trembling came upon him, and he hastened home . . .

exhausted in mind and body, to the bosom of his devoted wife, praying only to be covered from the overwhelming Presence.'

It was not without many an inward struggle that Mohammed attained to certitude of his prophetic mission. His wife Khadija was the first to believe him—'she made his burden lighter to him,' the tradition finely says. The next convert was his cousin Ali, one of the noblest characters in the history of Islâm. 'O father,' the young man said, when Abû Tâlib asked him concerning this new religion, 'I believe in God and His Prophet.' 'Well,' replied the venerable patriarch, 'thou art free to cleave to Mohammed; he will not lead thee to aught but what is good.' Zaid, the Prophet's enfranchised slave, was the next convert; and he was followed by Abû Bakr, a wealthy merchant of great probity. Slowly the little band increased, as one after another of the Meccans believed the word which Mohammed spoke, and turned away from idols. Persecution arose. The Prophet and his disciples were insulted and calumniated: they were pelted with dirt when engaged in their devotion: thorns were scattered in the places whither they were wont to resort. Gradually, as in spite of these hindrances, the new Church grew, the persecution assumed a severer character, and the first martyrs of Islâm sealed their faith with their blood. At last, in the fifth year of the Prophet's ministry, one hundred and one of his disciples, eighty-three men and eighteen women, fled their country and sought refuge in the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. The Koreish despatched an embassy, to demand the surrender of the fugitives. The King sent for them, and questioned them concerning the new religion. And Jaffâr, the brother of Ali, made answer:—

'O King, we were plunged in the depth of ignorance and barbarism; we adored idols; we lived in unchastity; we disregarded every feeling of humanity, and the duties of hospitality and neighbourhood: we knew no law but that of the strong; when God raised up to us a man of whose birth, truthfulness, honesty and purity we were aware. And he called us to the unity of God, and taught us not to associate anything with Him; he forbade us the worship of idols, and enjoined us to speak the truth, to be faithful to our trusts, to be merciful and to regard the rights of our neighbours; he forbade us to speak evil of women, or to eat the substance of orphans; he ordered us to fly vices and to abstain from evil, to offer prayers, to render alms and to observe the fast. We have believed in him; we have accepted his teachings and his injunctions to worship God and not to associate anything with Him. For this reason our people have risen against us, have persecuted us in order to make us forego the worship of God, and to return to the worship of idols and stones and other abominations. They have tortured us and injured us, until

finding

finding no safety among them, we have come to thy country; and we hope that thou wilt protect us.'

The King did protect them. But the unsuccessful issue of the embassy served to increase the madness of the people against Mohammed; and his uncle Abû Tâlib urged him to give up his task. He made answer, 'O, my uncle, if they placed the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, to force me to renounce my work, verily I would not desist therefrom, until God made manifest His cause, or I perished in the attempt.' His 'persistive constancy' impressed many men of energy, talent, and worth; and in spite of violent opposition from the rulers of the people, Islâm grew and multiplied. In 619 of our era—'the year of mourning,' Moslems call it—Khadîja was taken from the Prophet's side; and in his uncle Abû Tâlib he lost not indeed a disciple—the old man never gave his adhesion to the new faith—but a protector who had often effectually shielded him from outrage. The great majority of the people of Mecca still turned a deaf ear to his message. But among the pilgrims who came from Medîna some believed on him, and spread his doctrine in that city. It is of this period in the Prophet's career that Sir William Muir writes, 'Mahomet, thus holding his people at bay, waiting in the still expectation of victory, to outward appearance defenceless, and with his little band, as it were, in the lion's mouth, yet trusting in His Almighty power, whose messenger he believed himself to be, presents a spectacle of sublimity paralleled only in the sacred records of such scenes as that of the Prophet of Israel, when he complained to his Master: "I, even I only, am left."'* The new faith found, however, many adherents in Medîna, and thither when the signs multiplied that a final effort would be made to crush it out in Mecca, the Prophet sent his disciples, remaining himself at his post, with Ali and Abû Bakr. It was then that a plot for his assassination was laid. But Mohammed and his two companions escaped, and after many perilous adventures entered Medîna in safety on the 2nd of July, 622.

With the Hijra begins that last act in Mohammed's life which ends with his death in 632. The net result of his work during that decade was to cleanse Arabia from foul idolatry and gross immorality, and to diffuse throughout it a Monotheistic religion and a somewhat severe ethical code; in a word, to work the moral and spiritual regeneration of his country. So much is certain. Equally certain is it, that during this time of triumph—and consequently of trial—the same 'plain living and high

* 'Life of Mahomet,' vol. ii. p. 228.

thinking' marked the days of the Prophet. His mode of life, his dress, and his furniture retained to the very last a character of patriarchal simplicity. Many a time, Abû Huraira reports, he had to go without a meal. Dates and water frequently formed his only nourishment. Often, for months together, no fire could be lighted in his house, from scantiness of means. 'God,' says the Moslem historian, 'had indeed put before him the key to the treasures of the world, but he refused it.' This witness is true. Still, it is the last act of the Prophet's life which presents the greatest difficulties to his apologist. Few candid critics, few intelligent men whose judgment is not fatally biassed by religious, or—what is in the present day commoner—irreligious prejudice, will deny his sincerity and goodness up to the date of the Hijra, or will withhold from him their respect and admiration as they behold him—

'thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,'

and devoting himself, with unwavering singleness of purpose, to the work of religious and moral reformation concerning which his disciples gave such striking testimony to the Abyssinian king. 'As yet,' writes Mr. Freeman, 'nothing could be alleged against his life. A thoroughly good and righteous man according to his light,' he, 'in his own person fulfilled the duties which he taught. . . . [But now], gradually he appears in a new character. The persecuted apostle is transformed into the triumphant warrior. . . . He who had once asked for mere toleration for himself, now applauded, as heaven sent, a judgment which condemned seven hundred captives to the slaughter. He who in his youth had lived as the faithful spouse of the aged Khadijah, now, in his old age, multiplies wives to himself, and brings forth divine revelations to justify in himself the passions which he condemned in others. . . . [In this] period of his career it is impossible not to recognize a deterioration. . . . With his first appeal to the sword there seems to have come upon him a general unscrupulousness as to the means by which his ends were compassed. . . . That he fell off in many respects is clear. He may have fallen off even so far as to put forth as divine revelations, mere excuses for his own frailty or devices to obtain his ends. Yet I would not willingly believe this. . . . His moral sense was evidently obscured; but I do not believe that at any moment he was the conscious deluder of others.*'

Such is the indictment, very temperately and fairly stated, which Syed Ameer Ali has to meet. We will see presently how

* 'The History and Conquests of the Saracens,' pp. 43-59.

he answers it. But we should first observe that to two of its counts no defence seems to be really required. Mr. Freeman himself allows,—‘Under his circumstances, it is really no very great ground for condemnation that Mohammed did appeal to the sword. He did no more than follow the precedents of his own, and every surrounding nation.’ And Mr. Carlyle points out, with undeniable truth, ‘We do not find that the Christian religion either always discarded the sword—when once it had got one.’ Toleration is an essentially modern notion. To expect it in the time of Mohammed is an anachronism. Again, the more closely and carefully Mohammed’s career is scrutinized, the clearer is it, in our judgment, that the accusation of imposture cannot, in any degree, be sustained against him; that it must be rejected, even more decidedly and completely than Mr. Freeman rejects it. The end is the trial. And there are few things in religious history nobler than the picture presented to us of the last days of the Prophet: conscious that the time of his departure was at hand; that he must soon undergo ‘ce terrible tête-à-tête avec Dieu,’ which he well knew awaited him. It was in the prevision of his approaching dissolution that he made that last pilgrimage to Mecca, when to the multitudes assembled for the sacred rites, he delivered, from the top of Jabal-ul-Arafât, that remarkable discourse, which is to Moslems what the Sermon on the Mount is to Christians. After bidding them give good heed to his words, ‘for I know not whether another year will be vouchsafed to me, after this year, to find myself among you,’ he proceeded to remind them of the great religious and ethical duties which he had taught. And when he finished his exhortation with the appeal to Heaven, ‘O Lord, I have delivered my message and accomplished my work,’ all the people cried out, ‘Yea, verily, thou hast.’ And then the Prophet answered, ‘O Lord, I beseech thee, bear thou witness to it.’ This was on the 7th of March, 632. At the end of May he fell into the sickness which was to prove fatal to him. On one sleepless night, in the course of his malady, he arose and went to the cemetery of El Bâkir, where many of his friends were resting, and prayed and wept by their tombs, invoking God’s blessing for his ‘companions sleeping in peace’ whom he was soon to rejoin. Until the third day before his death he attended the public offices of religion. And upon the last occasion of his appearing in the mosque, when ‘the usual praises and hymns to God’ were ended, he addressed the congregation thus: ‘Moslems, if I have wronged any one, I am here to answer it; if I owe aught to any man, all I may happen to possess belongs to you.’ ‘Yes,’ replied a voice from the crowd, ‘thou owest me three dirhems

of

of silver which I gave to a poor man, at thy request.' They were immediately paid back with the words, 'Better to blush in this world than in the next.' After this his strength rapidly failed, until the end came. Broken words of prayer escaped from him in his last agony; 'Eternity of Paradise: 'Pardon: 'Yes; I come: 'The blessed companionship on high.'

'Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.' Assuredly, we may utterly reject, for good and all, the old hypothesis of imposture in the case of Mohammed. With regard to the documents whereby it is commonly supported, the chapters in the Qu'rân which he is supposed to have produced in order to justify the incidents in his career deemed most blameworthy, we shall presently hear Syed Ameer Ali. Here we may remark that even supposing the view of them commonly accepted among the Prophet's Western critics well founded, he would but illustrate naïvely—with the *naïveté* of good faith—a curious but undeniable tendency of human nature, manifested as clearly by many sincerely religious men before him; for example, by Cromwell. Amiel has justly observed, 'On fait toujours Dieu complice, afin de légaliser par là ses propres iniquités. Les Te Deums sont le baptême de tous les carnages réussis, et les clergés ont eu des bénédictions pour tous les scandales victorieux. Cela s'applique de peuple à peuple et d'homme à homme.'

And now let us turn to the Syed, and consider his answer to the charges of sensuality and cruelty to which Mohammed, in this last portion of his career, seems justly liable in the judgment of Mr. Freeman, whom we have selected as a type of the Arabian Prophet's fairest and most competent critics.

The worst instance of Mohammed's sensuality, Mr. Freeman appears to consider, is afforded in the matter of Zeineb, the wife of his freedman Zaid. And almost from Mohammed's own days this incident has been much used against him by his Christian opponents. Thus, we find St. John Damascene, writing about the end of the first Mohammedan century: 'Zeid had a handsome wife. Mamed fell in love with her. As they sat together, Mamed said, "God has charged me to take thy wife." Zeid answered, "Thou art the apostle; do as God told thee." Or to go further back, he said, "God charged me that thou divorce thy wife." Zeid divorced her. After some days Mamed said, "God also charged me to take her." So he took her and made her an adulteress. And then he enacted that every one who will, may divorce his wife, and after the divorce, if she return to him, another must marry her first.* And Sprenger,

* Opera, vol. i. p. 114.

who indeed is not exactly a Christian, writing in our own days, gives much the same account of the matter, dismissing the alleged Qu'rânic revelation as the production of pious scoundrelism.* The following is the Syed's version of the incident:—

'Mohammed had married his devoted friend and freedman, Zaid, to a high-born lady of the name of Zaineb, descended from two of the noblest families of Arabia. Proud of her birth, and perhaps also of her beauty, her marriage with a freedman rankled in her breast. Mutual aversion at last culminated in disgust. Probably this disgust on the husband's part was enhanced, by the frequent repetition, in a manner which women only know how to adopt, of a few words which had once fallen from the lips of Mohammed. He had occasion to visit the house of Zaid, and upon seeing Zaineb's unveiled face had exclaimed, as a Moslem would say, at the present day when admiring a beautiful picture or statue, "Praise be to God, the ruler of hearts!" These words, uttered in natural admiration, were often repeated by Zaineb to her husband, to show how even the Prophet praised her beauty, and naturally added to his displeasure. At last he came to the decision not to live any longer with her, and with this determination he went to the Prophet and expressed his intention of being divorced, "Why," demanded Mohammed: "hast thou found any fault in her?" "No," replied Zaid, "but I can no longer live with her." The Prophet then peremptorily said, "Go and guard her life; treat her well and fear God, for God has said, 'Take care of your wives and fear the Lord.'" But Zaid was not moved from his purpose, and in spite of the command of the Prophet he divorced Zaineb. Mohammed was grieved at the conduct of Zaid, more especially as it was he who had arranged the marriage of the two uncongenial spirits. After Zaineb had succeeded in obtaining a divorce from Zaid, she commenced importuning Mohammed to marry her, and was not satisfied until she had won for herself the honour of being one of the wives of the Prophet. The marriage created a sensation among the idolaters, who, whilst marrying their step-mothers and mothers-in-law, looked upon the marriage of the divorced wife of an adopted son (as Zaid at one time was regarded by Mohammed) by the adoptive father as culpable. To disabuse the people of the notion that adoption creates any such tie as real consanguinity, some verses of Chapter XXXIII. were delivered. . . . One of the greatest tests of the Prophet's purity, is that Zaid never swerved from his devotion to his master.'

It must be owned that the story as told by the Syed Ameer Ali—who founds himself upon the considerable authority of Tobârî—has a much better look than as told by St. John Damascene. 'Il n'y a rien qui s'arrange ainsi facilement comme les faits.'

* 'Der Stil des Mohammed unterscheidet sich nicht von dem anderer frömmelnder Schurken: Gott im Munde, die Welt im Herzen.' (Vol. i. p. 404.)

The Seyd's arrangement of these facts is certainly more probable than the Saint's, but still is a rather lame apology.

Next, as to the Coptic Mary, one of the two damsels sent, together with a white mule, by Mackondas, the Roman Governor of Egypt, as a present to the Prophet, in whose eyes her curly hair and fair features found favour. The story, as told by Western writers—the most amusing and least decorous version of it may be read in Gibbon—is that Hafsa, one of Mohammed's wives, and the termagant of his household, entering unexpectedly one day into her chamber, surprised him there in the embraces of his Egyptian captive, and gave vent to her indignation in bitter reproaches: whereupon the Prophet engaged to renounce for the future the possession of Mary, and his outraged spouse promised forgiveness and secrecy; which promise she failed to keep: whence a domestic squabble of much bitterness, only to be appeased by a special revelation given in Chapter sixty-six of the Qu'rân: 'O Prophet, why holdest thou that to be prohibited which God hath made lawful, seeking to please thy wives?' The Syed tells us that 'the story is absolutely false and malicious, and is repudiated by all respectable commentators on the Qu'rân.' The verse, he adds, which has been supposed to refer to it, refers, in truth, to a wholly different circumstance. Mohammed in his boyhood, when he tended the flocks of his uncle, had acquired a fondness for honey, which was often supplied to Zeineb. Hafsa and Ayesha set to work to make him give up honey, and they succeeded in inducing him to vow that he would never touch it. But after he had made the vow, there came to him the thought that he was making something unlawful, in which there was nothing unlawful, simply to please his wives. His conscience smote him as to his weakness, and then came the verse which we have cited. In support of this view the Syed quotes the commentator, Zamakhshri.* One feels inclined to say with the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'O what learning is!' learning, which can dissolve the Coptic Mary into honey. To which we may add the judicious reflection of M. Renan: 'Quel prophète tiendrait contre la critique, si la critique le poursuivait, comme le nôtre, jusque dans son alcôve'† But whatever it may be that the Qu'rânic verse refers to, certain it is that this damsel bore Mohammed a son, Ibrahim, by whose death his hope of male posterity was finally extinguished.

* An illustrious Doctor of Islâm, who was born in the year 467 of the Hijra, and who died in the year 538. His 'Keshâf' is regarded as the most authoritative of all the commentaries on the Qu'rân.

† 'Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse,' p. 268.

As certain is it that Mohammed considerably exceeded the number of wives and concubines allowed to the faithful by the Qu'rân. Some dozen ladies—the Syed confesses to eleven—had the honour of calling him lord. 'In his private conduct,' writes Gibbon, 'Mahomet indulged the appetites of a man and abused the claims of a prophet.' The Syed has little difficulty in refuting this too sweeping rhetoric. The majority of the Prophet's wives were helpless or widowed women, well stricken in years.* And

'by taking them into the bosom of his family, Mohammed provided for them in the only way which the circumstances of the age and people rendered possible. Unlimited plurality of wives was the custom which he found in his country. All his marriages were contracted before the revelation came restricting polygamy: and with that came the *other* which took away from him all privileges. Whilst his followers were free (subject to the conditions imposed by the law) to marry to the limit of four, and by the use of the power of divorce, which in spite of the Prophet's denunciations, they still exercised, could enter into fresh alliances, he could neither put away any of his wives, whose support he had undertaken, nor could he marry any other. Was this the assumption of a privilege? Or was it not a humane provision for those already allied to him—and to himself a revelation of perfect self-abnegation in his prophetic task?'

If Syed Ameer Ali is as accomplished a Judge as he here proves himself an advocate, the High Court in Bengal is to be congratulated. He has certainly made out a very good case for his Prophet in this matter.

We now pass to the charge of cruelty urged against the Arabian Prophet. There is overwhelming evidence that from first to last his private life was marked, in a singular degree, by benevolence and benignity, which extended even to the lower animals; nay, which extended even to his enemies.† This is unquestionable. Still many of his Western critics, most favourable in their general estimate of him, find it difficult to justify certain severities in the last period of his career. The chief of these is the execution of some hundreds of the Banû-Kuraizha. This Jewish tribe, after swearing alliance with Islām, had, at a critical moment, proved faithless to their bond. They were besieged and surrendered, merely stipulating that their fate should be left to the discretion of Saad, the Moslem General. Saad decided that the fighting-men should

* Mr. Freeman has certainly made a slip in talking of Mohammed's 'seraglio of youthful beauties.' All his wives, except two, or it may be three, were ladies 'of a certain age;' and he had no seraglio at all.

† See some admirable pages in Syed Ameer Ali's book (pp. 219-24).

be put to the sword, and that the women and children should become the slaves of the victors. Mohammed approved of the decision, and it was executed. Even Mr. Lane Poole accounts it 'a harsh, bloody sentence, worthy of the Episcopal generals of the army against the Albigenses:' even Mr. Bosworth Smith calls it 'an act of cold-blooded and intense atrocity:' while Sir William Muir judges that it 'leaves a dark stain of infamy upon the character of Mohammed. The Syed admitting that 'the sentence passed upon the Banû-Kuraizha was, from our point of view, severe,' pleads that 'it was in perfect consonance with the laws of war as then understood by all the nations of the world;' that the victims 'had themselves chosen Saad as the sole arbiter and judge of their fate;' that if 'they had succeeded, they would have massacred their enemies without compunction;' and that as 'people judge of the massacres of King David according to the lights of his time,' so 'the defensive wars of the early Moslems should be judged of from the same stand-point.' Moreover, he cites, not however as representing his own opinion, a passage from a well-known sermon of Dr. Arnold, merely substituting 'Arab' for 'Israelite.' 'It is better that the wicked should be destroyed a hundred times over than that they should tempt the good to join their company. Let us but think what might have been our own fate, and the fate of every nation under heaven, at this hour, had the sword of the Arab done its work more sparingly. The Arab's sword, in its bloodiest executions, brought a work of mercy for all the countries of the earth, to the very end of the world.' Which, it must be owned, is very neat.

There is yet another grave allegation of cruelty against Mohammed as to which it will be well briefly to hear his apologist. It is that about the year 627 of the Christian era, certain assassinations were deliberately planned by him, and their perpetrators blessed and rewarded. The Syed denies that they were assassinations. The persons killed, he maintains, were traitors upon whom sentence of outlawry had been passed. He points out that there existed then no police court, no judicial tribunal, nor even a court-martial to take cognizance of individual crimes—which is no doubt true; that in the absence of a state executioner, any individual might become the executioner of the law; and that the maintenance of peace and order within the city depended upon the prompt execution of the sentence passed upon the culprits before they could rally their clansmen round them. He adds, 'our Christian historians forget that even the laws of Christian England allow any person to pursue and kill an outlaw.' The learned Judge is doubtless

doubtless a great authority on Mohammedan law, for the elucidation of which he has written several much-esteemed text-books. His acquaintance with the laws of England is probably less exact. At all events, he is in error here. True it is that an outlawry in treason or felony has been held to amount to a conviction and attainder of the offence charged in the indictment, as much as if the offender had been found guilty by his country. True also is it that anciently an outlawed felon 'was said to have *caput lupinum*, and might be knocked on the head like a wolf, by any one that might chance to meet him. Yet now, to avoid such inhumanity, it is holden that no man is entitled to kill him wantonly or wilfully, but in doing so is guilty of murder, unless it happens in the endeavour to apprehend him.'*

We make no apology for lingering so long over these considerations. Even the question of the haughty beauty Zeineb, or of the too fascinating Mary the Copt, cannot be dismissed with Hallam's dictum that 'prurient curiosity about obsolete scandal is unworthy of the dignity of history.' With the dictum itself we entirely agree. We have no sympathy whatever with a class of writers who make it their business to rake up the personal faults, defects, and sins of their political or theological opponents; who do not scruple to let their pen 'rage like a fire among the noblest names,' and who from the private failings of persons holding opinions which they dislike, proceed to draw unfavourable inferences as to the modes of faith, or the public acts of those persons. It is a species of ratiocination which is essentially bad and vicious. No conclusion as to the merits or demerits of a particular religious system can justly be derived from the vices or virtues of individual professors of it. But religious innovators occupy a peculiar position. Bad men do not found good churches. It is with spiritual births as with physical. The child is like the parent. The originators of religions and philosophies give us, in their formal teaching, an expression of themselves; an exterior embodiment of their interior being. Their doctrine is one manifestation of their personality, and is best judged of in connection with other manifestations. Their lives often throw a flood of light on their dogmas. We do not blame Syed Ameer Ali for endeavouring to clear away the aspersions on the fair fame of his Prophet. And we congratulate him upon the large measure of success with which he has done so.

At the same time, it appears to us that a certain spaciousness

* Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' vol. iv. c. 24.

of thought is absolutely necessary if we would rightly judge of these questions; and that other and profounder considerations might have been very properly and effectually urged by the Syed. The fundamental principles of the moral law are eternal and immutable. If morality is not absolute, it is nothing. The difference between Right and Wrong is not of degree, but of kind. The laws of ethics are, as the tragic poet speaks, 'from everlasting, and no man knows their birthplace.' 'God,' Dean Mansel excellently says, 'did not create absolute morality, it is co-eternal with Himself.' The ideas of morality, according to Kant's most true teaching, 'are to be sought *à priori* among the pure ideas of the reason.' All this is of primary importance, and must be strenuously maintained, if morality is to be anything more than a matter of latitude and longitude, of temperament and cuisine. Not less important is it to remember that if the authority of the moral law is unconditioned, unchangeable, absolute, its apprehension varies indefinitely in different states of civilization; and that a man is bound by it, in practice, only so far as he may, and therefore should, apprehend it. The moral ideal is slowly developed. It lives and grows in the minds of men as the fundamental principles of ethics are more clearly discerned and more firmly grasped. And so in judging of the character of any man we must be on our guard against what Littré has well called 'an abstract rationalism, which does not take into account conditions.' It is precisely with the conditioned that history deals. Human life is living, complex, contingent, and is not to be explained by balancing abstractions. We must discern men and things in their time, not out of it. And 'their time,' let us remember, is not a mere question of chronology. One race may be in its ethical infancy when another has attained to moral maturity, and to judge both by the same measure would be absurd. St. Augustine, in a truly philosophical passage of his 'Confessions,' supplies an admirable exposition of the truth whereon we are insisting. Vindicating against the Manicheans the righteousness of polygamous and homicidal Hebrew patriarchs, he insists, indeed, that true justice judges not after human custom, but after that perfect Divine law, always and everywhere the selfsame, whereby the customs of places and times, were disposed according to those places and times; yet points out that the practice of a more enlightened age is no measure for the practices of the whole human race.* The nineteenth-century critics of Mohammed commit a blunder

* 'Et non noveram justitiam veram interiorem, non ex consuetudine judicantem, sed ex lege rectissima Dei omnipotentis, qua formarentur mores regionum et

a blunder like that of the Manichees, whom St. Augustine was confuting, when they expect from the Arabian Prophet the mild virtues of the British 'lower middles,' the peculiar tenderness of the Nonconformist conscience. The true norm of the relations of the sexes is monogamy, as admirably defined by the great Roman jurispudent: 'Nuptiæ sint conjunctio maris et feminae et consortium omnis vitæ: divini et humani juris communicatio.' No lower conception than this sufficiently respects and guarantees the rights of the two distinct personalities which matrimony blends in a single organism embracing their whole existence. Again, human life is properly held to be invested with a peculiar sacredness: 'homo res sacra homini.' And the reason is because man is a *person*. In proportion as, in the course of ethical evolution, the fact and significance of personality become more deeply apprehended, is the stringency of the moral obligation to respect it, increased. Assuredly, Mohammed, if judged by the ethical standard prevailing in his age and country, was no libertine, no man of blood. As assuredly he wrought a great work in elevating that standard, both as to the relations of man with woman, and as to the relations of man with man. The movement which he initiated was, in the best sense of the word, democratic. 'No religion,' says Sprenger, 'is so completely the *vox populi* as Islâm.'*

So much concerning Mohammed as a man. Let us now consider him as a religious teacher.

Gibbon, in his epigrammatic way, declares that the faith of Islâm is compounded of an eternal truth, and a necessary fiction: that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the Prophet of God. With the first part of this dictum we entirely agree. What are we to say of the second? Was the declaration false that Mohammed was a prophet in the proper sense of the word, a *προφήτης* or teller forth of divine truth, commissioned from on high for a work of spiritual and moral revelation? That he himself believed this, with all his heart, we cannot doubt. Was he right in so believing? There are those who tell us—Sprenger and Dozy are among them—that his visions, his trances, his communings with the Unseen, were mere phenomena of epilepsy. It is a curious exhibition by these learned men of that abounding Materialism of the day, which will have a

et dierum pro regionibus et diebus: cum ipsa ubique et semper esset, non alibi alia, nec alias aliter: secundum quam justî essent Abraham, et Isaac, et Jacob et Moyses, et David, et illi omnes laudati ore Dei: sed eos ab imperitis judicari iniquos, *judicantibus ex humano die*, et universos mores humani generis ex parte moris sui metientibus.' (Confess. l. iii. c. 7.)

* Vol. iii. p. 177.

physical explanation of everything; and which finds that explanation satisfactory, precisely in proportion as it is degraded and degrading. Deutsch, writing in this 'Review,' sufficiently disposes of it with the quiet remark: 'Epilepsy never made a man appear a prophet to himself, or even to the people of the East, or inspired him with the like heart-moving words, and glorious pictures,' which we find in the Qu'rân. Gibbon observes, correctly, that the story of Mohammed's epilepsy is an invention of the Greeks: and adds, 'The energy of his mind, incessantly bent on the same objects, would convert a general obligation into a particular call: the warm suggestions of the understanding or the fancy would be felt as an inspiration of heaven: the labour of thought would expire in rapture and vision: and the inward sensation, the invisible monitor, would be described with the form and attributes of an angel of God.' No doubt there is much weight in these remarks. But can we accept them as a complete explanation? There are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Gibbon's philosophy. Are we to put aside, as the mere phantasmagoria of sense, the whole cycle of emotions connected with the belief that men are in contact with the Infinite and Eternal, that they may in very truth hold communion with the Father of their spirits? Or are we to account of this apprehension of the Supreme Reality transcending sense, as the exclusive prerogative of a single creed? It was one of Laurence Oliphant's sharp sayings, we think, that the only monopoly of which any religion can boast is a monopoly of the errors peculiar to itself. Without committing ourselves to that dictum, we may safely affirm with Cardinal Newman that 'Revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not a local gift'; that 'there is something true and divinely revealed, in every religion, all over the earth';* and with St. Augustine: 'Nec quisquam, præter Te, alius est doctor veri, ubicumque et undecumque claruerit.'† In the grandest of Latin hymns the Sibyl is mentioned, side by side with the Psalmist, as illuminated from on high. St. Paul describes a poet of the Greeks as 'a prophet of their own.' Nay, must we not hold that in every man there is something of the prophetic gift—*μαντευμά τι*, Plato and Aristotle call it, 'a certain divination, presage and parturient divination,' according to Cudworth's interpretation? And here we have the soundest explanation of those instinctive repugnances, inexplicable sentiments, inspirations of conduct and the like of which we are all sometimes conscious, and for which we can find no

* 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' 3rd ed. (1871), p. 82.
 'Confess.' l. v. c. 6.

motive. For most of us, the babble of men overpowers, during most of our lives, the whisperings from the Infinite. Inspiration of any kind, artistic, philosophical, or religious, is impossible if we are always struggling in a crowd. It is in the solitude, whether of Mount Horeb, Mount Carmel, Mount Hira, that the Voice from on high is most clearly heard. May we not believe, without absurdity, that to Mohammed, also, brooding over the abysses of space and being, 'voyaging through dark seas of thought alone,' that ineffable Reality was verily revealed which thenceforth was to be to him the light of life? Surely he, too, might say, with Columbus,—

‘God
Hath more than glimmered on me. O my Lord,
I swear to you I heard His voice in days
Of doubt, and cloud, and storm, when drowning life
Sank all but out of sight. I heard His voice,
“Be not cast down; I lead thee by the hand;
Fear not.”’

Very fine is the story of his reply to Abû Bakr, when the two, flying from Mecca, were concealed in a cave of Mount Thorus, and the heart of his companion quaked with fear, as they heard the steps of the pursuers. ‘We are but two,’ said Abû Bakr. ‘Nay,’ answered Mohammed, ‘we are three: God is with us.’ And, upon another occasion, late in his life, we find the same dominant thought manifested. The Prophet was sleeping at the foot of a tree, at some distance from his camp. He awoke and beheld Durthur, a hostile warrior, standing over him with drawn sword, and heard the challenge, ‘O Mohammed, who is there now to save thee?’ ‘God,’ was the reply. The sword dropped from the hand of the awe-stricken soldier. Mohammed grasped it, and in turn held it over him. ‘Who is there now to save thee, Durthur?’ ‘Alas! no one.’ ‘Then, learn to be merciful.’ Surely we may hold concerning this man, that he ‘endured as seeing Him who is invisible:’ seeing, indeed, ‘per speculum in ænigmatē:’ ‘through a glass darkly.’ ‘Broken lights,’ we must say of these revelations of his. But is it not true that ‘the best in this kind are but shadows’? ‘I cannot conceal my conviction,’ writes Mr. Freeman, ‘that in a certain sense, his belief in his own mission was well founded. Surely a good and sincere man, full of confidence in his Creator, who works an immense reform both in faith and practice, is truly a direct instrument in the hands of God, and may be said to have a commission from Him.’*

* ‘The History and Conquests of the Saracens,’ p. 59.

So far we have proceeded in more or less agreement with Syed Ameer Ali. We now come to the parting of the ways. Our author is not content with vindicating the personal rectitude and prophetic mission of the founder of his religion. It is not enough for him that Islâm was a true reformation, specially adapted to the needs of the country and age in which it was introduced. The Syed will have it that Mohammed is 'the grandest of figures upon whom the light of history has ever shone;' that he 'concentrated into a focus all the fragmentary lights which had ever fallen upon the heart of man:' that 'the wonderful adaptability of the Islamic precepts to all ages and nations; their entire concordance with the light of reason; the absence of all mysterious doctrines to cast a shade of sentimental ignorance round the primal truths implanted in the human heart—all prove that Islâm represents the latest development of the religious faculties of our being': that 'of all the religions of the world that have ruled the consciences of mankind, the Islâm of Mohammed alone combines the conceptions which have, in different ages, furnished the mainsprings of human conduct—the consciousness of human dignity, so valued in the ancient philosophies and the sense of human sinfulness so dear to the Christian apologist.' 'In Islâm,' he maintains, 'is joined a lofty idealism with the most rationalistic practicability.' 'Why,' he enquires, 'should not the true Christian do honour to the Preacher who put the finishing stroke to the work of the earlier Masters? Did he not call back the wandering forces of the world into the channel of Progress?'

Well, our answer to that question is No. We cheerfully admit, nay strenuously contend, that, considered as a reforming movement in Arabia, Islâm represents an advance in religious thought. We cannot admit that, considered as an universal religion, it represents an advance upon Christianity. Let us expound this point a little, for the Syed's benefit.

The great merit of Mohammed, as a religious reformer, is commonly taken to be that he substituted Theism for Polytheism in his native country, and a higher morality for a lower. But to say this, is to say too little. In order really to understand the true place of Mahommed in the world's religious history, we should understand of what kind his Theism was. Deutsch has called Islâm, 'Judaism, as adapted to Arabia.' And no doubt this is true. The central thought of Mohammed's religious teaching is identical with what we may call the kernel of the Mosaic theology. The greatest single step ever made by the world in religion was the attainment of that conception of the Divine Nature embodied in the formula

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'Ego Sum Qui Sum.'—'I Am That I Am.' The essence of the Divine Concept is not goodness, not power, not wisdom. Man may be good and powerful and wise. The incommunicable attribute of Deity is self-existence. He is *the Being, the Life, the Absolute*. These words denote, or rather adumbrate, His unthinkable* prerogative. But this concept of Being implies the concept of Cause, and finds therein its explanation. Kant, it will be remembered, agrees with those who hold that we are compelled to conceive the existence of God, as 'the idea of something on which the supreme and necessary unity of all existence is based:' a something 'which we represent to ourselves as standing in a relation to the whole system of phenomena analogous to that in which phenomena stand to each other.' It is merely a translation into philosophical language of the living and life-giving truth whereof Mohammed's mind was full. The Divine Unity making, upholding, governing, perfecting all things, was the rock on which he built. He felt that the mysteries encompassing us are great, are ineffable; but that, however dark to us, they are not darkness in themselves: that at the heart of existence, is Mind, Personality, Law. This is the faith stamped upon every line of the Qu'rân, inspiring its finest poetry, and piercing through its most turgid rhapsodies, in virtue of which it has been for thirteen centuries a pillar of the cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, guiding, through the wilderness of life, countless millions of our race.

Such was Mohammed's Theism. His ethics flowed from it. Of Islâm we may say, borrowing a phrase from Neander, that 'das Bewusstsein der Abhängigkeit von Gott der Grundton ist.' But this dependence upon the Infinite and Eternal does not imply fatalism. We fully agree with Seyd Ameer Ali that fatalism, in the proper sense of the word, has no place in Mohammed's doctrine, although it was largely infused therein by his disciples. That everywhere there reigns an inexorable order, that the supreme duty of man is to apprehend it and to conform to it—this is the great truth which gifted souls in all ages, and of all creeds, have, more or less clearly, apprehended and set forth. It is 'the law ruling in the three worlds,' which is the underlying thought of Gotama's teaching: it is that 'Queen and Mistress of mortals and immortals,' which Pindar celebrates. It is that law which Hooker called 'the Voice of God,' and which He cannot abrogate, for 'He cannot deny Himself.' And this law is summed up for Islâm in the

* Unthinkable as to the mode; the fact is, of course, thinkable.

pregnant words 'Allah akbar.' Religion meant for Mohammed submission to the will of a moral Governor of the universe. And what is that will but what we commonly call destiny? To accept what is allotted to us in this life, humbly and trustingly, doing the duty which lies before us, is what 'Allah akbar' really means. Between this, and the mechanical Determinism just now so popular, which excludes alike Providence and Free-will, there is an abyss. That is real fatalism. And from it Mohammed would have shrunk in horror, as a blasphemy at which—to use his own emphatic words—'the heavens might tear open and the earth cleave asunder.' The existence of God and the free will of man are the postulates on which all his teaching is based. The two truths are inseparably connected. It is by the attribute of free will that we hold of the Divine. 'Est Deus in nobis.'

We fully admit, then, the value of the great fundamental truths taught by Mohammed. But Christianity possesses them as fully as Islâm. And it possesses, in rich abundance, much else which Islâm does not possess. M. Renan has well pointed out that while Islâm sums up, with an unexampled unity, the moral, religious, and æsthetic ideas, in a word, the spiritual life of a great family of humanity—it lacks 'that gift of fascination, strange, mysterious, truly divine, which has united all civilized mankind, without distinction of race, in the veneration of one and the same ideal issuing from Judæa.*' This, in truth, is the incommunicable prerogative of Christianity, marking it off by a difference, not of degree but of kind, from all the other religions of the world. In contemplating the Divine Figure set before us in the Gospels, one seems to be borne beyond phenomena; to gaze, if but for a moment, straight into the transcendent realms of spirit and deity; nay, in a sense, to taste and touch eternal realities, so as almost to warrant us in speaking with St. John, of 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life.' There is a universe between the crude realism of Mohammed and the perfect idealism of Him who said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' In Him we have the all-sufficient Standard, the absolute Pattern of human life. Time and space do not condition Him. Every generation has found in Him the type which fulfils its highest aspirations, inspires its deepest devotion, satisfies its innermost needs. Of His fulness have eighteen centuries received. And He is still the source and fount of all that is purest and noblest in modern civilization.

* 'Études d'Histoire Religieuse,' p. 295.

Syed Ameer Ali regards it as a fundamental defect in Christianity that the work of its Founder was left unfinished; that His teachings were not placed upon a more systematic basis by Himself: and contrasts with this inchoate achievement, 'the complete though simpler system of Mohammed.' But, in truth, the very simplicity of Islâm is the cause of its intellectual barrenness. Neither poetry, nor philosophy, nor science have taken deep root in its thin soil. It has no principle of development. It is monotonous and inflexible. But to live is to change. And the fact that the Founder of Christianity inculcated principles rather than laid down rules, is one main source of its marvellous fecundity. The Divine word spoken in Galilee was the seed which was to assimilate nourishment from all sides, and to spring up and bring forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold, in the varying soils that received it. Islâm is certainly one of the poorest of religions. As certainly Christianity is the richest: 'rich with the spoils of time' as treasured in Hebrew theology, Greek philosophy, Roman jurisprudence, Teutonic and Celtic traditions. It is the heir of all the ages, and the nursing mother of all the higher forms of moral and spiritual life. Truly the kingdom of its Founder is not of this world. His throne is established for ever in the religious and ethical consciousness of mankind. 'Thronus tuus, Deus, in sæculum sæculi: virga æquitatis, virga regni tui.'

Concerning the comparative merits of Islâm and Christianity, then, we are decidedly at issue with Syed Ameer Ali. But there is something more to be said upon that subject. We spoke of him in an earlier portion of this article as well entitled, by his eminent position and wide culture, to be the spokesman of the fifty millions of Mohammedans who owe allegiance to the Empress of India. And so he certainly is. But, as certainly, the creed which he advocates would not be recognized as their own by many of those fifty millions. It is a sort of sublimated essence of Mohammedanism, a rationalized Islâm, bearing much the same relation to the beliefs of orthodox Moslems, whether Sunnis or Shiahs, as the religious opinions of, let us say, M. Renan bear to the beliefs of the great mass of Christians, whether Catholic, Greek, or Protestant. M. Renan, it should be noted, does not renounce the name of Christian. 'Dieu nous garde,' he writes, 'de répudier ce beau nom de chrétien qui nous met en rapport avec Jésus et l'idéal de l'Évangile, avec l'Église et tous les trésors de sainteté qu'elle a produits.*' Well, we have no sort of objection to M. Renan calling himself a Christian, or to

* 'Nouvelles Études d'Histoire Religieuse,' p. 11.

Syed Ameer Ali calling himself a Musselman, if they please. Nay, we are not concerned to deny that it is possible to be Christian or Moslem *quoad* the sum of things and the soul in them: 'sub specie æternitatis,' if we may be permitted so to speak. But Christianity and Islâm are existing facts in the world's history. And an apologist for either must deal with them as existing facts; must take them as they are, not as he thinks they ought to be. We are far from denying that, taking Islâm as it is, there may still lie before it centuries of fruitful activity in idealizing life, and in strengthening the sacred claims of duty, among the populations which now profess it; in expelling from many dark places of the earth, which shall embrace it, barbarous and impure fetichism; and in training millions of its converts to better things by its doctrines of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Still, allowing all this, we must hold that it is the religion not of a high but of a low civilization; surely destined, in the long run, to give way to a nobler faith. It is on the family that civilization is based. And the conception of the family which Mohammed has stereotyped is incompatible with the higher stages of human development. The charge so lightly passed over by Syed Ameer Ali, that Islâm 'has degraded the female sex,' rests upon only too good grounds. Perfectly true it is that Mohammed, by his matrimonial legislation, curbed the unlimited sexual licence which he found prevailing in Arabia. It is equally true that his partial reform, exhibited as the true norm of the relations between the sexes, has been an insuperable obstacle to the vindication of woman's personality, and to the elevation of her office, in the nations which have received his faith. Cardinal Lavigerie, an unsuspected witness, has recently told the world that the Mussulman women of Central and Northern Asia 'are scarcely human beings in the eyes of the men who oppress them;' that 'they are born slaves, and are from infancy deprived of all moral ideals; that they are brought up as they have to live, merely as animals, with only two sentiments in their heart—sensuality and fear.' No doubt those regions of the earth exhibit Islâm at its worst. But certain it is, that in no Mohammedan country is woman's rightful place assigned to her; and no less certain is it that a social system which refuses to her that place can never advance beyond semi-barbarism. This is the blot upon Mohammedanism which no skill of advocacy can efface. This is the cancer which no reformer's knife can ever eradicate. This it is, as a recent economic writer, of singularly wide and accurate knowledge, has remarked, 'which has changed the triumphant foe of Christianity into helpless

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and decaying nations, whose dominions are becoming the fields for European colonization.* For we must not suppose, with Syed Ameer Ali, that the position of women among Moslems is a mere excrescence upon Mohammed's system. It proceeds, as an inevitable consequence, from the essential defect in the conception whereon that system is based. We know not who has pointed this out with greater clearness or power than Mr. Maurice in words—certainly among the best that ever proceeded from his gifted pen—which may fitly serve to conclude this article. Recognizing, no less fully than we have done, the greatness and vitality of the Theistic doctrine upon which Islâm rests, he rightly insists that 'man has demands for himself which will not be satisfied by being told that he is the servant of an absolute will,' and proceeds:—

'See now how all that gave glory and dignity to this system becomes, from its want of some other element, the very cause of its degradation. The absolute government of the unseen Being had presented itself to the Mussulman, in every age, in the absolute, visible government of his caliph or sultan. While the divine feeling was strong and alive, the subjection to the human rule was an affectionate, dutiful, entire submission. The ruler was, in very deed, the centre of his warriors. He felt towards them as a protector, sharing their toils, bound to the same Master, enduring hardships in the same cause. But the battle over, he becomes the absolute monarch in the midst of his seraglio—they are merely his slaves. There is no such connection between him and the Being whom he worships as permanently to check this tendency—to make the monarch feel that he is set over them to do them good, or the subjects that they have an appeal against him to a higher Ruler. The very nature of the Ottoman Government—and that government is the perfect development of the Mohammedan idea—excludes the possibility of orders and gradations in society. Its strength lies in all being simple subjects of the one ruler; holding their offices not in virtue of any hereditary ranks or privileges, but only at his pleasure. When, therefore, the one principle which quickened the whole society waxes feeble, of necessity it becomes the most intolerable of despotisms. Elsewhere there is a balance and conflict of powers, which even in the dreariest periods produces struggles or paroxysms of life; here, if the monarch do not inspire his people with strength, all is dead. And the same cause which destroys what may be called the family bonds of civil society, destroys equally the family itself. Polygamy is no accident of Mohammedanism: a careful consideration of the system will show that it must fall to pieces the moment any reformer shall attempt to remove this characteristic of it.†

* 'Political Economy,' by Charles S. Devas, p. 126.

† 'The Religions of the World, and their Relation to Christianity,' p. 29.

ART. IV.—*The Queen's Messenger, or Travels on the Highways and Byeways of Europe.* By Major Herbert Byng Hall. London, 1865.

THE existence of the Corps of Queen's Foreign Service Messengers is coincident with and dependent upon the maintenance and development of Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Save for the rare and brief occasions when the Sovereign is absent from British soil, and when the necessity for constant transaction of the affairs of State demands a regular and trustworthy channel of communication with the Home Government, the duties of the Queen's Messenger are now practically confined to the conveyance of despatches to and from H.M.'s Embassies and Legations in certain capitals and the Foreign Office. Not only is the connexion between the two services thus established, but they may be said to have in reality sprung from the same stock by divergent processes of evolution.

The prototype or *amæba* of the diplomatist is the savage bearing a wand of truce or other symbol of peace and amity; in later times the herald performing a similar function in more civilized communities. The transition from the mere bearer of a token, message, letter, ultimatum, or defiance, to the full-blown negotiator or plenipotentiary, is a process of a comparatively simple character. In all intertribal or international affairs the recurrence of questions involving bargain or negotiation would certainly develop with the development of civilization, and the consequent increase of complexity in human affairs. Nevertheless, diplomacy, as a regular profession or service, did not certainly exist until comparatively recent times. Although ancient records show that special Embassies or Missions have been resorted to, on occasions of necessity, even in the very remote past, the idea of a resident diplomatic Body is the result of a more modern civilization, and a requirement of latter-day invention. At the present moment every civilized State considers it a bounden duty to be represented at all the principal capitals by a diplomatic officer, corresponding either to its own importance in the scale of nations, or to that of the State to which the Envoy is accredited.

The traditions of the diplomatic service are no doubt brilliant, but it may be questioned whether the comet which has thus been called upon to run its sparkling course is destined still for many centuries to illuminate the modern world, of which the practical sobriety and dulness is ever increasing. The growth of the very conditions, which have tended to produce

produce a diplomatic service, may further tend to bring about its eventual decay. Proximity of geographical position; common interests of an offensive, defensive, or commercial character; the recurrence of questions requiring tact and conciliation in their settlement; all these conditions naturally tended in the days of defective and dilatory means of communication to produce a permanent or residential diplomatic Body. As, however, the means of inter-state communication advance towards perfection, so the necessity for a resident diplomatic Body tends to decrease. True it is that the personal influence and tact of the many able men of the world, who have adorned and still adorn the diplomatic profession, often may be invaluable in removing causes of international quarrel, and in promoting general kindness and good feeling between two different States; but in the present day the increase of democratic principles and of Parliamentary Government, throughout the world, tends to render the force of personal characteristics in relation to international affairs of less and less importance. History shows but too well how international quarrels may be fomented or allayed as may best suit the political exigencies of the moment; and in such events the most brilliant diplomatic personality must ever count as a mere cypher in the game. In the days when personal government by the Sovereign of a State was more the rule than the exception, the individual influence of a well-skilled diplomatic envoy was a matter of the utmost importance, and a *persona grata* might do much to cement international friendship; but in very few States can such influence now operate to so great an extent in the present *fin de siècle*. Beyond this lies the consideration that diplomats may sometimes be made the object of incidents of a nature to occasion international difficulties. It is not every one who has the ready wit and *sang-froid* displayed some years ago in Paris by the German Ambassador, Count Münster, formerly the very popular representative of his Sovereign at the Court of St. James's, and a well-known figure in London society. The incident referred to is thus recorded in a well-known Journal:—

‘An amusing incident happened a day or two ago in Paris which, however, might have been fraught with grave consequences. The German Ambassador, Count Münster, was driving with his daughter in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where bread was being served out to a number of soldiers of the reserve. A cry was raised, “That is the German Ambassador!” whereupon one of the soldiers flung a loaf at the passing carriage. It fortunately missed His Excellency, but struck the footman’s hat, and dropped into the carriage. Count Münster stopped to enable the footman to pick up his hat, and was

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on the point of driving off, when the man who had thrown the loaf added insult to injury by demanding back his "rightful property." The Count, however, was equal to the occasion, and retorted calmly, "No, I must have satisfaction, and you shall give it—to my horses, which are particularly fond of black bread." This turned the laugh against the offender, who stood dumb while the Ambassador drove off amidst the cheers of the soldiers.'

Here, no doubt, the tact of an able and experienced diplomatist prevented all chance of unpleasantness; but in many similar cases which either are or are not recorded in history, according as they have or have not led to more or less serious quarrels between States, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that incidents of such a character affecting diplomatists cannot always be disposed of with the same ease and quietness.

From this point of view it is interesting to note the terms of an existing English Act of Parliament, 7 Anne, cap. xii., entitled, 'An Act for preserving the Privileges of Ambassadors and other Public Ministers of Foreign Princes and States.' The Preamble runs as follows:—

'Whereas several turbulent and disorderly Persons having in a most outrageous manner insulted the Person of His Excellency Andrew Artemonowitz Mattueoff, Ambassador Extraordinary of His Czarish Majesty, Emperor of Great Russia, Her Majesty's good Friend and Ally, by arresting him, and taking him by Violence out of his Coach in the publick street, and detaining him in Custody for several hours, in contempt of the Protection granted by Her Majesty, contrary to the Law of Nations, and in prejudice of the Rights and Privileges which Ambassadors and other Publick Ministers, authorized and received as such, have at all times been thereby possessed of, and ought to be kept sacred and inviolable; be it therefore declared by The Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That all Actions and Suits, Writs and Processes commenced, sued, or prosecuted against the said Ambassador by any Person or Persons whatsoever, and all Bail Bonds given by the said Ambassador, or any Person or Persons in his behalf, and all recognizances of Bail, given or acknowledged in any such Action or Suit, and all Proceedings upon, or by pretext or colour of any such Action or Suit, Writ or Process, and all Judgments thereupon, are utterly null and void, to all Intents, Constructions, and Purposes whatever.'

The statute goes on to enact, with the view 'to prevent the like Insolences for the future,' that a similar immunity is to extend not only to any Ambassador or Public Minister of any Foreign Power, but also to the Domestic or Domestic Servants of any such Foreign Representative; and penalties are prescribed

scribed in regard to any persons who shall venture to take proceedings of any kind against them. So far as we know, this is the only English Act of Parliament which expressly guarantees the immunities and privileges attaching to the Foreign Diplomatic Body; whose status is however further safeguarded by the somewhat misty principles of International Law and Comity of Nations, which form part of the Common Law of this country.

Amongst the privileges and immunities attaching to the Ambassadorial character, may certainly be reckoned the right to the inviolability and safe conduct of any despatches which he may send to, or receive from, his own Government or Sovereign. The State or Royal messenger who is charged with the duty of conveying such despatches becomes thus, as the servant for the time being of the Ambassador, undoubtedly clothed with diplomatic immunity for the time being, and whilst engaged in such service. The fact is noted by most of the leading publicists on International Law.

'The practice of nations,' says Wheaton, 'has also extended the inviolability of public Ministers to the messengers and couriers sent with despatches to or from the legations established in different countries. . . . They are exempt from every species of visitation and search, in passing through the territories of those Powers with whom their own government is in amity. For the purpose of giving effect to this exemption, they must be provided with passports from their own Government, attesting their official character; and in case of despatches sent by sea, the vessel or *aviso* must also be provided with a commission or pass. . . . In time of war, a special agreement by means of a cartel or flag of truce, with passports, not only from their own Government, but from its enemy, is necessary for the purpose of securing these despatch vessels from interruption, as between the belligerent Powers. But an Ambassador, or other public Minister resident in a neutral country, for the purpose of preserving the relations of peace and amity between the neutral State and his own Government, has a right freely to send his despatches in a neutral vessel, which cannot lawfully be intercepted by the cruisers of a Power at war with his own country.'

On this subject Vattel very justly remarks :—

'Couriers sent or received by an Ambassador, his papers, letters, and despatches, all essentially belong to the Embassy, and are consequently to be held sacred; since, if they were not respected, the legitimate objects of the Embassy could not be attained, nor would the Ambassador be able to discharge his functions with the necessary degree of security.'*

* Halleck's 'International Law.' New edition. By Sir Sherston Baker, Bart. London, 1878.

It is well known that the historical difficulty between Great Britain and the United States called the 'Trent affair' turned greatly on the question whether despatches sent by an enemy on a neutral vessel to a neutral Power were contraband of war, and so liable to seizure. Messrs. Slidell and Mason were delegated by the Confederate States to proceed as their Representatives to the Courts of Paris and St. James, and were entrusted with despatches in this capacity. They were forcibly removed by a Federal cruiser from the 'Trent,' which was a British mail steamer, and were placed in confinement at Baltimore. After a sharp discussion between the British and United States Governments, during the course of which the question of the inviolability of the bearers of despatches was minutely argued, the incident, which at one time threatened to lead to a rupture, was terminated by the surrender of the Envoys to the protection of the British flag. During the course of the dispute the Government of Great Britain received the most gratifying testimony from various European States to the justice of the position they had taken up.

This incident serves to show the interdependent sanctity of Diplomatic Representatives and of their despatches, and confirms the view expressed above of the close connexion between the two services of Diplomacy and Royal messengers.

In modern times the vast bulk of the international questions which require personal communication, are those of administrative or technical character; commercial, postal, telegraph, extradition, consular, and other conventions of the like character; and the matters growing out of them are usually discussed to the greatest advantage by experts in the particular subjects. The services of the professional diplomatist are frequently not required in the treatment of such questions, which, however, continue in an ever-increasing ratio to represent the greater portion of international relations in the present day.

Scarcely half a century ago Lord Stratford de Redcliffe might find himself called upon to settle offhand questions which involved the most vital interests of his country. No possibility of receiving instructions for a prolonged period; no indication of the views and policy of his Government, but immediate and pressing necessity for personal decision on matters of the gravest international import. This was real diplomacy, requiring nerve, ability, judgment, and implicit trust on the part of the Sovereign and the nation represented. Every one knows that there are men now in H.M.'s diplomatic service, who are fully equal to such an emergency; but with telegraphic and steam communication, it is clearly less likely of occurrence. Given a
difficult

difficult position—or an awkward crisis, upon which previous instructions have not been furnished—it is the duty of the latter-day diplomatist to sit down and telegraph for the decision of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which may be taken either with or without consultation with the Cabinet, according to the gravity of the matter in hand. Short shrift would be given to the Ambassador who through want of such a precaution should unwittingly run counter to the wishes of his Government on any serious issue. Full play may still be left to personal charm of manner, experience, and tact; but the old diplomacy, involving the personal settlement of weighty questions upon the sole initiative and responsibility of the Ambassador, is to a great extent a thing of the past. Where it is necessary that personal initiative and responsibility should be taken on the moment, in any case involving very grave issues—as for example at the celebrated Congress of Berlin—Great Britain would frequently be represented, as on that historic occasion, by statesmen in a position to decide for themselves, and to answer to the country for the nature and results of their policy.

Of course under present conditions the instances are numerous where questions are left to the initiative of a powerful diplomatist, who may often indeed decide the policy of the Home Government, especially in regard to matters which can only be mastered by those who have made them an especial—perhaps a life-long study,—such as that which is vaguely termed the Eastern Question. The necessity which thus arises for the advice of a specially qualified diplomatist is, however, somewhat of an artificial requirement, and one which, not having been felt centuries ago in the past, may perhaps be superseded by different methods in centuries to come. It is a significant fact that a telephonic convention has recently been concluded between Great Britain and France, and it may certainly be expected that in the near future similar international arrangements will multiply and develop with extraordinary rapidity. Even from the existing state of affairs, it is a comparatively simple transition to the Foreign Secretary of the future. Selected probably by open competition amongst the members of his party; seated at a large desk surrounded by tubes of the telephone, and speaking an international volapük fixed by Convention as the universal means of communication amongst civilized States; the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the twenty-first century will as readily enter upon a personal conversation with the corresponding functionary in Peking as in Paris, and written or telegraphic communications will pass between them direct with equal ease, without need of any

any diplomatic intervention. The technical questions, of growing complexity, arising between various States may possibly to a large extent be settled by expert delegates; whilst the supervision of the travelling, commercial, or shipping interests of British subjects abroad remains under the care of the consular body.

If it is thus possible that the profession of diplomacy may, some centuries hence, be destined to disappear under the processes of evolution, so *à fortiori* must that of Queen's Messenger—no diplomats, no despatches. Long may it be before that day arrives, but no great stretch of imagination is required to conceive an International Convention or Union which should guarantee the inviolability of Government correspondence in some manner beyond the reach of suspicion; or to picture certain developments of pneumatic, telegraphic, or telephonic means of communication which should render the personal carriage of despatches an anachronism. Under existing circumstances and conditions, however, the Queen's Messenger service is indispensable, and is a necessary complement of the diplomatic profession. It is certainly destined to flourish for a good many generations, and we observe with pleasure that the Royal Commission on Civil Establishments recommend, in their Report on the Foreign Office, that an adequate staff of Queen's Messengers should be maintained.

We propose to devote the following pages to a description of the service, together with a few of those tales which have been handed down by oral tradition in connexion with it, and which, if not perhaps entirely founded on fact, are at least *ben trovati*, and familiar in every British Chancery abroad.

There are, of course, two branches of the Queen's Messenger service, viz. the Home Service and the Foreign Service. The duties of the former being merely to convey despatch boxes and letters to and from the Palace, and from house to house of various officials, they are naturally on an entirely different footing from the Foreign Service Messengers, of whom we are now exclusively speaking. The number of Queen's Foreign Service Messengers has varied from time to time; from sixteen towards the close of last century, to eighteen during the period marked by the international difficulties which culminated in the Crimean War. Since then the number has been gradually reduced to ten, which is the present strength of the corps, but which, however, might at any time be reinforced to meet extraordinary pressure, either by the appointment of extra messengers, or by the enlistment for special journeys of clerks in the Foreign Office, who may often be glad of the relaxation
afforded

afforded by a trip abroad, even though in some cases it should be counted as a portion of their annual holiday.

The pay of a Queen's Messenger is 400*l.* a year, with an allowance of 1*l.* per diem for subsistence whilst on actual duty, all travelling expenses being of course paid by Government. A messenger may perhaps be engaged on actual service during rather less than half of the days in each year, reckoning annual holidays and the intervals between each journey abroad, so that he would thus receive, under the head of subsistence allowance, an annual addition to his salary of something like 150*l.*, making the total emoluments of the post about 550*l.* a year. In addition to this may be reckoned the advantage of a pension on retirement from active service.

The Regulations for the service prescribe that the messengers must be provided with a uniform consisting of a dark-blue cloth double-breasted frock-coat, with turn-down collar; blue single-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold lace; trowsers of Oxford mixture, with a scarlet cord down the side seams; gilt buttons embossed with the Royal Cypher, encircled by the Crown and Garter, and having a greyhound pendant; blue cloth cap with leather peak, band of black braid, and the Royal Cypher and Crown gilt in front; and a badge of the Regulation size with the Royal Crown and silver greyhound pendant, suspended from the neck by a dark-blue riband. The Regulations add that this uniform, and more especially the badge, must be always worn by messengers when travelling, but we fancy that this injunction is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Nominations to these appointments rest with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, subject to a Pass examination, and candidates are invariably gentlemen of good social position and standing, the service being largely recruited from officers in the army. It is indeed strictly necessary that they should be men of whom something is known, and not the chance winners of an open competition. The confidential relations, which must necessarily exist between the Queen's Messenger and the members of the diplomatic service abroad, render it unavoidable that the former should often become more or less informed on matters of State policy, in regard to which discretion and Von Moltke's gift of being silent in five languages are of the highest value. Without the personal selection implied by the process of nomination, these qualities could hardly be secured.

In the matter of examination, candidates who have been nominated by the Secretary of State are required to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners:—That they are between the ages
of

of twenty-five and thirty-five; that they are British subjects; that they have such a knowledge of either French, German, or Italian as will enable them to make themselves understood in regard to such matters as concern their duties on the road, those duties being, to convey the despatches entrusted to them safely and expeditiously by whatever means they may have occasion to travel; that they have such a knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic as will enable them to make out their accounts in the simplest form; that they possess sound bodily health; and that they are able to ride, and competent to perform journeys on horseback.

These requirements are not onerous, though the last mentioned item appears to be a survival of prehistoric times, akin to the rudimentary legs observable in snakes and other kindred species, as evidences of a long since disused mode of progression. It is rarely now that a Queen's Messenger can be called upon to perform a journey on horseback, and a better qualification in the present day would be the ability to travel for five or six consecutive days and nights in a stuffy continental railway train, and to turn up at the end punctual, smiling, and well dressed. With this object in view it is a well-recorded fact that a popular member of the Queen's Messenger service was in the habit of keeping, with great precautions, a glossy silk hat in each of the principal capitals of Europe, to the end that he might appear in proper tenue at any place of fashionable resort. The Queen's Messenger, indeed, is not only the intimate and confidential friend of the members of Her Majesty's diplomatic service abroad, but is a cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, being an acceptable member of society in the various cities to which his steps are again and again directed by the necessary routine of his official duties. It is a mistake to suppose that he is liable to be packed off at a moment's notice to any spot on the face of the earth. Theoretically this may indeed be so, but the instances are very rare when he is now called upon to perform any but journeys on a fixed routine, recurring on stated days of the month—and to certain capitals only—principally Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople. These fixed journeys take from a fortnight to one month out and home, and are now performed entirely by railway. Not so long ago this monotony was diversified by making the trip to Constantinople by way of Marseilles, and thence by sea. In a fine spring-time few more enjoyable trips could be desired, with a rest of ten or fourteen days in the beautiful city of the Bosphorus. The Iron Horse now has changed all that, and the messenger merely

merely speeds direct by rail to the Eastern city, with perhaps a halt of twenty-four hours at Vienna.

In olden time, however, lengthy and adventurous journeys on horseback were common incidents in the messenger's life. One of the most famous of these journeys was that of Colonel Townley from Belgrade to Constantinople, performed under circumstances of great personal discomfort, in an incredibly short space of time. It called forth high commendation from Lord Palmerston in a speech in the House of Commons in 1850:—

‘As a proof of the zeal with which these royal messengers render their services to the Government of this country, I would mention an instance in which one of these gentlemen performed his duty on an occasion when it was required that he should make an extraordinary effort, in order to carry a despatch of very considerable importance from the Foreign Office to Constantinople, at a time when a question was pending between Russia and Turkey, who was three days and nights in the saddle without quitting it, and performed the journey in the worst weather, and under the greatest possible difficulties. This showed that these servants of the Crown and the public were willing to perform, and capable of performing, duties when required of them, which one would think it was almost impossible any human being would be able to go through.’

But even this extraordinary journey was beaten shortly afterwards by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Layard; who, though not a Queen's Messenger, performed the duties of one, bringing important intelligence from Belgrade to Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, and travelling over the same ground in even a shorter time. We give an account of this journey as one of the best illustrations of the energy and devotion with which the Queen's Messengers discharged their duties. It originally appeared in Sir Henry Layard's ‘Early Adventures,’ published a few years ago:—

‘It was the middle of October, and the weather, especially at night, was already cold in the mountains and in the bleak plains of Servia and Bulgaria. I consequently provided myself with a cloak lined with sheepskins, and purchasing a roomy and comfortable Tatar saddle, with heavy shovel stirrups, which served for spurs, I started from Belgrade on my journey to Constantinople. The gates of Belgrade were being closed, in consequence of the state of siege, when I left the city at sunset. A “sureji,” leading a horse, on which was placed my saddle-bags and those of the Tatar, led the way. The Tatar himself followed, with his long whip, which he used incessantly to keep the animals in front of him to their full speed. I brought up the rear. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the state of the tracks which passed for roads, but which

which were deep in mud and were frequently lost altogether, we galloped day and night as fast as the horses could carry us, over rocky hills and through dense forests.

'In the afternoon of the day after I left Belgrade, we reached the considerable town of Nissa, passing, as we entered it, the pyramid of human skulls—a trophy of a Turkish victory over the Servians—which was then still preserved. We rode through the narrow streets and bazaars, still at full gallop, scattering thick black mud over the passengers and the shopkeepers in their stalls—the "sureji," as was the custom when preceding a Tatar, warning the crowd of his approach by loud discordant yells and by cracking his whip.

'The Pasha, to whom I delivered my letter, sent at once for a fresh Tatar to accompany me to Constantinople, and ordered horses to be got ready for me without delay. As an attempt had been made to construct a road from Nissa to Sophia, he offered me the use of his carriage for the first two or three stages. As I thought I could thus obtain a few hours' sleep after my journey through the night, I accepted his offer. I was followed by the Tatar, and a "sureji," leading a spare horse for me to mount if necessary. I soon found that this had been a wise precaution. The Pasha's carriage was drawn by four small active horses driven by a Bulgarian coachman, who urged them with his long whip and his cries to their full speed, utterly regardless of the state of the so-called roads and the stones and rocks which encumbered it. The carriage itself was a rickety, nondescript vehicle, with primitive springs, constructed in Hungary. Sleep was out of the question. I was soon so much shaken that I preferred to dismiss the coachman with a present and complimentary message to his master, and to mount the spare horse.

'The only incident of my journey that I recollect was that, when following the yelling "sureji" and Tatar at full gallop through a narrow and crowded bazaar in one of the towns through which we passed, my horse stumbled on the slippery stone pavement, and, throwing me over its head, deposited me in the midst of a circle of tailors, seated cross-legged at their work in an open shop. They were not a little alarmed at this sudden intrusion, and I was no less surprised at finding myself in such company—fortunately without hurt or injury.

'We reached Adrianople early one morning, having galloped day and night without stopping, except to change horses at the post stations. My Tatar, who had been accustomed to travel at a jog-trot pace, which was exceedingly fatiguing to me, declared that he could go no further. He accordingly conducted me to the "konak," or residence of the governor, who undertook to provide me at once with a fresh Tatar. Whilst the necessary preparations were being made, I went to a neighbouring Turkish bath. After a short, sound sleep on the soft cushions and white linen of the outer hall, I felt thoroughly refreshed and ready to continue my journey. I dressed and returned to the "konak." I found everything ready for my departure, and in a few minutes was in the saddle again.

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'The vast undulating plains of Roumelia, smooth as a racecourse, were soon crossed. The bracing October air, with a cloudless sky overhead, and the rapid motion, produced an exhilarating effect which made me forget my fatigues.

'I reached Constantinople before dawn on the sixth day after leaving Belgrade. I had performed this journey in less time by some hours than Colonel Townley, a Queen's Messenger, whose Tatar ride over the same ground had been mentioned by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons as the fastest on record. I was, consequently, not a little proud of my feat. As some time had yet to elapse before the Adrianople gate, at which I had arrived, would be opened—the gates of Stamboul were then closed between sunset and sunrise—I dismounted, and lying on the ground, slept until I could enter the city . . . It was only the date of the letters that I brought to Sir Stratford Canning which convinced him that I had left Belgrade six days before.'

Other records show how a Queen's Messenger, charged with the conveyance of despatches from His Majesty's Embassy at Constantinople, addressed to His Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, accomplished the whole journey through Russia, from South to North, entirely in the saddle. There were no examinations in those days; but strange to say, in spite of this lamentable omission, the Queen's Messenger was then, as now, ever ready to perform his duties, and competent to succeed in the most arduous undertaking which might be entrusted to him.

When a messenger returns to London from foreign service, he is placed at the bottom of the list of those at home available for duty, and may thus reckon on perhaps a fortnight clear at his own disposal. It is not well, however, to count on any precise period of leisure with too much certainty, as is shown by the following veracious tale, which has been repeated many a time and oft in Downing Street.

Captain A. having just returned from St. Petersburg, saw his name well placed at the bottom of a goodly list of names ready for duty, and judged it expedient to spend his anticipated fortnight in the sunny South of France. About a week after his arrival at Monte Carlo he was startled and annoyed by the receipt of the following strange and apparently impertinent telegram:

'Chief Clerk, Foreign Office, to Captain A.:

'You are fast and dirty. Return at once.'

Having puzzled awhile over this enigma, it occurred to him that whatever might be the explanation of the first sentence, the last was an order which his sense of duty compelled him to

obey. He accordingly packed up his traps and returned forthwith, to find on his arrival at Downing Street that the telegram, as originally despatched, ran as follows :

‘You are first on duty. Return at once.’

Thirty or forty years ago, perhaps even more than now, the Queen's Messenger was a personage of the first importance on the road, claiming the earliest attention from guards and porters, civility and expedition at every customs frontier, and the best places in train and steamboat. In the present day, travelling always by train amongst the ever-increasing crowd of tourists, the comfort and prestige of a journey with despatches is somewhat on the wane ; and except in times of war, the adventures of the Queen's Messenger are reduced to the possible chance of a railway smash. Only a few years have passed, however, since most of the *habitués* of the mail route between London and Paris must have been familiar with the bluff and burly presence of Major X., the Ajax of the corps of Queen's Messengers, and hero of a hundred tales. We can see him now, striding from the train to the boat at Dover, followed by two porters bearing the despatch bags. Passengers scatter right and left as he calls in loud commanding tones, ‘R-room for Her Majesty's Despatches!’ and the little procession, headed by the Major, steps across the gangway and finds its way to the proper reserved cabin.

Major X. was a wonderful messenger, commanding by the sheer force of personal demeanour the greatest respect and attention from officials of every class and nationality. To him the most difficult journey might be entrusted, with the certainty that he would turn up at the desired spot at any given moment, true to time. When at length the cruel hand of time brought about the moment for the gallant Major to retire upon a pension, it is said that he was loth to quit his long familiar work, and that, seeking an interview with the Foreign Secretary of the day, he said, ‘Well, my Lord, if I must retire, I must ; but all I can say is, that I am willing to ride, swim, walk, or run with any man of my age in the three kingdoms for a thousand pounds!’ and we make little doubt that he would have won his wager.

Before the advent of the railway system on the Continent, the life of the Queen's Messenger was one of real adventure, and many are the tales of hardship and peril which have been told of the journeys in those days. Once, at a period when Great Britain was on the verge of a war with a great Continental Power, the following incident is recounted, though whether it is founded on actual fact or not we have never been able to discover.

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discover. We give it, however, as we have heard it told. The Queen's Messenger was entrusted with despatches of the highest importance, and was instructed to make the best of his way *viâ* Athens to Constantinople, in order to deliver them to the British Ambassador in the latter city. The route chosen was by Marseilles, and thence by sea to Athens, where the messenger was told that an English man-of-war would be on the look out, and convey him on to Constantinople. The messenger embarked in due time at Marseilles on board a vessel bound for Athens, and after a prosperous voyage was approaching his destination. When, however, the vessel was just rounding the point of land some little distance before the harbour of the Piræus is reached, a man-of-war's boat manned by sailors in the British uniform, and flying the British flag, was seen rowing round the opposite point, and signalling the incoming vessel. The Queen's Messenger accordingly requested the captain to heave to, in order that he might be put on board the boat sent for him. The captain at first demurred, saying that it was an inconvenient spot to stop in, that the British man-of-war must be in the harbour of the Piræus, and that the messenger could more easily go on board of her there. Ultimately, however, at the messenger's renewed request, he was about to bring to, when from the opposite direction was seen coming from the harbour a second British man-of-war's boat, rowing towards them at full speed, and signalling violently. Immediately this second boat came into view, the first boat turned round, and rowing quickly round the opposite point, disappeared from sight. The second boat on nearing the vessel was found to be in command of a British naval officer, and the Queen's Messenger was soon safely deposited on board the British man-of-war in the harbour. Subsequent investigation is said to have made it evident that an attempt had been made to kidnap the messenger with his important despatches, by means of a boat got up under false colours.

Before railways were invented, all journeys across Europe had necessarily to be made by postchaise, and great were the difficulties encountered by the messengers even in ordinary and peaceful times. At moments of international trouble and excitement, these difficulties were naturally increased; and at times when the discovery of the contents of important despatches might have the most vital effect upon the European situation, the messenger might easily be exposed to serious dangers in the execution of his duty. The following story which we have heard told, and which is probably founded to a certain extent upon fact, may suffice as an example.

At a very critical moment of international complication which occurred a good many years ago, it was found necessary to send a King's Messenger across one of the Alpine passes charged with despatches, the importance of which was so great that they practically involved the issues of peace or war. It was in the depth of winter; and in those days, even under the most ordinary circumstances, a journey across Europe meant no trifling undertaking. The first part of the journey was safely accomplished in postchaise as far as the foot of the pass, where a transfer to a sleigh was necessary. Here, on enquiring at the posting inn for horses and a sleigh, the messenger found to his dismay that none were to be had. 'Impossible, monsieur,' said the posting master, 'to go forward this night. A traveller of position with an enormous retinue has only started a few hours ago to cross the pass with all the horses of the station, and not a sleigh is left.' The only thing to do under these circumstances was to wait two or three days till horses and sleighs should return; and the messenger, compulsorily resigned to his fate, proceeded to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit during his enforced leisure at the little mountain inn. Towards evening, however, a private carriage arrived occupied by one traveller, with a sleigh, several spare horses, and plenty of servants, evidently the equipage of a personage of distinction. The traveller halted at the posting inn, and after a short parley determined to enter and have dinner, the journey across the pass to be continued at nightfall, when a clear moon might be expected. Under these circumstances the King's Messenger and the other traveller naturally dined together and entered into friendly conversation, with the result that an offer of a place in the traveller's sleigh was gladly accepted by the former.

At nightfall the journey across the pass was commenced, the messenger carrying in his hand a small despatch bag containing his despatches. The route wound up and up the mountain side, all being soon covered deep in snow. The horses seemed fresh and high-mettled, and were urged at full speed by the driver. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, a man jumped out from a rock; the horses seemed to shy, and in less time than it takes to tell, the sleigh was rolling over and over in the snow, with its occupants tossed hither and thither. Some moments elapsed before the half-stunned messenger came to his senses, and when he did so, the first thing which struck his astonished eyes was the sleigh tearing back down the pass at breakneck speed. No human being was to be seen beside him; his late companions, and worse still, his bag of despatches, which had escaped from his

grasp

grasp in the tumble, having vanished like magic. Nothing remained but to plod wearily through the snow back to the inn, where all that he could ascertain was, that the strange traveller was unknown to the landlord, and that he had returned by the way he came with his own horses, explaining that there had been an accident. Neither the mysterious traveller, nor the bag of despatches was ever traced, nor has the full history of the adventure ever come to light up to the present day.

Ready wit, courage, and resource in difficulty are amongst the cardinal points in a good messenger. He must not only be able to attend to his duties on the road, those duties being, in the words of the Regulations, 'to convey the despatches entrusted to them safely and expeditiously by whatever means they may have occasion to travel,' but higher qualifications than these are sometimes demanded.

In the earlier half of the present century a burning political question had arisen at a certain European capital, in which question both Great Britain and another Great Power were largely interested. Two messengers were despatched from that capital one evening. The one, an English Foreign Service Messenger, conveying despatches of a most pressing nature, regarding the pending controversy, to be delivered to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The other, a courier of the Great Power in question, charged with the conveyance of similar intelligence to his Ambassador in London. Both messengers were strictly enjoined to lose not a moment on the road, but to press on at the highest possible rate of speed. The Englishman, however, was privately informed that, if he could by any means outstrip his colleague, or delay him on the way, so as to place the despatches in the hands of the Secretary of State before the Foreign Ambassador in London could have received the same information, the time thus gained would be of great advantage to the State.

The two messengers fraternized on the journey, the Englishman all the while casting about for any scheme whereby he might delay his companion, or advance himself. No possible opening presented itself until Calais was reached, when fortune favoured his enterprise in the shape of a severe storm, which prevented the packet from crossing the harbour bar on that night. The messenger at once saw and seized upon his opportunity. Approaching his travelling companion, he proposed that as the boat could not start that evening, they should at once seek quarters for the night at the neighbouring hotel. No sooner said than done; the foreign courier, seeing no help for it, and safe in the consideration that his English colleague was in the

same

same plight as himself, willingly consented, under the circumstances, to take a night's rest, and the two had speedily reached the hotel, and engaged their sleeping accommodation. Directly, however, the English messenger had seen his companion safe into his bedroom, he himself instead of proceeding to his apartment, and in real fact quite wide awake, quietly slipped out. By dint of liberal offers of money he at length succeeded in persuading the owner of a lugger in port to face the passage of the Straits under sail, notwithstanding the tempestuous character of the weather, and to convey him by this means at once to Dover. A start was soon made, and after a stormy but prosperous voyage, the stout-hearted Queen's Messenger had the satisfaction to place his foot on British soil a good twelve hours in advance of his rival. He hurried up to London, and safely delivered his despatches, wearied, almost worn out, but with the proud consciousness of duty well fulfilled. It is said that the popular English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the day, presented the messenger on the spot with a gratuity of 100 guineas, as a token of his admiration for his pluck and resourceful energy, which had gained the valuable hours necessary to enable the Minister to deal with the critical international question as the sole possessor of most important information, and in such a manner as to secure the best interests of his country.

If such incidents are unlikely to occur now during the daily railway routine of a Queen's Messenger's life, the outbreak of hostilities between European Powers may at any time render the service one of danger, and expose the messenger to hair-breadth escapes and all the vicissitudes of war.

An adventure which befell Captain Robbins when employed on Queen's Messenger service during the Franco-German war in 1870 was thus reported by the 'Times' correspondent:—

'Captain Robbins having formerly served in the Austrian army is fluent in German, and I believe was on that account selected to go to the King's head-quarters at Versailles. I don't know whether serving in Austria makes a man look like a Prussian, but it seems that some Free-shooters took it into their heads that he was a spy, and accordingly doomed him to death. Nothing would convince them of their mistake, and of the Captain's true nationality, official character, and important mission. The passport and other papers he produced were totally disregarded, and the enamelled Queen's Arms and running greyhound which Her Majesty's Messengers habitually wear, were looked at with some curiosity, but without the slightest respect. Although, therefore, there could be no moral doubt of his guilt, a compassionate inn-keeper suggested a reprieve, in order that the criminal might have time to write to his wife and

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say his prayers, and to go out of the world like a Christian. I believe the worthy *aubergiste* also suggested that it might be as well to have an officer present at the execution, for the proposers of summary punishment were only full privates; but there is a good deal of equality among the Free-shooters, and it may often happen that the privates are quite as good as their officers, and that the officers do not know much more than the privates. However, they consented to let the man with the greyhound live till the morning, and departed, warning the landlord that it would go hard with him if the bird was flown when they returned. At 3 A.M. some of them came back; they thought they had waited long enough, and they thirsted for the messenger's blood. The house was so full, the landlord said, that there were two or three persons in every room; and they might make a mistake and shoot the wrong man, and so he put them off till daylight arrived. Before it, Captain Robbins, whose horse by this time had rested, was out of the window and into his carriage; he was lucky enough not to meet the Free-shooters on the road, and reached a place of safety, whence this brief narrative of his adventures and perils was brought to me by a sympathizing colleague. Speaking in all seriousness, Queen's Messengers, who at this time are sent through the French lines, whether going to or coming from the Prussians, perform the duty at the risk of their lives.

It is not only in the actual duties of the road, however, that the messenger may be exposed to disagreeable incidents and adventures. Compelled by the nature of his profession to pass much of his time in strange lands, he is peculiarly liable to be the object of that singular aversion to foreigners which may still, even in this nineteenth century, be noticed in many European States. If, in any land, aversion to foreigners amounts to a national characteristic, Englishmen are certainly not the nationality to win exemption from the rule. The Britisher, with his tweed jacket, and free-and-easy, domineering ways, often acts as the red rag to the bull.

Some years ago a Queen's Messenger had, in the course of his duty, to travel to a northern capital; and one day, shortly after his arrival, was spending the evening in the public gardens, in company with a member of the British Embassy in that capital. After a short time spent in conversation and in watching the numerous promenaders, his friend went to talk with a group at a little distance, leaving the messenger seated all alone, absorbed in his cigar and in contemplation of the beauty of the prospect. From this reverie he was abruptly and disagreeably disturbed by a sudden blow from behind, which knocked his hat off. Fully expecting that this must be a somewhat unmannerly and unseasonable joke on the
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part of his friend, the messenger started up with wrath in his soul, to find himself confronted by an officer in the local regiment, glaring with anger, and showing not the least trace of compunction. Roused to fury by this impenitent demeanour, the messenger promptly administered the truly British argument of a scientifically delivered knock-down blow, which measured the length of his antagonist on the path. The latter, when he had recovered himself, clapped his hand to his sword and demanded satisfaction. Nothing loth, the Queen's Messenger, himself an officer in the English army, gave his address at the British Embassy, his military rank, and for all details for the arrangement of a hostile meeting referred his antagonist to his friend from the Embassy, who had hurried back on observing the disturbance.

All preliminaries being thus arranged, the foreign officer, who throughout the affair had manifested an extraordinary and uncontrollable excitement, was at last persuaded by his friends and the bystanders to retire and enter a carriage which was waiting close by. No explanation did he offer as to the sudden and unprovoked attack of which he had been guilty, but dashed off, and sprang into the carriage, which instantly set off towards the town. Arrived at the centre of the bridge, the carriage was observed to be suddenly stopped by command of its occupant, who leapt from the seat, sprung upon the parapet of the bridge, and plunged into the swift-flowing tide. Assistance was impossible, and he was quickly swept away to death. It was afterwards ascertained that the unfortunate young officer in question had escaped from the regimental infirmary in a fit of mania; and that, roaming through the city, he had expended his mad fury in an attack upon the first object which excited his wrath—naturally an English stranger—with the unhappy results above related.

The regular Foreign Service Messenger readily acquires experience and *savoir-faire* in the arts of travel, and in the arrangement of necessary modes of communication. These minor difficulties and anxieties of the road, though of constant occurrence, are frequently apt to embarrass and disconcert a novice at the game, or any one who may be casually entrusted with the charge of despatches for a single journey.

Most of our readers who have reached middle age will readily call to mind a sad event which occurred in Greece rather more than twenty years ago. A party of English gentlemen, amongst whom was a well-known member of Her Majesty's Legation at Athens, whilst on a pleasure-excursion to the plains of Marathon, were captured by brigands, with the shocking

shocking result that, on the arrival of troops to the rescue, the captives were murdered in cold blood by the cowardly villains who had demanded their ransom. Shortly after this terrible occurrence, it became necessary to send important despatches upon the subject to Her Majesty's Minister at Athens. All the regular Queen's Messengers were fully engaged upon duties at that moment of a more than usually onerous character. A young Foreign Office clerk was therefore entrusted with the duty of conveying these despatches to their destination. He was instructed to proceed to Syra, where the Greek despatches should be delivered to the Consul, and the journey then pursued on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer to Constantinople, despatches for which capital were also placed in the acting messenger's charge. Arrived at Trieste, the regular and experienced messenger would at once have telegraphed to the Consul at Syra to apprize him of his approach and of the name of the steamer by which he would come. In the present instance this precaution was somehow or other neglected, and to his dismay the young Foreign Office clerk found himself entering the port of Syra at one o'clock in the morning. Pitch dark; every one gone to bed; no Consul to be seen; and, worse still, the unaccommodating captain of the steamer declared that he could not spare any one to pilot the messenger to the Consul's private house. There were two hours to wait, and nothing remained to be done but to go on shore and try, with an imperfect knowledge of the language, to obtain a guide to the desired spot. After locking up his Constantinople despatches in his cabin and pocketing the key, the young messenger passed the gangway, and plunged into the darkness of the quays and surrounding streets. With some hesitation, and after much parley, he at length engaged a dirty-looking Greek loafer to become his guide; and the two at once proceeded through a maze of steep ruinous streets, unlighted, and alone. Further and further they seemed to go, until at last the very confines of the town were reached; visions of brigands and murder arose in the mind of the young messenger, who, with recollections still fresh in his mind of the recent tragedy, passed a veritable *mauvais quart d'heure* upon this unwonted quest. His guide, however, proved a good man and true; the house, situated in the outskirts of the old town, was safely reached; and, having with difficulty awakened the sleeping Consul, and delivered his despatches with a thankful heart, the acting Queen's Messenger was soon again on board the steamer, and *en route* for Constantinople.

With the above incident we must close this article, which
would

would otherwise swell to unreasonable proportions. We have endeavoured to describe the conditions and organization of the Queen's Messenger service, and the incidents, perils, and adventures which might occur on the road in the past, or even at the present day. Any one who may wish to become better acquainted with the daily life of those engaged on this duty, cannot do better than read Major Byng Hall's little book, the title of which is prefixed to this article, and which, though first published more than a quarter of a century ago, still retains much of its freshness. In it will be found recorded not only many stories of travel, but notes of social life in various cities which had become familiar to the author, who, in the course of many wanderings on the public service, had acquired a curious and intimate acquaintance with continental life and habits. The tales and traditions attaching to this well-known service are scattered far and wide. Here a little work like that of Major Byng Hall—there an isolated literary fragment. Mostly, however, they are to be discovered in newspaper paragraphs, in after-dinner stories, or in anecdotes current in Downing Street or in Her Majesty's Embassies abroad.

The history of the Queen's Messenger service as a whole remains, however, to be written. No one, so far as we are aware, has hitherto attempted to publish these disjointed fragments in a collective shape; but to any one who should be disposed to attempt such a task, we can promise that, with a little patience and research, there lies ready to his hand ample material for the compilation of an unique record of travel and adventure.

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ART. V.—*London Past and Present, its History, Associations, and Traditions.* By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., based upon the 'Handbook of London,' by the late Peter Cunningham. In three Volumes. London, 1891.

TO every Englishman, and to a very large proportion of the foreign world, the town of London has long been of special interest. The seat of government of one full quarter of the human race; the centre of the commerce of the world; the capital of a great nation most renowned for manufacturing ability, for administrative power, for its great and varied literary culture; and supreme in all the earth in poetry and song; the very cradle and the home of Liberty; this huge Metropolis of England will increasingly become a marvel, and to those who have not seen it a romance. Whenever therefore there appears a local history or a social record of the place, in which fidelity and large research are manifest, the work becomes at once attractive. And as materials increase, as new biographies and monographs of various kinds abound, there is a general demand that an approved selection shall be made in some convenient book of reference, that all this mass of interesting information may be made available for general use.

At present we have such a work before us; and with its assistance we may give some sketches of the social and material development of London from the earliest times. Thus, it is curious that what appear to be the oldest building relics in the City were unearthed so recently as 1867, when some pile foundations were laid bare in London Wall and Southwark Street. These probably were British works anterior to the Roman conquest; though that enterprising early voyager, Pytheas of Marseilles, 330 B.C., makes no mention of the place.

The origin of London is most manifestly due to the peculiar position of the hill on which the city stands. Proceeding westward from the estuary of the Thames, this is the first defensible high ground abutting on the river, and extending, interposed between the ancient marshes, to the higher elevations in the rear. Sea-going ships could reach this point at all times of the tide; and for the small craft of the prehistoric period of Britain, and much later, the convenient estuaries of the Fleet and Walbrook, would be likely havens, mostly sheltered from the wind. Thence, by the Lea and Ravensbourne, the Colne and Brent, the Wandle and the Mole, and by the Upper Thames, there was communication with the country all around. So that by land and water this small hill was specially well placed as a commercial gateway to the sea, and

as a market for the interchange of foreign and domestic produce, in those early times.

With all our many histories of the English State, there has not recently appeared a history of English land, in which the progress of its agriculture and its drainage, of its great and small highways by land and water, with the consequent development of towns and cities, has been adequately traced. But it is evident that settlers in a new and unknown country would first seek for a good harbour, well supplied with fresh spring water. Thus, in England, were the sites of our old seaport towns, of Sandwich and Southampton, Colchester and York, Gloucester and Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth, chosen by the early navigators. From such outer ports the upper rivers and their smaller branches bore the inland navigation to the further towns; and thus such places as St. Albans, Bishops Stortford, Oxford and Maidstone, Shrewsbury and Nottingham, became the local centres of commercial life. The routes by land were also traced along the water-springs. The Pilgrim way, for instance, was not made, as might have been supposed, along the summit of the downs, but just above the junction of the chalk with underlying strata, where the wells and springs would be abundant. Thus the way was on the dry and previous chalk; while just below at every stage, as at St. Edith's well at Kemsing, there was found, conveniently near, a fresh, perennial supply of water.

It would further seem that in the earlier centuries of our era, and, in places, even to comparatively recent times, what are now but streamlets or dry ditches were the frequent means of mercantile communication. Often a 'chipping' town obtained its local business by the help of some now shrunken or abandoned water-course, on which canoes or coracles could float, and which, in their small way, were canalised to give sufficient soundings. Lightly-framed canoes were easily conveyed over the portages; and so in winter-time, when land conveyance became difficult, these silent and obscure highways became of value. Many a 'Water Lane' throughout the country is a memorial and a relic of these ancient waterways; the trench filled up from excavations at the sides, so that, by gradual widening, first pack-horses and sledges, and then carts and waggons, have replaced the medieval water-borne conveyances. Ship-timbered houses are a frequent evidence of former neighbouring canalets. Such houses are found, sometimes, very distant from the sea; and in most cases there can be discovered extinct channels by which timber could be floated near to the building, from some port or estuary.

When

When the Romans first sailed up the Thames they found along the northern side almost continuous marshes, with no fresh spring water, and with no convenient access to the higher land beyond. Arriving at a point beyond which the river, owing to its numerous branches, became shallow, fordable indeed at Westminster, so that seagoing ships would be immediately obstructed, all this changed. Here was a bold projecting hill of clay, with gravel and brick earth abounding on the surface. This bluff headland was divided by the valley of the Walbrook into two chief elevations; and on one of these the Roman fort was built, between the Walbrook and the little port of Billingsgate. The gravelly deposit on the clay extended northwards up the valley of the Lea, and formed a sound, well-drained foundation for the lower way to York and Lincoln. On this crust of sand and gravel there was, even in the citadel itself, a portion of brick earth; so that the materials for forts and walls were easily procured; the brick earth, sand and gravel on the spot, the lime along the river, and the rag-stone from new quarries on the Medway, in direct communication with the Thames.

But, besides, the gravel beds were a collecting-ground for water, which sunk down on to the underlying clay, and then ran out abundantly in springs, and wells, and streams. The place was a great spring-field. Walbrook, the Langbourne, Skinner's well, and Holywell, and Clerkenwell, Lambs Conduit, and White Conduit indicate a few only of the many springs and water-courses that arose and ran, at first on pebbly beds, and then on clay, down to the Thames. The hill itself continued northward by the ridge of Pentonville, across the 'Stoney-field' of Islington; affording a hard road for local traffic, up to the Highgate range beyond. And thus, by its peculiar advantages of situation, and of earth and water, this small hill became the nucleus of the greatest city in the history of the world.

London, to employ at once its later name, being at the head of the marine navigation of the largest river in the island, became the chief emporium for inland trade. It could be well protected, since, on every side but one, it was surrounded by deep water or by marsh; and, to the north, the moor for half the year would scarcely have been passable, save near the edge of some convenient slope for drainage. Eventually Maiden Lane, the way on the 'great hill' along the watershed between the valley of the Fleet, and the much wider valley of the Lea, became the King's 'high,' elevated 'way;' the great upper road, all undefined and open, to the north.

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The Thames in early times was a broad lake or marsh from Battersea to Greenwich; but, as soil accumulated, islands and subsidiary streams were formed; and these, again, eventually ceased to be. The land became continuous; new villages were built; and Newington had its own Causeway leading to the hills.

The great Roman way of Watling Street, at present represented by the Edgware Road, diverging somewhat eastward at the Tyburn, crossed the ford at Westminster to Stangate on the Surrey shore. When subsequently the first London Bridge was built, a branch from this ford-way was made along the line of Oxford Street; and skirting the south side of 'Chepe,' the future spacious market-place, it passed through the great Roman fort to the bridge foot, and so across the river into Kent. When this long bridge was built, the ford became of less importance; and, the road across the Surrey marshes gradually filling up the subsidiary streams, there came a greater scour of the sole remaining channel, making the water deep as well as wide; and so the noble port of London was prepared for the extended commerce of the future English nation.

At the junction of the Walbrook with the Thames was the small hythe and port of Dowgate; and a little further east, between this and Billingsgate, was Ebbgate. These three gates appear to have been the chief landing-places of the Romans. Their great Citadel or Fort enclosed a space of about 1800 feet by 600 feet, between Walbrook and Mincing Lane; its circular western bastions being on the site of the South-Eastern Railway Station. The steep banks of Walbrook were then occupied by Roman villas, of which some remains have been discovered; and on the further, western side of Dowgate there appears to have been a little hamlet with a boat-building yard. The Roman houses mostly were of wood; the quantity of ashes shows that brick and stone were only partly used, though there were some mosaic floors. Those who at the present day stand at the private doorway of the Mansion House may, if imaginative, picture to themselves the local scene some fifteen hundred years ago. The deep and winding valley, coming down from Broad Street, clad with villa gardens, and surmounted by the great, grim, rounded bastion of the Roman fort, the northern wall and ditch extending eastward nearly half a mile. A gateway opening to the west for Watling Street, another to the north for Ermyng Street; the straight united road, passing the market-place, now East Cheap, down to the bridge. If they could rise again, what would the Romans and the Britons of

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those days, then living in colonial obscurity on this hill side, think of the present power, extent, and wealth of their poor native settlement or town!

Eventually, about 360, the Romans built a wall including some two-thirds of what is now the City, but not yet extending further westward than the lower Fleet. This wall was somewhat less than two miles long; and with the river it enclosed about 400 acres, just the area of Hyde Park. Gardens were abundant; and the walled-in space may have been made the more extensive to prevent attack by fire. Most Roman houses, also, of the better sort were not arranged with much economy of land.

Probably the present very general appreciation of fine landscape scenery is scarcely more than a full century old; and the inhabitants of Roman London, when the City first was built, were hardly conscious of the beauty that, in hill and dale, meadow and moorland, wood and water, lay around them. Even at the beginning of the present century, no equal area in Europe could present more lovely scenes than those in the immediate neighbourhood of our metropolis.

The name of London is most probably Llyn-din, the lake fort or hill, a little Latinised; and is corroborative evidence of the lagoon that formerly extended southward to the lower confines of the Surrey hills. The surface of the Roman site was much below the present level of the ground. The Walbrook valley has been filled up from a depth of forty feet; and *débris* of old buildings has appreciably raised even the highest levels. With the exception of the valley of the Fleet the ancient undulations of the ground are scarcely noticed in the modern town; and the old hills, save those that rise above the Holborn valley, are, like some of those at Rome, now obvious only to the topographic student.

But, to descend beneath the surface, and supply some geological account of London and its neighbourhood, we find abundant relics of the earliest population of the district. In the brick earth near Ilford, many years ago, Sir Antonio Brady made a large discovery of fossils; bones and teeth of beaver, bison and bear, elk and hyæna, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and horses, mice and elephants; and since the chalk deposit the great London valley north of the Thames seems to have been the domicile of all these animals. Their fossils are still found under the alluvial drift; below which is the London clay, from 400 to 500 feet thick; but which again is capped at Harrow, Hampstead, and Claremont, by remanets of Bagshot sand. In the triangle between Muswell Hill and Totteridge and Finchley

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is a moraine deposit of blue clay, with boulders that have come apparently from Cumberland, where are the nearest rocks that could supply the fragments. Underneath the London clay are some 200 feet of pebble beds that rise, at Charlton, Beckenham, and Bromley; and again below, 800 feet of chalk appear at Banstead, Farnborough and Wrotham, to the south; and again at Therfield, in North Herts. There is a real London basin in geology.

Of the Roman occupation there are scanty relics; and, although some isolated facts are quoted, nothing like connected history has reached us. Roman London as a walled town is accounted Christian, in the administrative sense; that is to say the Government was nominally Christian when the Roman wall was built. But that St. Peter's on Cornhill was founded in the British or the Roman times is pure assumption; just that mixture of invention that, with some, 'doth ever add pleasure.' The chief thing we know about the Romans and London is that they evacuated it about 410; and after that the Saxons came. There is, however, little that is curious, and still less that is interesting in the few records that remain of London in the Saxon and the Danish times. The names of Tooley Street, St. Olaves, St. Magnus, and St. Clements Danes, are mementoes of the Danish rule. Eventually Edward the Confessor reigned; and after him came revolution.

William the Conqueror having treated with the men of Kent, and also having, as a warning, given Southwark to the flames; finding the bridge too strong for him, marched round to Berkhamstead, where the chalk hills afforded him dry, sanitary camping-ground. And then, the Londoners, appreciating a strong man as their protector and their friend, elected him their King. London was now, without dispute, the head of England. William was 'friendly,' as he said; but none the less he seized the necessary land and broke the City wall to build the Tower, so as to control at once the City and the port of London.

This is the first great monument of Norman work that is preserved for us. The next is the conventual church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield. Little else remains; for in 1136 occurred the first recorded accidental Fire of London, which, beginning near the Walbrook, burnt, or lead to the destruction of all Roman and all Saxon relics in the town; damaging the new cathedral and consuming the old woodwork of the bridge. To this and other conflagrations it is due that we have so few relics of the Norman buildings, and so little information about London in the Norman times.

Fitz-Stephen,

Fitz-Stephen, in the latter half of the twelfth century, gives the first extant contemporary description, which he calls a View of the Site and Constitution of the City of London. Thus he tells us that the walls on the south side of the City had been undermined by the river; and that there were in London thirteen conventual, and a hundred and thirteen parish churches. There were fish in the Thames in abundance. New gates had been opened in the walls; and London was beginning to extend. The gardens beyond the walls were delightful; and the Fleet valley comes within the sphere of urban building.

Norman London, which extended from the Tower to the hill above the Fleet, and from the Thames to Moorgate, had a population of some 30,000 souls. It was about as large as Scarborough or Maidstone; and although surrounded by a wall, the area was by no means fully occupied by buildings. Most of the ways were not what we call streets, but only paths and passages. The houses were exaggerated hovels, with no proper flooring on the ground, with rude and undulating upper floors of ill-cut and ill-fitting boards, and without double ceilings. The ground-floor rooms had rushes laid upon the earth, and they were filthy, nurseries and beds of plague; seats were a rarity, and people wallowed on the floor. The outer ways were quagmires, rivulets, or torrents, as the weather and the season changed. Throughout the Middle Ages drainage was entirely superficial; there was not in London any work analogous to the *Cloaca Maxima* at Rome. The water from the roofs, and much besides, was shot into the centre of the roadway, where there might be something like a gutter. Houses were all huddled close together, as for mutual support, each storey overhanging, so that little sky was visible; and rooms were dark, and consequently dirty. Still the occupants in this respect had nothing to complain of in the rooms, they hardly washed themselves. There were no baths or lavatories; and the personal condition even of the highest classes must have been too frequently revolting. If we compare the multiplied deficiencies of English families a century ago with the appliances for cleanliness in houses at the present time, and then protract the contrast backwards into history, a general state of personal and domestic foulness would seem probable at a comparatively recent period.

Those were, however, the pre-scientific times; and public and domestic sanitation were for centuries undiscovered. Houses were mostly built of wood and plaster; and precautions in each house against the spread of fire were unknown. Thus there was constant, although fluctuating plague; and fires

frequently became great conflagrations. People were swept off by households; and the Black Death destroyed a large proportion of the population throughout England. There were repeated pestilences; and, as in parts of India at the present day, or lately, all the upper soil was saturated and the water was polluted with the feculence of centuries; so that an overwhelming fire would be a purifier, a saviour as well as a destroyer. Still, the numbers of the victims to the Plague have been most curiously exaggerated. The whole population of the City could not have supplied the corpses that were nominally buried. These great numbers have, as we are told, been estimated or been calculated, no one knows on what accepted data; they have not been ascertained; and a very great abatement of the numbers stated may be reasonably made.

Perhaps few scenes on earth at present could be found to vie with medieval London in artistic beauty and in picturesque effect. 'Old London,' as exhibited of late in little models, is but a delusive toy; a show so fragmentary, *petite*, and partial, as to lead uncritical beholders very much astray in their conception of the historic scene. Here were no convent churches rising 90 feet above the ground with some 300 feet in length of nave and chancel roofing, and surmounted with grand towers and lofty spires; no great walls and stately outer gates of the conventual houses; no palatial residences of the high nobility; nor the magnificent and vast Cathedral of St. Paul's to crown the view. It is impossible indeed to give to those not well acquainted with the subject any adequate idea of London in the fourteenth century. As well discourse on Greek dramatic poetry to those who never knew the grammar of the language.

This great dignity of outer demonstration was set off by the simplicity and even coarseness of domestic life. There was rude plenty, even to excess; and merchants were extremely rich, as wealth was reckoned in those days. But as the means of large expenditure were for the commercial classes very few, great gifts for building churches and religious houses were a favourite demonstration of abundant wealth. Yet while the artisans were so developing their architectural ideas, there was little notion of refinement in domestic matters. Furniture was very scanty and uncouth; and even the chief rooms, with all their ample fireplaces, were but miserable *frigidaria*.

Still the men of London were of a superior stamp; undoubtedly the leading men of England. Although living on an island they were not an isolated people; they did not, like some small communities, continually breed in and in. Their town, placed opposite the centre of the Continent, and being by its own

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intrinsic power saved from the harass of the civil wars, and by the safeguard of the sea protected from the desolating strife that plagued all Europe in the Middle Ages; never being made a battlefield or having to endure a siege, was wonderfully favoured; and a settlement in London was the object of discerning, energetic men of every nation. Quiet and unenterprising spirits stayed at home; but men of courage, and of resolute self-confidence would seek a sphere in which their hardier qualities would have the fullest opportunity and scope. Thus we continually find abundant evidence of foreign immigration, and of increasing foreign trade; and to the healthy mixture of fresh alien blood the quality of Londoners was greatly due. New men would be without the habit of submission to the injustice or assumption of the local powers. These powers would be to them a novelty to be examined with much questioning and criticism, and without peculiar deference. They thus could join, without a change of old established thought or sentiment, in any reasonable, fair demand for further liberties. These liberties were gradually gained by patient, persevering pressure; not by abrupt rebellion or by war. The Londoners were shrewd, hard-headed, calculating people, who could wait until their object was assured ere they put forth their power to take it; and, with minor fluctuations, all their history is one of progress and development. No city in the world has ever shown such constant and prolonged advancement in commercial enterprise and business-like success. The people's minds were strong and free, they could use judgment, could control themselves; and thus their great experience and discernment had fair play. They were a mixed and miscellaneous race, with varied qualities, that worked upon and brightened one another.

Such immigration had indeed been constant since the earliest times of history. The ancient village of Stoke Fleming, and the names of Tapper and Bidder, among others, in the South of Devon, Fremlyn at Kemsing, on the Pilgrim way, and Onwhyn in Essex, show the lines on which the immigrations came. The Dutchmen, then, as much more recently, down to the time of William III., have sought the hilly coasts, and the deep sheltered harbours that contrasted most with their flat country, and with the shallow seas that they had left behind; and they became an element in the enduring naval enterprise and courage of the West of England. Other Easterlings established trade and manufactures on the routes from London to the coast; and the abundant foreign names in London show how large a number of our people are of alien extraction; the descendants

of the strongest men of other countries wedded with the graces of our own.

With chronic pestilence even this constant immigration did not cause a rapid increase of the population; so that there was ample space within the walls not only for the precincts of St. Paul's but also for the new religious houses that were gradually built within the City boundary. During the Norman period, not merely had there been additions to the private and commercial buildings in the City, but the Church had raised extensive edifices of various kinds in London and its neighbourhood; a demonstration of the increasing wealth and conscious piety of its inhabitants and ruling classes. 'The Confessor' had set the fashion; and in founding his new Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, had founded also a new city for the Court and Government, apart from London. By the Normans the Cathedral was begun; and then, midway between the two great churches the Knights Templars (1185) raised their church and residential buildings. Still in the Norman times were founded (1068) the great sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand; (1082) Bermondsey Abbey; (1100) St. Mary's, Clerkenwell; (1106) St. Mary Overies, at the foot of London Bridge; (1108) the Monastery of Holy Trinity, Aldgate; (1110) the House of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell; and (1113) St. Bartholomew's at Smithfield. Neglecting fragments, all this Norman work, save the choir of St. Bartholomew's, has disappeared. These Norman buildings were a local exhibition of the wonderful artistic culture of the period throughout England; the most dignified expression of ideal architecture that the nation has produced; and all designed by working, that is labouring handicraftsmen, without any literary culture, and with very little, if with any, of the art of drawing. But these working men had healthy and intelligent imaginations, which they manifested, spite of bad or of indifferent tools, mostly mere axes, upon various qualities of coarse and common stone; designing, and developing a system of design, as they continually worked in thoughtful freedom. And at Winchester and Romsey, Peterborough and Durham, as at St. Bartholomew's, we have an instructive contrast in the old working masons' noble work, to the poor graphic imitations offered in the present day.

Though these London monasteries were begun during the Norman dynasty, the works of many of them were continued into what is called the Early English period; and the Temple Church has fortunately been preserved for us, to show the actual transition of the style; a change of architectural dialect, almost amounting to a change of language.

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In the reign of Henry II. of Anjou, and during the new dynasty, great changes came; and London was becoming still more powerful and rich, and handsome in its public buildings. For the increasing traffic new gates were provided in the City wall; and through Aldgate a new route by Stratford led to southern Essex. There was a continual extension of the suburb towards Westminster, chiefly at first along the higher ground of Holborn, then above the *Maiden* hill, now Maiden Lane, and afterwards along the Strand, or river shore. Opposite new Ludgate was a bridge over the lower Fleet, to accommodate the increasing traffic on this western road.

A great open space, extending from the Poultry and the Jewry to St. Martin's and St. Paul's, and from Guildhall to the present line of Watling Street, was 'Chepe,' the general market-place; in which each trade had its own district or bazaar, the names of which are still retained in many of the modern streets.* And in Old Change, for money-changers; Wood, and Milk Streets; Bread Street and the Poultry; Ironmonger Lane and Honey Lane, we have mementoes of these several industries. Here were no buildings: almost the whole space was occupied by booths; and the proprietors did sometimes live, like modern tradesmen, out of town. It seems that in the booths at Chepe there was a sort of tenant right; and that one useful method of oppression in those arbitrary times was to decree that for some public show, or other object, real or fictitious, all these booths should be removed; and then much money had to pass to gain reinstallation.

But besides the booths, there was between Wood Street and King Street a wide Tilting Ground, with Chepe Cross at the western end; and at St. Mary-le-Bow there used to be a booth or stand, from which the Royal Family could see the shows; of which grand stand the balcony on Bow Church tower is the modern representative. Still further west, from Gutter Lane to the North transept of St. Paul's, was the great Meeting Place of the Folk Mote; the boundaries of which were ill-defined and often changed, not without clerical and civic fury. Westward again, along the line of ancient Watling Street, now Newgate Street, were the great shambles, a wide space just south of the Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital. Old Watling Street, before the Fire, passed near the southern side of Chepe, whence comes 'Cheapside.' The modern Watling Street has wandered unaccountably away, much to the southward.

* See the plan in Mr. Loftie's very valuable 'History of London,' a work to which we have been repeatedly indebted.

The London population, notwithstanding plagues and Black Deaths, very gradually grew, or rather on the whole maintained its numbers; though, of course, the place became more pestilential, and the people in their economic way became more pious. They found life so short—so many of them were cut off by plague and war in middle life or earlier—that the development of orders, regular and secular, who would for money paid give hopes of future safety, rapidly increased; and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries London became remarkably well furnished with religious houses, which absorbed a very large proportion of the territory, wealth, and population of a town of little more than thirty thousand souls. The fear of death is given to men in full vitality in order to preserve the race. When death approaches at maturity there is less fear. But for the young and middle-aged to be always looking death in the face, with orthodox assurance of a horrid state of future punishment, would be beyond the natural endurance of the human nerves. The people were in an unnatural condition, and so they had unnatural fears and instincts. What with wars and pestilences, they were dying often quite as fast as they were born, and life in London scarcely reached one half of three-score years and ten. The interest of the people in the present world would therefore be excessively precarious and brief. So, being always in death's shadow, and yet having to maintain the State, they prayed by agency; thus striving in their own commercial way to make the best of both worlds; and a vicarious Christianity became apparently a public need. Chantry abounded, and the prayers of priests for these extremely dirty sinners were continually multiplied. The people would not wash and be clean. No doubt they were abominably ignorant of what they ought to know, like their successors of more recent days; but then they had at least a shadow of excuse. Imagine a whole city, and by far the largest in the island, thus continually suffering execution; not for a single day, as in a battle, nor for a brief season, as in a modern epidemic; but for centuries, with occasional grim variations in the scale or mode of slaughter, and it will be understood how different they would become in sentiment and apprehension from our Londoners in modern times. Our recent influenza has made many serious who were never serious before; but even with this grievous sickness we are out of all comparison more healthy and long-lived than our forefathers in the Middle Ages ever were.

When mankind persistently go wrong, it is a way of Providence at length to set them right by natural means involving due

due and natural punishment. Thus London, as the people would not work to make it clean, could be completely cleansed by fire alone; and providentially, in 1666, the Great Fire came, and burnt up the bacilli of disease. This gave the new supply of water a fair chance. The old wells and springs were poisoned; but in 1620 the New River had been opened, and fresh water had been brought into the houses. So that by fire and water London became purified; and it never afterwards went back to its historical extremely foul condition.

Political affairs are but the prominences of a people's history; its bulk and essence is in their domestic life. In mediæval London the chief elements of home condition were disease, and wealth; and the result of these, combined with suffering human nature, was development of clericism, and through this of architectural display. The income of the citizens continually flowed to the conventual houses, which became magnificent. The clergy could command the best artistic talent, and they had the wit and wisdom to employ it uncontrolled; not in the least pretending, like so many modern men to 'have a taste,' but leaving those who wrought to make their work expressive of that portion of the Deity with which they were endowed. The consequence was that development of building art of which, until quite recently, we had preserved, untampered with and unobscured, such glorious examples, in the Temple Church, the Abbey Choir at Westminster, and the Crypt and Chapel of St. Stephen's.

In mediæval London, by this method, there was continuous architectural advancement; not indeed entirely toward superiority, but still with special good combined with thoughtful change. In Stephen's reign the pointed arch was introduced, and under the Plantagenets of Anjou tracery was invented. The new Abbey Church at Westminster, designed and built, like all the rest, by working men, of whom the chief had but ten shillings of our modern value as his daily pay; St. Mary Overies, with its fine choir and Lady Chapel, still in greater part preserved; the house of the Augustine Friars, with its stately church, of which the nave remained until its recent restoration; the Grey Friars, by the shambles, now the Blue Coat School, whose great church in size and splendour rivalled the Abbey choir at Westminster, and in which four queens and six hundred persons of quality were buried; St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, with its two naves, which have escaped destruction; the Minorities of St. Clare, whose name we still retain; the Priory of Bethlehem, near Bishopsgate, the origin of modern 'Bedlam'; Crutched or Crossed Friars, near Aldgate; White Friars,

Friars, near Fleet Street, to become in later times the Alsatia of London; St. Thomas Acres, founded by the Becketts in Cheapside, where Thomas Becket had been born, and where is now the Mercers' Hall; St. Mary's Spital, whence our Spital-fields; the Sanctuary of Blackfriars, with its fine church, of noble aspect on the hill above the Thames and Fleet; the Charter-house; and above all the great Cathedral of St. Paul, surmounted by a spire, the loftiest structure in the world, were but the larger works in London during these two centuries and a half. There were, besides, the hundred and twenty-six parish churches, built or rebuilt in the period; the bishops' inns; the palaces of the great nobility and higher merchants; and the new houses of the middle class, designed by leading artisans, true architects, who wrought in an expressive regulated style that people of all classes understood, and which their genuine simplicity had never known as 'art.' The artisans' imagination was indeed a commonplace, ubiquitously present; dulness was excluded and impossible; and from this ordinary day by day creation the majestic works of excellence arose, of which we have some relics yet to be destroyed in detail by presumptuous restorers.

From all this it will be understood how great the ascendancy of the old masons must have been; and how their simple or magnificent ideas in building must have dominated in a town so small as medieval London. Twenty religious houses, some of great extent and wealth; a glorious cathedral; and some six score parish churches, in a town that did not reach one hundredth of the size or wealth or population of our modern London. These old masons were in fact the 'greatest men,' though now 'unknown,' of medieval times; and their pacific power of poetry and work did more than anything, far more than literature, to civilize the people. Until this is understood and perfectly appreciated, any accurate idea of the condition of affairs when the Henries and the Edwards ruled in England cannot be obtained.

Detailed description of these various buildings is, for obvious reasons, now impossible; but the mere enumeration of them, with such little reference as has been made, will show how great was the importance and extent of these establishments. The old Norman, Early English, Decorated, and in part, eventually, Renaissance Cathedral of St. Paul, was, with its dependencies, far more extensive than its classical successor; and for the London of the fifteenth century, it was infinitely more impressive than the modern building is for London of our time. Medieval London was indeed supremely ecclesiastical in its chief buildings; though there were several noble

private

private residences in the City. As the town became more wealthy and important, the nobility, though chiefly occupied in distant local government, in courtly ceremonial, or in civil war, would often find it to their interest to have houses in the metropolis, in which to confer their favours on the citizens; though not without a hope of suitable return.

Since Westminster was the chief domicile of Royalty and Law, the tendency of building was especially to the west of London. But the chief traffic was of course towards the north, by Bishopsgate, the highway leading just above the valley of the Lea; or by the line of Maiden Lane and Islington to Highgate Hill and Finchley. Roads in the modern sense there were none; the chief traffic was on horseback, and the country, for the most part, still was unenclosed in the direction of the routes of intercourse. The better houses, with their gardens, were placed off the main highways; thus leaving ample space for needful and continual divergence of the traffic as the way would be in evil weather broken up. New lines were always being made across the open moor or common; and thus villages upon the clay round London were with proper caution mostly placed on small bye-ways. At Finchley Common this is evident. The Common, now enclosed, was left unbuilt upon to accommodate the wide and changeful course of traffic, while the houses were accumulated on adjacent occupation roads that might from little use be kept in some repair.

The Roman Watling Street, now Edgware Road, was traced in a straight line along the plain, for special military reasons; to secure a distant offing, and to avoid the hills, in which a host might be entangled and efficiently resisted. But the earliest northern road from London was most probably the one that followed the high ground above the valley of the Fleet. Along this way went Roman colonists, and Saxon warriors and men of trade, and all the chivalry and rabble of the Middle Ages. Even now, when excavations happen, Roman bricks and tiles and pottery are found. The road began at Port-pool Lane, the termination of the larger navigation of the Fleet; and thence, by Gray's Inn Road, reached Battle Bridge, where it recrossed the Fleet to gain the southern spur of hill that leads directly to the northern heights of London. A depression at the head of Fortress Road was in the winter a morass, and would be filled with faggoting. Then came the steep ascent to Highgate; and where, later on, this road crossed the more recent Highgate Hill there was an inn, in the front court of which the vehicles, in later times, turned round and faced the way they came, and then turned round again to resume their way to Finchley, or to

Edmonton

Edmonton and Hornsey. The Vale of Holloway was marsh and forest; and the great North Road, a comparatively modern work, is formed upon a layer of deep vegetable mould. The way from Battle Bridge to Highgate had the ancient and appropriate name of *Maiden* (steep hill) Lane; but this has been absurdly changed to Dartmouth Park Hill. The place has no connection with the town of Dartmouth, and there was no 'park.' The family of Legge have certain acres in the neighbourhood; and so, as it appears, the speculating builders have contrived this foolish name to please their customers.

The Fleet River, called by William the Conqueror, and until the reign of Edward I., the River of Wells, rose on the southern slope of Hampstead Heath and Highgate, near Caen Wood. Fitz-Stephen, 1190, speaking of the environs of the City, says that 'on the north side there are fields for pasture, and open meadows very pleasant, among which the rivers do flow, and the wheels of the mills are turned about with a delightful noise.' The moor, or marsh, had then been partly cultivated, and these open, pleasant, pasture-fields became the civilized result. To the north of the suburbs, which then scarcely reached to Clerkenwell, there were 'choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome and clear, streaming forth from among the glittering pebble-stones of which Holy-well, Clerken-well, and St. Clement's-well are of most note, and frequented above the rest, when the scholars and youth of the City do take the air abroad in the summer evenings.' Clerkenwell, *Fons Clericorum*, in the original Latin of Fitz-Stephen, is called by Stow Clerkswell; but the old English plural, Clerken, has been generally used; the meaning of the expression being that at Clerkenwell the clerks of London used to act their plays before the people. Clerkenwell, the fountain as well as the parish, was on the east bank of the river, near the present railway station; and the crowd would sit on the abrupt and steep west bank, as in a theatre, to witness the performance on the other side. The whole course of this small stream was beautiful and varied. It continually skirted moderately high ground, from which the view of it and its luxuriant meadows must have been delightful. It had fish, ascending from the Thames, to tempt Waltonians; and Anglers' Lane, that led to the old river-course, preserves its name at Kentish Town, where even recently a walk along its banks, frequented by the poet Keats, was a familiar way to Highgate. Some of us can still remember the historic river as it flowed, rapid and black, from Parliament Hill to Battle Bridge, now absurdly called King's Cross; and then by Bagnigge Wells, and Cold Bath Fields, and near the course of

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the Metropolitan Railway to Farringdon Street. The retaining wall of its west bank may possibly be still discoverable just below the east wall of the church at Saffron Hill.

It is interesting to identify at least the sites on which historic families and men of note and power have lived; and in the Middle Ages, and the times of 'York and Lancaster,' the neighbourhood of the lower Fleet, down to the epoch of the Reformation, seems to have been the centre of the world of fashion, the Belgravia of the period. In 1503 the King of Castile was lodged at Baynard's Castle, the scene of three revolutions in the Government of England; and it was here that on July 19, 1553, 'the Council, partly moved with the right of Lady Mary's cause, partly considering that the most of the realm were wholly bent on her side, changing their mind from Lady Jane, lately proclaimed Queen, assembled themselves, where they communed with the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Shrewsbury; and Sir John Mason, clerk of the Council, sent for the Lord Mayor, and then riding into Chepe, to the Cross, where Garter King-at-Arms, trumpets being sounded, proclaimed Queen Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII. and Queen Catharine, Queen of England, etc.'

Queen Elizabeth granted Baynard Castle on lease to the Earl of Pembroke; and here the brothers to whom the first folio of Shakspeare was dedicated, William, Earl of Pembroke, in 1617, and Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in 1641, were respectively installed Chancellors of the University of Oxford. Here also, the latter's second countess, the still more celebrated 'Anne Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery,' took up her abode, while her husband, as Lord Chamberlain, resided at the Cockpit at Whitehall. 'April 25, 1559.—The Queen in the afternoon went to Bainard's Castle, the Earl of Pembroke's place, and supped with him, and after supper she took a boat and was towed up and down upon the river Thames, hundreds of boats and barges rowing about her, and thousands of people thronging at the waterside to look upon her majesty, rejoicing to see her and sights upon the Thames.'* Baynard's Castle was destroyed in the Great Fire; nothing but its history is left. The buildings to the west of St. Paul's Pier and south of Thames Street mark the site of this most interesting scene of English governmental history.

Some portion of the old nobility was always in alliance with the citizens; and the Wars of the Roses showed that London was the arbiter of English politics. For a century or two after

* Strype, 'History of the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth.'

Henry VII.

Henry VII. Baynard's Castle was the centre of this semi-civic aristocracy. But the nobles were extending, westward and northward, along the banks of the Thames, and above the valley of the Fleet. Their houses in, or on, the Strand, were midway between the City and the Court, and so were wisely, as well as pleasantly and conveniently placed.

The bishops' 'Inns' were early and frequent in these new localities. About 1365 Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, built a house near the present Salisbury Street, Strand; and we have 'Durham' Yard. Next door, west, the Bishop of Norwich lived; and in 1556 sold his house to the Archbishop of Canterbury. East of Catherine Street, a bridge called Strand Bridge crossed a small brook; and south-east of this lived the Bishop of Llandaff, and west, the Bishops of Chester and Worcester. The Bishops of Exeter and Bath had houses also towards the east end of the Strand; and the Bishops of St. David's and Salisbury lived south of Fleet Street. Altogether perhaps the most extensive settlement of prelates that was ever known.

At the Reformation the property and lands of the religious houses went to raise a new and wealthy aristocracy; and, as the old monastic buildings disappeared, new houses rose as demonstrations of developing nobility. The foreshore of the river to the west of London was the favourite site for these new buildings. The continuance of Fleet Street was, with reference to the larger river, called the Strand; and here the course of building was between the river and the 'Maiden' meadows, to the village of Charing and to Whitehall.

At Westminster was the palace of the Kings of England from the Confessor to Henry VIII. In 1512, most of it was burnt, and Henry removed to Whitehall. In 1834 another fire destroyed all that remained; save Westminster Hall, built much in its present form, 1397-1399, by a master mason, named Henry de Yeveley; and St. Stephen's Chapel, built 1320-1352. This chapel, only injured by the fire of 1834, was pulled down to make room for St. Stephen's Hall, and the crypt was equally destroyed under the name of restoration. The name of the palace survives in Old Palace Yard, the court of the old palace; and in New Palace Yard, the court of the new palace projected by William Rufus.

Of Westminster Abbey, adjoining, no sufficient notice can be taken here. The church is being modernized with painful zeal; and what is left of ancient work is being rapidly obscured by wholly inappropriate and intrusive stained glass in the windows. It is curious to observe how people who have no
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artistic power themselves are anxious to complete the work of artists who knew how and why to leave their buildings, quite artistically, incomplete. The masons who designed and built the Choir at Westminster inserted stained glass where the obscurity was needed for due architectural effect, and left all the other windows perfectly translucent. Such artistic reticence is far too rational and simple for our modern architectural advancement and our increased wealth. While there is money to be had, and windows can be treated as a 'lovely' show, instead of being luminaries to the building work, of course these windows must be decorated, and the building be obscured.*

Whitehall Palace, which extended from Cannon Row to Scotland Yard, was the Royal residence from Henry VIII. to William III. It came to Henry on the disgrace of Wolsey; and its name was changed from York House to Whitehall. It reached on one side to the Thames, and on the other to St. James's Park. On the river could be seen 'an immense number of swans who wander up and down the river in great security, and in the park is great plenty of deer (1598).' There was a public road through the palace, with two gates, a highway for burials at St. Margaret's, until, Henry VIII. objecting to the dismal traffic, the new cemetery of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was opened. The palace buildings were in the Tudor style. Here, March 31, 1657, came the Speaker and the whole House of Parliament to present to Oliver, Protector, the 'humble petition and advice of the House,' that he should take the Crown. Here Charles II. lodged his women; and here James II. interviewed the Duke of Monmouth, and revealed for all posterity the baseness of his own character. The Palace was burnt down in 1697.

Besides the neighbourhood of the Strand, the hill between Holborn and the Fleet received its garnishing of noble houses. The Bishop of Ely's Palace gives its name to Ely Place, where the episcopal chapel, a good fourteenth-century work, remains, and is a Roman Catholic place of worship. Lord Keeper Hatton's house was built upon the orchard and garden of Ely Place—

'Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.'

William de Luda, Bishop of Ely, who died 1297, had

* 'And whenever the Nose puts the spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes shall be shut.'

bequeathed

bequeathed his manor on the north side of Holborn to his successors ; but property changed hands in the Tudor times in various ways. At Elizabeth's mandatory request, Bishop Cox granted to Christopher Hatton, afterwards Lord Chancellor, certain portions of the palace, fourteen acres of land, and the keeping of the garden and orchard for twenty-one years, paying at midsummer a red rose for the garden and gatehouse, and for the grounds ten loads of hay and 10*l.* per annum ; the Bishop reserving to himself and successors free access through the gatehouse, walking in the gardens, and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. This mixed transaction led to lawsuits, and Bishop Wren to prison. At length, in the reign of Queen Anne, the business was ended by the settlement of 100*l.* per annum, in perpetuity, on the see of Ely.

The 'twenty bushels of roses' may set Londoners thinking, with some wonder, what could have been the atmosphere of Holborn in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The neighbourhood was horticultural and pastoral ; and we still retain the names of Saffron Hill and Field Lane. This site was probably the most beautiful and romantic of a very delightful district. But Saffron Hill has long since lost its horticultural character, and has been probably the most squalid and disreputable portion of this dirty town. Field Lane was, even within ordinary memory, an 'exchange' for highly-coloured pocket-handkerchiefs ; the lane was hung with them in hundreds, from one end to the other, and on each side of the narrow way, the reputed booty of the London pickpockets. It used to be said that a passenger entering at one end of the lane might have his property displayed before him, damped and ironed, when he reached the other end ; the ways of business there were so immediate and prompt. The railways and the Viaduct, with the resultant streets and buildings, have swept most of this rookery away ; and those who in their comfortable railway carriages pass along the valley very seldom think how beautiful and then how vile the neighbourhood has been.

Descending from this point along the valley of the lower Fleet, we find that in 1606 flood-gates were erected in the river, and in 1670 the channel was enlarged to allow barges as far as Holborn Bridge, where the water at low tide was five feet deep. But, becoming increasingly a sewer and a nuisance, this lower part of the river was in 1734 arched over ; and Fleet Market, occupying, as some of us can well remember, the whole space from Holborn Bridge to the foot of Ludgate Hill, was opened in 1737. The market was, however, cleared away some fifty years ago, and left a fine broad street, that might have been, but

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but failed to be, a pattern for new streets and 'avenues' in London.

On either side of the estuary of the Fleet, called Bridewell Dock, between Fleet Bridge and the Thames, were Bridewell Palace and the house of the Black Friars. That these two places should be chosen in 1522 as the residence of Charles V. of Spain and his attendant nobles, seems to show that they were notable for their attractiveness and local scenery. It was at Bridewell, to the west of the river, that Queen Katherine received 'Campeius,' and the King first broke with Wolsey; as we read in the third act of Henry VIII. Bridewell was afterwards a workhouse for the poor, and other still less eligible people, who are always with us. This became a nuisance; and the place being under the Managers of Bethlehem Hospital, both men and women were whipped on their naked backs before the Court of Governors. The president sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when his hammer fell. The calls to *Knock*, when women were flogged, were loud and incessant. Bridewell was subsequently a house of correction, until the City Prison at Holloway was built, when it was, most of it, pulled down.

It may be noticed that all the buildings that have been referred to were within half a mile of the Thames or of the Fleet. These rivers, down to the seventeenth century, were the great highways of London. Along the routes of inland traffic there were some suburban lines of houses on the northern and the eastern roads, and on the further side of London Bridge, in Southwark; but the local intercourse of those inhabitants of London who could afford an equipage was carried on by means of boats and barges. Even the Globe Theatre was placed south of the Thames as the convenient highway for multitudes of people; and probably in Shakspeare's times there were more boats in London than there are now on all the tidal River Thames. The river was the Regent Street, Hyde Park, and Piccadilly of the period; the fashionable 'course' or 'ride.' The fashion was not wholly discontinued even in our somewhat recent times. The City Companies and Corporation used to own great barges on the river; and King William IV. once went by barge in grand procession from Whitehall to Greenwich. Still more recently, the Lord Mayor's Show has been, one half of it, aquatic; but the improvement of the local thoroughfares by land, and the deficiency of watermen upon the river, with the want of public interest in the London Thames, have put an end to this once favourite pageant on the river.

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On apparently sufficient data, the population of London in the reign of Charles I. has been estimated at 131,000, an increase of about 100,000 in three hundred years, or at the rate of 333 per annum. It is probable that immigration would account for the whole of this increase; so that the birth-rate during these three centuries would not exceed the rate of death and emigration. This slow increment of population would suffice to cover what was formerly the garden ground within the walls, the new outer Wards, and the sites of the old monasteries. The architectural distinction of the place was almost lost when the religious houses and their lofty churches were destroyed. The masons missed their noblest kind of work; but still in private houses of all kinds they, under foreign influence, worked out the Elizabethan and the Jacobean styles. These promptly passed away; and then the pseudo-classic architectural designs of Inigo Jones were welcomed. A great colonnade was added, in grotesque impertinence, to the western elevation of St. Paul's, and a contrivance for securing grateful shade in southern climates was adopted here, with emphasis of gloom, where light is chiefly needed. Jones's designs are much belauded as superior art; yet his small Water-Gate is but a costly toy, the extravagant details quite overwhelming the design. At Covent Garden Church the light wooden pediment and cornice look absurd above such massive columns; and though the Banqueting House at Whitehall is handsome, this is principally due to the abundance of material, the details being coarse and common-place. Walls five feet thick, with little window-opening, and all faced with massive-looking Portland stone, must be effective when contrasted with most modern building work.

As the Reformation had destroyed the monasteries, so the Fire overwhelmed the parish churches, the cathedral, and some two-thirds of the houses. By this time, moreover, the artistic, independent school of mediæval building had become almost extinct. There still remained some workmen capable of good, and their sporadic efforts are in a few cases still remaining. But the people had been greatly weaned from everything associated with the 'old religion;' and Renaissance forms became the fashion. Here then was the end of building as an art in England. The ship-timbered gabled houses gradually gave place to brickwork with flat horizontal parapets and cornices, and large square window openings. The native picturesqueness of the town was going, as its great magnificence had gone; and there was neither the desire, nor the tradition and ability to effect an architectural vernacular revival. Both the public and the workmen

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workmen were estranged from art; and it became the esoteric subject for collections and museums. Charles I. had a magnificent collection of Italian and other foreign pictures, and the Arundel Museum was begun. There was a fair endeavour to recover by the help of semi-classic forms some dignity for London architecture; and St. Paul's, and many churches built by Wren and his successors, do great credit to this laudable attempt. Science, and sense of form, and wealth, and great intelligence, produced some works of beauty of a certain imitative kind, and much fantastic composition. But the system was entirely unpopular; its great merit was its alien scholasticism; it was quite 'superior' in its origin, and method, and esteemed result. It was no workman's art, ubiquitous, and based upon the instincts and requirements of the common people, and then raised to majesty and glory by the commanding and creative genius of the greater few. It was an exclusive system, whose prime merit lay in its exclusiveness; and so it has, for some two hundred years, been chiefly but a demonstration of the learned impotence and social vanity of architectural pretenders.

This brings us to the period of the Revolution, and to the beginning of the Funded Debt. Internal peace secured domestic savings; and external and extended commerce brought large profits; so that an increasing number of the people lived upon invested capital; and capital, besides, required investments. Here then was the opportunity for a large extension of the London suburbs, to provide sufficient houses for stockholders, men of capital, and men of trade; and all round the City villages expanded into little towns, and London gradually spread across the intervening fields. Indeed the life and character and aspect of our modern London had begun. Yet all the district near Park Lane was still considered so remote, that Edmund Burke remonstrated with the Marquis of Rockingham for going to reside so far away as Grosvenor Square. Just as, still later on, the servants of Lord Littleton, when he was about to move from Portman Square, gave warning. 'They would not,' they declared, 'go with him to such an unheard-of part of the world as Grosvenor Place.' London has not ceased or hesitated in its great expansion; and the names of streets, especially at the West-end, are like a nominal index of contemporary history. To attempt a definition of this constant yet irregular movement, at any special period, would be futile; as well seek to mark the annual limits of a growing tree. But almost all the houses were erected in the meanest style of brickwork; monuments of sordid industry, revealing the most abject degradation

of the workmen who had formerly so glorified the great metropolis, as well as the artistic death of the entire population.

Such then was the aspect and condition of the great metropolis during the earlier periods of which Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham's elaborate work discourses; and we shall now endeavour to select appropriate paragraphs, referring chiefly to a later date, that may supply, in a few pages, a fair specimen of these most interesting volumes. It might seem that being in the Dictionary form the articles must be so curt and fragmentary that no reading of them would be possible; and that the book must be a work of reference only. On the contrary the paragraphs are fully long enough for interesting study; and a clear conception of the general circumstances of society in London at each period of its history will serve as a connecting thread, uniting all the varied and amusing information into a coherent chronicle.

Probably no equal area in the world is so replete as London with historic scenes of personal and social interest. Paris, by its revolutions and its transformations, has in great part lost such records of the homes of its celebrities; but here we have streets full of incident to entertain the student of society and history. South Audley Street, for instance, leading from the west of Grosvenor Square to Curzon Street, and built in 1730, has a multitude of memories.

'Lord Bute lived at No. 73 during his greatest unpopularity, and died there March 10, 1792; in the Wilkes' riots the mob made a furious attack on his house. In 1758, Home, the author of "Douglas," was in lodgings in this street, "to be near Lord Bute," Holcroft, the dramatist, about 1761, worked for some time in a cobbler's stall in this street. General Paoli, till he had a house of his own. Boswell, when in London, constantly resided at General Paoli's, where he was "entertained with the kindest attention," and when Boswell was ill in bed in Paoli's house, Johnson brought Reynolds to sit with him.* Sir William Jones (opposite Audley Square), his widow died here in 1829. In 1814 Charles X. of France, in No. 72. Louis XVIII. lived at one time in this street; No. 77 was Alderman Sir Matthew Wood's. Here Queen Caroline took up her abode on her arrival from Italy in June, 1820, and used at first to appear on the balcony and bow to the mob assembled in the street. The Alderman and his family removed to Fladong's Hotel. In No. 14 Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, executed all his principal works, and there died, September 1, 1856. At No. 8, Archbishop Markham (d. 1807); at No. 15, Baron Bunsen was living in 1841. Curzon House, No. 8, was till 1876 the residence

* 'Boswell's Johnson,' by Croker, p. 505, etc.

of Earl Howe. In the vaults and cemetery of Grosvenor Chapel, on the east side of the street, are interred—Ambrose Phillips, the poet, ridiculed by Pope (d. 1797); Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (d. 1762); Daniel Malet, the poet (d. 1765); William Whitehead, poet (d. 1785); John Wilkes (d. 1797), to whom there is a tablet with this inscription from his own pen: "The remains of John Wilkes, a Friend to Liberty." Lord Chancellor Northington was married in this chapel, 1743, by (the future) Bishop Newton. On June 22, 1749, David Garrick was married to Eva Maria Violette in the Roman Catholic Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in South Audley Street.*

Here, in this little street we have mementoes of distinguished politicians, poets, and Pretenders, and of royalty in various conditions of misfortune; while Diplomacy and Literature, the Church and Law, the Theatre and Art, are also represented. No one who has read this paragraph can pass along South Audley Street as if he had not read it. It is a misfortune not to recognise Paoli's house, and the bedchamber in which this historic interview took place. The personal appearance of the three celebrities, under the circumstances, and considering their sartorial repute, must be a subject of some curious and picturesque ideas.

Diversity is of course a characteristic of any local and sectional account of London; and we pass on to a suburban burial-ground, fronting Hyde Park, and belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square. Here Laurence Sterne (d. 1768) failed to find his last resting-place. He was buried against the middle of the west wall, where is a headstone to his memory; but the corpse was dug up by the body-snatchers, and sold to the Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, and was recognised by a student who was present at the dissection. Sterne was taken ill 'at the silk bag shop' (No. 41, now a tailor's) on the west side of Old Bond Street; and he died there March 18, 1768. 'I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging; the mistress opened the door; I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse; I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said "Now it is come!" He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.'* In the ante-chapel is the inscription to Mrs. Maloney which is so often misquoted:—

'Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Jane Molony, who lies interred in a vault underneath this chapel, daughter of Anthony Shee, of Castle Bar, in the County of Mayo, Esq., who was married to Miss Burke of Curry, in the said County, and cousin to the Right Hon. Edmond Burke, commonly called the Sublime, whose bust is here surmounted

* 'Travels of John Macdonald (a footman).'

or subjoined (there is no bust). The said Jane was cousin to the late Countess of Buckinghamshire, and was married to three successive husbands. . . . The said Mrs. Molony, otherwise Shee, died in London in January, 1839, aged 74. She was hot, passionate and tender, and a highly accomplished lady, and a superb drawer in water-colours, which was much admired in the Exhibition room in Somerset House some years past—

‘Though lost for ever, still a friend is dear.
The heart yet pays a tributary tear.’

‘This monument was erected by her deeply afflicted husband, the said Edmond Molony in memory of her great virtue and talents. Beloved and deeply regretted by all who knew her. For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’

But, leaving the graveyard, let us return to fashionable life. The book is very alluring; wherever opened there is something to attract, and to engage the attention. All the life of London for three centuries is here most neatly docketed and pigeon-holed. There is no wading to be done; you dive directly into every subject, and rejoice that all is clear; or if discursiveness should be preferred, cross references and the dictionary form bring everything immediately to hand. At Curzon Street, May Fair, we find ourselves again in excellent, and also mixed, society. We seem to see the people living now around us. In this street lived:—

‘Pope’s Lord Marchmont. Richard Stonehewer, the friend and correspondent of Gray, in No. 14. Mason, the poet, in 1775, when he wrote to Mr. Nichols, coolly proposing that the originals of his letters from Gray, “should be so disposed of as not to impeach the editor’s fidelity.”’

‘December 15, 1786.—I was at Lady Macartney’s last night. They have got a charming house in Curzon Street, as cheap as old clothes. It was Lord Carteret’s, and all antiqued and grotesqued by Adam, with an additional room in the court, fourscore feet long, then dedicated to orgies, now to books.’—*H. Walpole to Lady Ossory.*

‘Lady Macartney died at this house (No. 30) in 1806. General Elliott (Lord Heathfield) was living here in 1782. No. 16 was the residence for twenty-five years of Sir Henry Hallford, the distinguished physician, and he died here, March 9, 1844. Sir Francis Chantrey, when a young man and undistinguished, in an attic in No. 24. Here he modelled his head of Satan and his bust of Earl St. Vincent. At this period of his life he derived his chief support from a Mrs. D’Oyley, the friend of Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Vesey, &c., who lived at No. 21. “In an hour,” writes Baron Bunson, June 24, 1841, “I shall move to No. 8, Curzon Street, Miss Berry’s house.” He stayed there till August 15. The Miss Berry’s, Mary and Agnes—Horace Walpole’s Berry’s—continued to reside at No. 8 till their deaths in 1852—Agnes in January, Mary in November. Madame Vestris,

Vestris, when at the height of her popularity and beauty, lived at No. 1, pulled down about 1849. In the retiring house opposite Curzon Chapel lived Lord Wharnccliffe, the great-grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and editor of her "Works." Mr. Edward Shepherd (the builder of Shepherd's Market) lived at this house in 1708. Opposite to May Fair Chapel was the Chapel of "the Rev. Alexander Keith," where marriages were performed in the same manner as that which made the Fleet notorious, until the Marriage Act in 1753 put an end to them. Here the Duke of Kingston married Miss Chudleigh, and James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, the younger of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings.'

'To prevent mistakes the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner house opposite to the city side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it. The minister and clerk live in the same corner house where the little chapel is; and the licence on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore at any house, till four in the afternoon, and that it may be better known, there is a porch at the door, like a country church porch.' (Keith's 'Advertisement.')

'The Earl of Beaconsfield removed to No. 19, Curzon Street, at the beginning of 1881, and died there on the morning of April 19 following.'

As monuments of past events and times are cleared away and disappear, their records and memorials become increasingly of value. And of these few are of more interest than those concerning Bedford House at Bloomsbury. When it is considered how compactly built was London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a house occupying the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury Square, with gardens extending over the southern half of Russell Square, must have had a most impressive and palatial appearance. The view was open to the north as far as Hampstead, and within that distance there was very little building. When the house was built it was, in fact, hardly suburban. Tottenham Court Road and Holborn were like country roads, there was so little population on their borders or beyond them, and no other road from east to west occurred until the crest of Highgate Hill, four miles away. The court of Bedford House was one of the first places where the acacia was seen in England, though its general adoption as a garden tree is due to William Cobbett's patronizing advocacy.

'The wall before Bedford House, a wall of singular beauty and elegance, which extended on the north side of Bloomsbury Square from east to west, and the gates of which were decorated with those lovely monsters, sphinxes, very finely carved in stone. Between this wall and the mansion was a spacious courtyard, far better harmonising
with

with the rank of such a dwelling than the underground area and paltry railing of the fashionable residence of the present day. The house itself was a long, low, white edifice, kept, in the old Duke's time, in the nicest state of good order, and admirably in unison with the snow-white livery of the family.' (L. M. Hawkins, 'Memoirs.')

'I have a perfect recollection of its venerable grandeur, as I surveyed it in the distance, shaded with the thick foliage of magnificent lime-trees; the fine verdant lawn extended a considerable distance between these, and was guarded by a deep ravine to the north from the intrusive footsteps of the daring. Whilst in perfect safety were grazing various breeds of foreign and other sheep, which from their singular appearance excited the gaze and admiration of the curious.' (Dobie, 'History of Bloomsbury.')

Here is an account of the dispersal of all this grandeur, from the 'Annual Register':—

'May 7, 1800.—The Duke of Bedford, having disposed of the materials of Bedford House for 5000*l.* or 6000*l.*, a sale of the furniture, pictures, &c., by Mr. Christie, commenced this day. . . . The late Duke fitted up the gallery (which was the only room of consequence in the house), and placed in it Sir James Thornhill's copies of the cartoons, which that artist was three years about, which he bought at the sale of that eminent artist's collection for 200*l.* "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," by Raphael, fetched 95 guineas. A beautiful painting by Gainsborough of an Italian Villa, 90 guineas, 'The Archduke Leopold's Gallery,' by Teniers, 210 guineas. A most beautiful landscape, by Cuyp, for 200 guineas. Two beautiful bronze figures, Venus de Medicis and Antinous, 20 guineas; and Venus couchant, from the antique, 20 guineas. The week after were sold the double rows of lime-trees in the garden, valued one at 90*l.*, the other at 80*l.*; which are all taken down, and the site of a new square of nearly the dimensions of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to be called Russell Square, has been laid out.'

Great Ormond Street, to the north-east of Bloomsbury, is one of the most interesting streets in London. Although there has been some new building, it retains the general aspect of a hundred and sixty years ago; and Hatton, in 1708, describes it as a 'street of fine new buildings.' Several of the houses have a picturesque effect, and they have good, if not elaborate, old iron work. Being somewhat out of the way, the street has now few visitors, except on business; but it is full of old-time memories, as it was once a very pleasant place. 'That side of it next the fields,' says Ralph, writing in 1734, 'is beyond question one of the most charming situations about town.' Here lived

'Dr. Hickes, author of the "Thesaurus." "Direct to me," he writes to Thoresby, "at my house in Ormond Street, in Red Lion

Lion Fields." Robert Nelson, the author of "Fasts and Festivals," removed here from Blackheath in 1703. Soame Jenyns, whose "Free Inquiry" was so mercilessly criticised by Dr. Johnson, was born in this street at the exact hour of midnight between December 31st, 1703, and January 1st, 1704; he chose the latter for his birthday and year. Sir Constantine Phipps, after his dismissal from the post of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and return to England to practice at the Bar in Westminster Hall, had his residence in Great Ormond Street; and thither, on more than one occasion, he was escorted in triumph by a Jacobite mob after pleading in defence of the Jacobite lords, 1715-1718. Somewhat curiously the Earl of Hardwicke lived in this street at the time he presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of the Jacobite lords in 1746, and went from his house to Westminster Hall in great state, in a procession of six coaches, each drawn by six horses, besides his own State carriage, behind which stood ten tall footmen. Dr. Stukeley, "next door to the Duke of Powis," from whence he dates his "Itinerarium Curiosum" (folio, 1724). Dr. Mead, at No. 49, the corner of *Powis Place*, where is now the Hospital for Sick Children. This celebrated physician died here in 1754. There was a good garden behind the house, at the bottom of which was a gallery and museum filled with pictures, statues, engraved gems, coins and medala, drawings by eminent masters, engravings, Greek and Latin MSS., and a fine collection of rare and choice books—altogether, as was supposed, a collection unrivalled by any private possessor. Lord Chancellor Thurlow, at No. 45. The Great Seal of England was stolen from this house on the night of March 24th, 1784, the day before the dissolution of Parliament. The thieves got in by scaling the garden wall, and forcing two iron bars out of the kitchen window. They then made their way to the Chancellor's study, broke open the drawers of his lordship's writing-table, ransacked the room, and carried away the Great Seal, rejecting the pouch as of little value, and the mace as too unwieldy. Sheridan, as representing Fox, sat with Lord Thurlow till two o'clock in the morning, just two nights before the Chancellor declared that if ever he should forget his King he trusted God would forget him! Here the young George Crabbe dined with the Chancellor, and on parting was told that "by God he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen!" The house is now the Working Men's College. Dr. Hawsworth was living in this street in 1773. John Howard, the great prison reformer, was resident here in May 1780, when Hayley sent him the poem he had addressed to him. Lord Eldon, when first entering Parliament (1783), was living in this street. He left it about 1792. Chief Justice Sir J. Eardley Wilmot (d. 1792) was also a resident. Southey's friend, Charles Butler, died here June 2, 1832. At No. 50 Macaulay with his father and family settled in 1823. "A large rambling house," says his biographer, "at the corner of Powis Place, and was said to have been the residence of Lord Chancellor Thurlow at the time when the Great Seal was stolen from
his

his custody." This is a mistake; it was part of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's, Lord Thurlow's being No. 45.'

There is in London a Society that, with reverential public spirit, undertakes to label houses that have been inhabited by persons of celebrity; and much is due to them for what they have accomplished. Yet a great extension of their efforts might be made; and were its officers to study these three volumes they might find ten times as many houses as they have already indicated that are worthy of authoritative recognition. The medallions give the date of birth and death of each celebrity, but do not say how long, and when, they lived in each marked house, nor yet in which apartment. This more perfect information is, however, of peculiar interest. To take the case of Dickens, who, when writing '*Pickwick*,' lived in Furnival's Inn. The tablet does not give the dates of his arrival and departure, or his age when he was there, nor yet the suite of rooms, among a dozen in the house, that he was known to occupy. For any information that the label offers it might just as well have been set up above the gateway of the Inn. If we remember rightly Dickens lived in the front room, and others possibly, upon the third floor to the right of the front door; and in his lively moods his antics were a few years later thought by neighbours opposite to have been just the kind that certain characters of his invention might have played in their exuberant youth.

Until quite recent memory Furnival's Inn was reached by four most dangerous defiles. Chancery Lane, unwidened, and the crooked course by Castle Street, now re-named Furnival Street; Gray's Inn Lane, extremely narrow, with the steep descent of Elm Street, on the omnibus route to Islington, a habitual place of slaughter of the (*quasi*) innocents; the narrow gut at Middle Row; and the precipitous ascent of Holborn Hill. In no part of London has there been more beneficial change; and though the Holborn Viaduct is showy and self-conscious to absurdity, and Chancery Lane has not outgrown its narrow appellation, and the substitute for Elm Street is ridiculously mean as the improved communication and main thoroughfare for near a million people; still, to those who well remember what a trap this part of Holborn used to be, the change is very great; and, as in many other parts of London, the surprise has been that all the improvements were not made a century before. But here we reach the very boundary of our subject; London in the Past is passing from our view, and we must leave the Present for a future opportunity.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Thanotophidia of India ; being a description of the Venomous Snakes of that Peninsula.* By J. Fayrer, M.D., C.S.I., F.R.S.E. 1872.
2. *Reptilia and Batrachia.* By George A. Boulenger, F.Z.S. Being part of the *Fauna of British India*, edited by W. T. Blanford. 1890.
3. *Snakes : Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life.* By Catherine C. Hopley. 1882.

THE half-instinctive dislike, or even horror, which is commonly felt for serpents, forms one of many arguments in favour of the belief that man had his origin in one of the warmer regions of the earth, where alone animals of this kind abound. How well justified in hot countries such feelings are, is shown by the work of Sir Joseph Fayrer, who records no less than 11,416 deaths in one year in India, although the central province of Hindostan is excluded from his calculation. Altogether no less than 20,000 human lives are probably thus lost in India every year.

Nevertheless, of the fifteen hundred different species of snakes which are now known to naturalists, the great majority are not poisonous, and of the four kinds of snakes, or snake-like creatures, which inhabit our own land, only one is venomous. But this distaste for serpents which most persons experience, gives way, in many instances, to a feeling of interest as soon as, without risk or danger, they become better understood. The collection of animals at our Zoological Gardens has now for many years included a considerable number of snakes, and so has greatly helped to diffuse a more rational sentiment in their regard. The popular work of Miss Catherine Hopley has also done good service of the same kind. But much yet remains to be effected before that admiration for serpents, which their beauty and the many points of interest they possess really call for, is felt by educated persons in general.

Over and above this half-instinctive feeling of repugnance, there still exists among many persons a belief that snakes are creatures of more or less defective organization. Deprived of legs, and reduced to effect their movements by sinuous windings of their elongated body and tail, they have an appearance of helplessness which may by itself excite compassion. Yet no mistake of the kind could well be greater. The principles of evolution suffice to make it evident that the structure of serpents must be tolerably good, or else they could never have survived Nature's many destructive agencies. But in fact their structure is a marvel of admirable contrivances and accurate adjustments,

so that we must affirm them to be as perfectly adapted to their requirements and peculiar modes of life, as any other animals. Sir Richard Owen said, more than thirty years ago *—

‘It is true the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outlimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing; thus all these creatures fall its prey. The serpent has neither hands nor talons, yet it can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds. Far from licking up its food as it glides along, the serpent lifts up its crushed prey, and presents it, grasped in the death-coil as in a hand, to the gaping slime-dropping mouth.’

Serpents together constitute one order of the class of Reptiles, the other still existing members of that class constituting three other plainly distinct orders, namely: (1) Crocodiles; (2) Lizards; (3) Tortoises. But the variety of forms which reptilian life now presents, is small indeed compared with what existed during that vast period of time which intervened between the final formation of the Coal deposits, and the formation of the Chalk, which constitutes our North and South Downs.

At different epochs during the time known as the ‘Secondary’ period, the surface of the earth seems to have been so predominantly peopled with reptile life, that it has been called ‘the Age of Reptiles.’ Then huge *Iguanodons* stalked or leaped about in the Wealds of Sussex and Hampshire. Of these *Iguanodons* marvellously complete skeletons are to be seen (mounted in the attitudes of life) in the Royal Museum of Brussels; a sight in itself sufficient to induce a visit to that capital. Other smaller reptiles browsed on the foliage of the then existing plains, and were pursued and preyed upon by fell reptilian monsters of various kinds. The sea also swarmed with reptiles (*Ichthyosauri*), as aquatic as the whales and dolphins of our own day. And not only were the earth and seas thus peopled, but there were flying reptiles of different kinds and sizes, known as *Pterodactyles*.

Among all these multitudinous forms, however, serpents are hardly known† to have had a place; and scarcely any of their remains have as yet been found below those clays, sands, and gravels which began to deposit themselves in hollows on the surface of the Chalk, and which are known as the earliest

* ‘A History of British Fossil Reptiles,’ p. 152.

† An imperfectly known fossil, from the Chalk, has been supposed to be that of a snake, and the name *Simoliophis* has been proposed for it.

'Tertiary' deposits. They are called *Eocene*, because in them we meet with the dawn, as it were, of the existing animal population of our globe. Then great snakes, from twenty to thirty feet long, inhabited England and North America; and as these existed thus fully developed in the earliest Tertiary times, they probably also lived in the later Secondary period, in the deposits of which other remains will no doubt, sooner or later, be found. Serpents, therefore, were venerable inhabitants of the earth when human feet first trod its soil; and many of their kind already had become extinct.

Serpents are thus a relatively modern order of the class of reptiles, subsequent to the class of fishes, but anterior to those of birds and beasts.

The common snake is from three to four feet long, and can, as a rule, be readily recognized by the presence of a yellowish-white transverse mark, bordered posteriorly by black, on the neck, immediately behind the head. The presence of this very conspicuous 'collar' may serve as a sign to any one that the creature possessing it is entirely harmless, and may be handled with impunity. It never bites, nor could it do any harm if it did. The upper surface of the head, body, and tail is of a brownish-grey with a green tinge, with two rows of small black spots, which may so coalesce as to form a series of transverse rings. The under-surface of the creature is bluish, marbled with black. There is no sign of a limb externally, nor are there any rudiments of shoulder or breast bones within the substance of the body. The head is oval and flattened, and broader than the neck. The body is very long, and not marked off from the tapering tail by any constriction. The gape is so wide, that the aperture of the mouth (which is without lips) extends back far behind the eye—which has no eyelids. No ear-opening is to be detected, though there are small nostrils near the end of the muzzle.

The body is everywhere invested with scales. Those on the upper parts are small lancet-shaped (each bearing a longitudinal ridge or keel), except on the head, which is covered by nine large smooth, flat scales, or 'shields,' symmetrically disposed. Such shields also clothe the jaws and the sides of the head, behind the eyes. The underside of the body bears from a hundred and sixty to a hundred and ninety large broad scales or 'plates,' each undivided, reaching completely across that surface of the animal. The tail is similarly clothed with a series of divided or double plates, and of these there are from fifty to eighty pairs.

The tongue is long, extremely flexible, and cleft in front for about

about one-third of its length. This portion is constantly and rapidly exerted and withdrawn by the animal; and is supposed by the vulgar to be its 'sting.' The jaws are furnished with rows of small pointed teeth, which curve backwards. There is one row along the outer side of either jaw, while two other rows extend from before backwards on either side of the hinder part of the palate.

The human skin is shed in such minute pieces that it ordinarily comes away unnoticed. But the skin of a snake comes away whole, two or three times a year, and is drawn off, inside out, from the head backwards, as the creature creeps through some bush, to which it is left attached. Before it is shed, the skin loses its colour, and the eyes become dim—because their outer skin is cast with the rest. The snake emerges very brightly coloured from its old skin, and its markings are then most distinct.

The snake hibernates; that is, it passes the late autumn and winter seasons in a state of torpor coiled up in the hollow roots of trees, or in cavities protected by bushes. With the return of warmth it issues forth in pursuit of prey and to breed. The female lays from sixteen to twenty eggs in a string, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun, or by the warmth of decomposing matter; they are often found in dung-heaps.

The common snake is very fond of water. Its food consists exclusively of frogs or fishes. All snakes eat either living food (including eggs) or creatures they have themselves killed. When pursued by a snake, the frog seems to be half paralyzed with fear, leaping less and less powerfully as the snake approaches it more nearly, and uttering feeble cries. If a stick be so pushed through the grass towards a frog as to imitate the movement of a snake, the frog will exhibit the symptoms of terror just noted. The snake usually seizes a frog by the hind leg, but should it be taken by the middle of the body it turns the frog round, by dexterous movements of its jaws, till the head comes to be directed towards the snake, when it is swallowed head foremost. It is swallowed whole, and at first sight it might seem an impossible thing for a snake to swallow a creature much larger and thicker than its own whole head and neck. The fact is, that a serpent does not so much 'swallow' its prey as slowly drag itself over the creature it devours; being enabled so to do by the elasticity of its skin, and the extraordinary loose way in which the bones of its head, especially its teeth-bearing bones, are connected together. The two halves of the lower jaw, instead of being, as in most animals, tightly bound together in front,

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can be stretched very far apart. Those bones also which compose the upper jaw can be widely separated, and also separately moved, so that while the frog is tightly held by some of the tooth-bearing bones, others can withdraw from their first hold, and again implant their teeth further on. Thus by degrees the frog is drawn within the gullet—or rather (as before said) the snake draws itself over it, and so engulfs the frog. Even after the frog has passed down into the snake's stomach, its position is for a time externally visible by the local enlargement. Digestion, however, takes place very rapidly.

When several snakes are kept in one cage, and a live frog is thrown among them, two or more snakes will often seize it simultaneously, and then each snake will begin to swallow it from its own point of attachment. Soon, however, the jaws of the rival snakes come in contact, and then follows a decisive contest.

On one occasion the late Mr. Bell—the well-known naturalist and former President of the Linneæan Society—observed such a contest. He tells us* :—

‘On placing a frog in a large box, in which were several snakes, one of the latter instantly seized it by one of the hinder legs, and immediately afterwards another of the snakes took forcible possession of the fore-leg of the opposite side. Each continued its inroads upon the poor frog's limb and body until at length the upper jaws of the two snakes met, and one of them in the course of its progress slightly bit the jaw of the other. This was retaliated, though evidently without any hostile feeling; but after one or two such accidents, the most powerful of the snakes commenced shaking the other, which still had hold of the frog, with great violence, from side to side, against the sides of the box. After a few moments' rest, the other returned the attack, and at length the one which had last seized the frog, having a less firm hold, was shaken off and the victor swallowed the prey in quiet. No sooner was this curious contest over than I put another frog into the box, which was at once seized and swallowed by the unsuccessful combatant.’

The frog generally remains alive, not only while being eaten, but, for a short time, after being swallowed. Mr. Bell once saw a very small frog jump out of the mouth of a snake which happened to gape widely (as they often do), after having taken the frog down into its gullet.

The ringed, or common snake, is easily tamed, and will plainly recognize the master who feeds and caresses it—some-

* ‘British Reptiles,’ pp. 50-51.

times even nestling spontaneously in some part of his dress. Mr. Bell had one which when let out of its box would crawl up the sleeve of his coat and hiss at any stranger that meddled with it.

Although the snake appears to have no legs or feet, it may be said to be practically supplied with upwards of a hundred pairs of them. In fact each joint of the back-bone bears a pair of ribs which are mobile, and have their points attached to the inner surface of one of the large transverse plate-like scales which clothe the under-surface of the body. Thus, by the movements of the ribs attached to it, each such plate can be drawn forward, and its margin applied to the ground. By the successive application of these multitudinous plates, the body can be drawn forward in a straight line, without its being thrown into undulations from side to side. But rapid movements are also effected by such undulations; and serpents can, by pressure and appropriate muscular action, climb trees and sometimes spring forward. They also swim easily by lateral flexures; but no serpents advance by vertical bendings of the body, though they are so often drawn in such an attitude.

The common snake is found throughout Europe (save in Ireland, the Orkneys, Hebrides, Shetland Islands, and Iceland), extending northwards in Scandinavia to 65°. It abounds in Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, and occurs, though rarely, in Algiers, but not thence eastwards in Africa. It is found in Persia and Western Siberia and Asia, as far as Lake Baikal. In the Alps it ascends to an altitude of 6000 feet.

The common snake, which bears the scientific name of *Tropidonotus natrix*, is one species of a genus (*Tropidonotus*) which extends over Europe and North America, and from Northern Asia to North Australia—there being seventeen or eighteen Indian species alone. For all that concerns not only the snakes but the reptiles of India, as well as for the most scientific views with respect to classification, we must refer our readers to the truly admirable work of Mr. Geo. H. Boulenger, F.Z.S., of the British Museum—a gentleman who devotes his remarkable and untiring energy, and his great powers of observation to the cause of zoological science. Our common snake may serve as an example of the largest family into which serpents are divided—the family *Colubridæ**—of which there are upwards of one hundred and sixty-five species in India alone.

* So named because Linnæus gave the name of *Coluber* to a kind now taken as a type of the whole family.

This family contains most of the harmless snakes; and it is also illustrated by a small snake, *Coronella austriaca*, which some years ago was discovered to be an inhabitant of Dorsetshire and Hampshire. The *Coronella* feeds exclusively on lizards, slow-worms, and small snakes. Though harmless, it will bite. We recollect being told by the late Frank Buckland of his having driven to Paddington Station to receive a small hamper containing live specimens of this snake, just after its discovery in this country. The hamper was tied on behind his carriage, and some thieves cut the cords and stole it. Great was Mr. Buckland's annoyance; probably, however, it was exceeded by that of the thieves.

A very different primary division, or family, of serpents is exemplified by a third kind of English snake—namely, the adder or viper. This is readily distinguished from the common snake by the absence of the collar, and by the presence of a dark zigzag stripe, or chain of dark spots, running down the middle of the back. It bears also its initial letter on its head—a more or less V-shaped dark mark with the apex forwards; the pupil of the eye, moreover, is vertical instead of round. Its ground colour varies considerably, from brownish yellow to reddish or dark brown, or greenish olive. It is also a much smaller animal than a full-grown ringed snake, as it rarely, if ever, exceeds thirty-three inches in length, and may be but twenty-five inches long. The shields of the head are smaller and less regular in form and disposition. The great distinction, however, of the viper, as compared with the common snake, is in its teeth. Instead of there being a series of small teeth within the margin of the upper jaw, there is a single, long, curved and very pointed tooth on either side. These two teeth are the poison fangs. When not in use they lie with the points backwards along the roof of the mouth, but can be erected at will. Behind each such poison-fang there are one or two others, in order to replace the one in use when needed. Each fang is very deeply grooved in front; so deeply, indeed, that the two margins meet together in front save at its upper and lower ends of the groove. Thus the groove is practically converted into a canal which traverses the substance of the tooth. Into the upper, unclosed, end of the groove a small tube passes, which is the duct of a salivary or spittle-gland, and this is the organ which secretes the poison of the adder. The gland is placed on either side of the upper jaw, extending behind the eye, and the poison, or saliva it forms, is conveyed by the duct just mentioned into the canal of the poison-fang, whence it escapes through a very small aperture
near

near the point of the tooth. The poison-fang is erected by the action of muscles on the small bone to which it is attached. When about to strike, the viper raises the anterior part of its body, with the neck bent backwards, and the head in a horizontal position. This is then thrown forwards with lightning rapidity, and the fangs are buried in the flesh of the victim. The poison is a tasteless, inodorous, almost colourless, or more or less yellow fluid. It is most powerful when the snake is vigorous, and in the summer season. The bite is naturally the more serious in its consequences the longer the time since the viper last struck—repeated use rapidly diminishing its effect. The English viper may cause the death of a dog or of a delicate and weakly child. Small creatures, such as mice, will sometimes die a few minutes after being struck.

Unlike the ringed snake, it avoids water and damp places, and is a lover of dry sandy heaths, where it may be often seen lying, with flattened body, basking in the sunshine, when it sometimes seems reluctant to leave a chosen spot. It preys on mice, frogs, and sometimes on birds, and feeds in the same way as the ringed snake. Occasionally it will attempt to engulf too large an animal, and Mr. Bell found one, on Poole Heath, the skin of whose neck had thus been burst in several places. The female does not lay eggs; she hatches them internally, and brings forth her young alive. As soon as they are born they are fully active, and readily take the threatening posture assumed by their parent when about to strike.

The English viper extends over nearly the same geographical area as the common snake, but spreads a little further north and east. It is, indeed, the species which attains the highest degree of north latitude.

The primary division, or family, of serpents, of which, as before said, the English viper is a type, is a very small one—the *Viperidæ*—which contains only about two dozen distinct species. The species are exclusively confined to the old world, and have their head-quarters in tropical Africa. Not a few of them have scaly prominences or 'horns' standing up above their eyes, or towards the end of the muzzle. Among the former is the celebrated *Cerastes*, which has generally been supposed to have been the asp of Cleopatra.

A very handsome species is the Rhinoceros Viper, which bears, as its name suggests, horns on its nose. It is most beautifully coloured when freshly emerging from its cast skin, but its form is by no means elegant, being very thick in body with a bulldog-like head. It may attain a length of more than six feet, and is a very deadly animal.

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There are but two true vipers in India. One is that known as the Tic-polonga or Daboia, or Russell's Viper; it is a very venomous animal, and attains a length of nearly five feet. Sir Joseph Fayrer tells us :*—

'Fowls bitten by this snake expired in from thirty-five seconds to several minutes; dogs, in from several minutes to several hours; a cat in fifty-seven minutes; a horse in eleven and a half hours. Death was not in any case as rapid as after the cobra bite, but though slower in its action, the poison seems just as deadly. The blood remains fluid after death from the poison of the *Daboia*, whereas after cobra poisoning it coagulates firmly. The *Daboia* is nocturnal in its habits; in confinement it is sluggish, and does not readily strike, unless roused and irritated, when it bites with great force and determination. When disturbed it hisses fiercely. . . . It lives on small animals, such as rats, mice, and frogs. . . . It is apparently a hardy reptile. I had one about forty-four inches in length, which lived for a whole year without food or water; it obstinately refused either, and was vigorous and venomous to the last.'

It extends to Burmah and Siam as well as Ceylon, if not also to Sumatra and Java. In the Himalayas it is found up to an altitude of 6000 feet. The other Indian viper (*V. lebetina*) is, according to Mr. Boulenger,† found only in the North of Hindostan, in Northern Baluchistan, Afghanistan, and Kashmir.

An allied species, also very deadly, but belonging to a distinct genus, is the *Echis*. It is remarkable for producing, when excited, a peculiar hissing sound by the friction, one against another, of the curiously serrated scales which clothe its sides. It is much smaller than the *Daboia*, being less than twenty-seven inches long. As to this animal, Sir Joseph Fayrer tells us‡ it is very fierce and aggressive, and ready to attack, and that one he had killed a fowl in four minutes, another in two minutes, and a dog in about four hours.

The fourth reptile, before referred to, as living in England, is the blind worm. But it is not a snake at all, although it is distinguished in science by the misleading appellation *Anguis fragilis*. Really it is a legless lizard—of which there are various other species. It need not therefore further occupy our attention, as not coming within the scope of this article. We would, however, entreat such of our readers as live in the country, to use their best endeavours to prevent the destruction of this not only perfectly harmless but really useful little animal. It is indeed useful as a great destroyer of small caterpillars and slugs, and other similar creatures noxious to

* *Op. cit.* p. 15.
Vol. 174.—No. 348.

† *Op. cit.* p. 421.
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‡ *Op. cit.* p. 16.
vegetation.

vegetation. It differs from all serpents in that it has eyelids, and also shoulder and breast-bones concealed beneath the skin, and it further differs from almost all in not having a wide gape and distensible mouth.

There are, however, some snakes which agree with this legless lizard in the latter character, and so we may as well at once present our readers with a brief enumeration of the primary groups, or families, into which the whole Ophidian order is divisible.

We have seen that the common snake and our viper are representatives of two snake families; and it might be very easily supposed that the common snake is a type of all the harmless snakes, while the viper is a type of all the venomous ones. Such a supposition, however, would be erroneous. Poisonous serpents do not by any means constitute a natural group; and, on the principles of evolution, very distinct families of snakes must be supposed to have acquired the power of poisoning, and the peculiar structure of the Ophidian poisonfang quite separately. This, therefore, is a very striking illustration of the occurrence of the independent origin of closely similar structures. Thus, the family to which the ringed snake belongs—the *Colubridæ*—contains many very poisonous members, amongst them the cobra. The family of vipers (*Viperidæ*) is entirely poisonous. The same is the case with the family to which the famed rattle-snake belongs—the *Crotalidæ*—and also with the curious family of sea-snakes—the *Hydropidæ*. On the other hand, the family of boas and pythons—the *Boidæ*—is one quite devoid of venom, as also are the two families of worm-like snakes with small mouths—the blind-snakes (*Typhlopidae*), and the earth-snakes—also called ‘rough-tails’ or ‘shield-tails’—(*Uropeltidæ*).

The worm-like snakes are also called ‘burrowing-snakes,’ because they dwell under the surface of the ground and rarely appear above it, so that they live much as worms do. In accordance with this habit, their body is cylindrical and they have a short head, rounded or pointed in front, and a short but strong tail. They are encased in a dense armour of smooth polished scales, which are of small size on the belly as well as on the back and sides. As might be expected, the eyes are rudimentary; and there are few teeth, in some forms the lower jaw, and in others the upper one, being edentulous. Their food mostly consists of grubs, worms, and burrowing insects. They are of small size, often from about five to ten inches long, though some forms attain two feet. There are nearly a hundred different species, which are generally distributed over the hotter portions

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of the globe in both hemispheres. Fourteen species are found in India, and one inhabits Cyprus and Greece.

According to Miss Hopley, 'the coloured people are dreadfully afraid of its short blunt tail, which they think can sting. This tail is of great use as a fulcrum in burrowing, and when the animal is taken in the hand it will press the tip of its tail firmly against the fingers, to the terror of those who hold it, and who forthwith dash it down, though it is wholly powerless to injure.'

The rough-tails are also cylindrical and much like the blind-snakes, but have the tail very short, so that the hind part of their body often appears abruptly cut off, terminating, as it does, in a round disk or shield. There are about forty species, varying in length from seven to twenty-two inches. The whole group is confined to the mountainous regions of India and Ceylon. Mr. Boulenger tells us that

'they are often dug up about coffee and tea estates. Colonel Beddome, to whom science is indebted for the discovery of the great majority of the known species, obtained most of his specimens from under logs and large stones in the forests; but some are also found on the grass land at high elevations, and during the rainy season individuals are not unfrequently found about the roads. They are ovoviviparous, and live almost entirely upon earth-worms.'

The family of boas and pythons includes all the largest serpents known, though the species are not numerous. The type of this group is the boa constrictor, which is found in the New World only, ranging from Central America to Southern Brazil, and which may attain a length of about fourteen feet. It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin made into an elegant waistcoat worn by one of the Trustees of the British Museum. The boa and its allies are entirely confined to America, Australia, and the tropical Pacific islands. The pythons, on the other hand, are mostly from the Old World. Both the boas and pythons take their prey and kill it in the same manner, and differ in this respect from other serpents. The ordinary non-poisonous serpents, like our common snake, do not kill their prey before proceeding to eat it; while the poisonous ones, when they kill it, do so by biting. The boas and pythons always kill their prey. They have, however, no poison-fangs, but kill by crushing; and the act is performed with amazing rapidity. Afterwards they engulf it in the way already described with respect to the common snake. This mode of killing and feeding could be seen in the Reptile House of our Zoological Gardens, till the opposition of the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals forced the authorities of the Zoological Society to be cruel to their visitors, and deny them admission at feeding-time. Many persons supposed that the creatures introduced alive into the dens of these huge monsters suffer tortures of terror and fear. We have often observed the process, and confidently affirm the supposition to be entirely groundless. The rabbits and ducks, which we saw put in with serpents, showed no signs of fear whatever, sometimes even giving the plainest demonstration that they were governed by quite other emotions. On one occasion we recollect noticing a rabbit running about beside and over the coils of a huge python. When exactly opposite the head the serpent moved it slightly, and projected its tongue several times. The rabbit took no notice of this, and a little afterwards began to try and nibble the skin of the python's body.

A serpent of this kind will go for weeks, sometimes even for months, without feeding. Then it may take three rabbits or ducks, one after the other, at a single meal, and afterwards become torpid while digestion proceeds. When, after a sufficient period of fasting, it gets disposed to eat, and a rabbit happens to be introduced into its cage, it may plainly be seen that the rabbit's presence is quickly noticed by it. The snake will begin to move slowly about till it has brought its snout opposite the rabbit's muzzle. Then, in an instant, it will seize the rabbit's head in its mouth, simultaneously coiling its powerful body round it, and crushing it to death at once. The action is so instantaneous that it is impossible for the rabbit to suffer. Certainly, it can suffer no more than when killed by a poulterer. The snake does not immediately uncoil its folds, but continues for a time to hold its victim tightly embraced, sometimes rocking itself gently to and fro. Then it slowly unwinds its huge body, and once more takes the rabbit's head in its mouth, and swallows it in the way before described with regard to the common snake.

Miss Hopley relates some of her own experience in our Zoological Gardens as follows:—

‘A young python was hanging from a branch, motionless and quiescent, watching some sparrows which the keeper had just put into the cage. The birds, eyeing certain insects among the gravel, seemed all unconscious of the pair of glistening eyes looking down upon them. Suddenly a movement, a flicker, like the flash of a whip, and the snake had changed its position. Too quick for us to follow the motion, but in that flash of time it now hung like a pendulum, with a sparrow almost hidden in its coils. The snake had precisely measured its distance, reached down, and recoiled with the swiftness

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of an elastic spring. . . . On another occasion, one of the larger pythons caught a guinea-pig in the same manner. This also was so quick in its movements that one scarcely knew what had happened until the snake was seen to have changed its position, some of the anterior coils had embraced a something, and a quadruped was missing. This snake also still hung while eating its meal ; the whole process occupying less than ten minutes.'

The largest American serpent is the Anaconda, which may attain a length of thirty feet. It inhabits tropical America, and is a handsome animal, with dark round spots scattered over its whole body, on a groundwork of rich brown. It is very fond of water, and haunts the banks of rivers, lakes, and streams, there lying in wait for any deer or peccary which may come to the margin of the water to drink. One of these animals, weighing two hundredweight, was brought to our Gardens in 1877. Then it would not feed, and took to its tank, wherein it remained very persistently. On issuing thence, it one day, being a very powerful animal, forced over the whole frame of the case wherein it was confined, which was, however, soon refixed. After a time she gave birth to seventy young, which were, however, all stillborn.

The pythons, or rock-snakes, are, as before said, mostly Old World forms. Three kinds are known in Africa and two in Asia, with some snakes which are similar, save that they are much smaller. The difference in structure between boas and pythons is a minute one, depending on the absence of teeth in the very front of the mouth in the latter group. Pythons may also attain a length of thirty feet, and such will swallow a half-grown sheep quite easily. They are fierce animals (save, of course, when in a torpid condition after food), but they are never spontaneously aggressive as regards man.

Six or seven much smaller snakes—called sand-snakes—may be reckoned as diminutive and aberrant* members of the boa group. They inhabit Southern Asia, North America, and North Africa, and one is found in Southern Europe. The pythons and boas commonly exhibit rudiments of hind limbs, which appear in the shape of a pair of small hooks or spurs, visible on the under surface of the hinder end of the body.

These snakes lay eggs, as we have said the common snake does ; but pythons, like birds, actually incubate the eggs they lay. This was first ascertained at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The female arranges her eggs in a conical heap, twining herself round them so that her head surmounts the summit of

* In that the head is covered with small scales.

the cone, and thus can quickly perceive the approach of any enemy. She will remain thus coiled for two months without taking food, though she has been known to drink copiously upon water being offered her by her keeper. Although snakes, like all other existing reptiles, are cold-blooded animals, yet these incubating snakes become temporarily warm-blooded while thus occupied. This has been well ascertained by introducing a thermometer within the circuit of the coils of such an incubating female python.

With the development of the function of incubation there has been also developed a sort of maternal anxiety or irritability with respect to her progeny, which contrasts strongly with the indifference which many snakes seem to show concerning their eggs. Thus, an attempt having been made, in vain, at our Gardens to get a female to 'bring off' a brood successfully, the time came when it was deemed necessary to remove her useless eggs. This

'was done by degrees, and the task was no easy one. The keeper watched his opportunity to raise the sliding door at the back of the cage, make a snatch at those nearest him, and shut down the slide with celerity, or the exasperated mother would have seized him. Sometimes so quick was she, that in thrusting down the slide she was nearly jammed by it. The keeper protected himself by holding up a corner of a rug so as to hide himself when he had occasion to open the slide door; yet one day she "jumped" at him, seizing the rug, and, with a toss of her head, jerked it away with such violence that a shower of the gravel came hailing back upon the glass in front of the cage, to the consternation and alarm of the spectators gathered there, and who at the moment imagined that the glass was broken, and that the infuriated reptile would be among them. . . . He had taken away the last of her eggs! When he had finally shut down the slide, she kept her angry eyes fixed upon it for a long while. Presently she sought her empty nest, upon which, so long as any eggs remained, she had resettled herself after each interruption. Then she took to her tank, in which she remained for a long while.' (Miss Hopley's 'Snakes,' p. 448.)

Another small but celebrated primary division of serpents is called *Crotalide*, because the rattlesnakes (*Crotalus*) are the typical representatives of the whole group, all the members of which are also known as pit-vipers; so named because they have a deep pit on either side of the snout, between the eye and the nostril. The meaning, origin, and use of this pit are unknown.

Of rattlesnakes there are at least a dozen, probably fifteen different kinds, all inhabitants of America exclusively, where they

they range from the Northern United States down to Patagonia. The common, or 'banded' rattlesnake, extends from Maine to Texas. Once generally abundant, it is happily now a rare animal, save in the more thinly inhabited districts of the Southern and Western States. It may attain a length of five feet, with a large triangular and flattened head. It feeds on rabbits, rats, and squirrels, and is for the most part a slow and sluggish animal, waiting quietly till some prey approaches it. This sluggishness makes it the more dangerous, as it may be stepped upon unawares with a most fatal result. But it never either attacks spontaneously, or pursues a retreating enemy.

The structure from which the animal takes its name—the 'rattle'—consists mainly of three or more solid, horny rings, placed around the end of the tail. These rings themselves are merely dense portions of the general outer skin of the body, but the 'rattle' has also a solid foundation of bone. For the three last bones of the tail become united together into one solid whole, or core—grooved where the bones adjoin—while they increase in size towards the hinder end of the complex bone thus formed. This bony core is invested by skin also marked by grooves, which correspond with those at the junctions of the three bones, and this skin becomes much thickened, and so forms the incipient, imperfect 'rattle' of such young snakes as have not yet cast their skin. When it is cast (in the way already described with respect to the common snake), the skin investing the tail close to its termination, is not cast off, but is held fast by the enlarged end of the bony core before-mentioned. The piece of skin thus retained, becomes a loose ring in front of the incipient 'rattle,' and thus forms a first joint (or ring), of the future perfect rattle. The same process is repeated at each moult, a fresh 'loose ring,' or additional joint to the 'perfect rattle,' being thus formed every time the skin is shed. Thus, the 'perfect rattle' comes ultimately to consist of a number of dry, hard, more or less loose, horny rings, and in this way a 'rattle' may consist of as many as twenty-one co-existing, rattling, rings. It is the shaking of these rings by a violent and rapid wagging of the end of the snake's tail, which produces the celebrated rattling sound—a sound which may be compared to the rattling of a number of peas in a rapidly shaken paper-bag. Now this habit of rapidly shaking the end of the tail is by no means peculiar to rattlesnakes, but is one common to many serpents of very different kinds—innocent no less than venomous. It is probably a mode of attaining satisfaction by following the 'line of least resistance.' Any mental excitement

excitement tends to produce some kind of bodily movement. Parts which are most easily moved naturally lend themselves the most readily to such modes of expressing externally vivid internal feelings, and, in most animals, few parts are more easily moved than the tail. We see how readily a dog's tail wags under pleasurable excitement, and a cat's, under that of watching a possible prey. It is very easy to understand then how, under the stimulus of alarm, anger, or any other strong emotion, a certain feeling of relief or satisfaction is produced in snakes, and especially in the rattlesnake, by movements of this kind.

The utility of the 'rattle' to the rattlesnake is a problem still awaiting solution. It has been supposed to be useful as paralyzing its prey through terror excited by the sound thus induced. But this is a very doubtful explanation. It is akin to the notion formerly entertained that serpents had a power of 'fascinating' other creatures. Others have thought that it seems to excite the curiosity of animals, and so brings them within the rattlesnake's reach. It has also been supposed that it serves, as it may do, to enable snakes of different sexes to find each other, and also to guard the animal from attack when it is helpless from its power of offence, having been temporarily exhausted. No sufficient evidence has, however, been collected to show that any one of these ingenious speculations affords us a real clue to the true cause of such a curious and elaborate mechanism.

Our readers may recollect that various species of vipers are 'horned.' In California and Mexico there is also a rattlesnake which bears a pair of horny prominences one above either eye. On this account it is commonly known as the 'Horned Rattler.' An allied species, known as the Bushmaster (*Lachesis*), is one of the largest of venomous snakes, and is said to attain a length of fourteen feet.

As an instance of the great abundance of rattlesnakes in the United States in earlier days, we read* that in 1799 they abounded in Trumbull County, when a large party, armed with cudgels, proceeded to a sunny level of rock, on which hosts of the reptiles had crept. Suddenly coming upon them, they killed four hundred and sixty-eight, while 'rattles' were sounding in all directions as the rest of the snakes were beating their retreat. On another occasion eight hundred were killed. The well-known Catlin was, when young, one of a party bent on destroying rattlesnakes, a great number of

* See Miss Hopley's work, p. 289

which

which were known to inhabit a large cave. A knot of them seen outside were fired into, and then cudgelled. The greater number escaped into the cave, but one was caught alive with a forked stick, and then held close behind the head, so that it could not bite. Then young Catlin suggested that a powder-horn, with a slow fuse fastened to it, should be attached to the animal's tail. The suggestion was acted on, and the snake, being let free, quickly glided off into the cave and joined its fellows. After a very short silence the explosion took place; a thick volume of smoke issued from the mouth of the cave, which for a long time contained no more live rattlesnakes.

Amongst those American pit-vipers, which are not rattlesnakes, are the 'copperhead' and the much dreaded 'water-moccasin' of the Californias and Texas. The former has a wide range east of the Mississippi, and frequents meadows in the neighbourhood of water. There it sometimes falls a victim to the last-named snake, for on opening an unusually thick water-moccasin caught in Texas a large copperhead, recently swallowed, was found within it.* The water-moccasin is an animal more dreaded than the rattlesnake, since while the latter tries to escape, or at least makes its presence known by its rattle, the former is believed to go out of its way to strike, while it does so without emitting a sound. Another dreaded kind, which is said to attack without warning, is the *Fer-de-lance* of the West Indies. It is said to have caused a great mortality amongst labourers in sugar plantations, wherein it finds shelter, and multiplies prodigiously.

The deadly effect of the bite of the rattlesnake is a thing generally known. Even if, after it, an adult man escapes with his life, it is only to endure a long illness, and often to suffer the loss of a limb. As to small animals, a rat will sometimes die in thirty seconds after being bitten.

Those pit-vipers without rattles which belong to the Old World—*Trimeresuri*—are Indian, and a dozen different species are given and described by Mr. Boulenger. They are robust snakes, with rather short tails, which can strongly grasp, and thus they are enabled to climb about trees which form their natural habitat. Sir Joseph Fayrer describes them as fierce and venomous snakes, yet they are the cause of but few deaths; though a species of an allied form, which inhabits Siam and Java, has been said to have caused the death of two men in five minutes. In length they vary from about twenty-one inches to four feet six inches—according to the species.

* As related in 'Nature,' for March 8th, 1877.

Ordinarily the effects of their poison or venom are severe pain and swelling of the bitten part or of the whole limb, with nausea and sickness, depression, fever, and then sloughing of the bitten part, after which recovery is rapid. They are said to be 'naturally sluggish, and apt to lie quietly hidden by the leaves or branches they resemble in colour until disturbed, when they are sometimes fierce and aggressive, bite savagely, and make a hissing sound as they prepare to strike, which they do by first drawing back the head and anterior part of the body, and then darting it forward with great rapidity. They, like the *Daboia*, are said to vibrate the tail at the same time.' They are also said, according to Dr. F. Stoliczka,* to feed on small birds and beasts and tree-frogs. Some of them, at least, live chiefly on insects; and such he found very common about the limestone hills of Moulmein. They were exactly of the green colour of the foliage amidst which they pass their lives, and were twined about small plants rising about two feet from the ground. They were very sluggish, and did not make the least attempt to move away even when taken off the plant. When pressed to the ground with a stick, however, they got excited and turned round furiously. One had broken both his fangs in striking them into the stick.

The question of the 'great sea-serpent' has of late come before us with an episcopal sanction; but whatever may be the explanation of the various appearances which have given a certain currency to a belief in the existence of an unknown marine monster of some kind, that small 'sea serpents' exist is most certain. They are all marine, and, with the exception of one or two species, never quit the water. As might be expected under such circumstances, they bring forth their young alive, and these can swim as soon as they are born. Mr. Boulenger tells us that their home is essentially the coasts of the Indian Ocean and the tropical parts of the Western Pacific, from the Persian Gulf to New Guinea and North Australia. One species, however, ranges from West and South Africa to the western coast of Tropical America, and extends northwards to Japan and southwards to New Zealand. They are all easily recognized by their oar-shaped, laterally-flattened tail. Twenty-seven distinct species are known as Indian, and there are about fifty species in all.

Two of these are less absolutely aquatic than the other members of their family. One † has been captured in a forest

* Of the Geological Survey of India.

† Namely, *Platurus colubrinus*. The other kind is *Platurus laticaudatus*.

nearly

nearly a day's journey from the sea. The length of the *Hydrophidæ* ranges from two feet to six feet, though it has been asserted that they may attain twelve feet.

They have teeth like those of the common snake in form and arrangement, save that the two anterior teeth of the outer series of the upper jaw are enlarged and grooved to serve as poison-fangs. There may be from two to eighteen solid teeth behind these fangs, and sometimes the teeth behind the poison-fangs are also grooved.

Like all other serpents, these, though permanently inhabiting the sea, are air-breathers. The lateral flattening of their tails greatly helps them to swim in any direction, and it specially enables them to rise rapidly to the surface of the water to breathe. That they may do this the more easily and securely, their nostrils are placed at the very end of the muzzle, and are furnished with valves, which secure them from being entered by the water in which they live. Unlike other snakes, they cast their skin in small pieces. Their eyes are not adapted to see well out of water, and thus they cannot when in the air take a good aim to bite. They feed on small fishes, which they paralyze by means of their poison, and thus they have nothing to fear from the spines of the fishes they eat. No one has yet succeeded in retaining them alive for any considerable time in captivity. One has been kept as long as ten days; and it has been found best to keep them in holes in the ground into which sea-water percolated. They inhabit salt-water estuaries and tidal streams as well as the ocean; and Sir Joseph Fayrer further tells us that:—

'They are very poisonous. The case related of a sailor of H.M.'s ship '*Algerine*,' who was bitten by one recently caught at Madras, proves them to be so. I am informed by Mr. Goliffe that a fisherman bitten by a salt-water snake, somewhere near the salt lakes, died in one hour and a quarter. And my own experiments, and those of Mr. Stewart at Pooree, prove, that not only when able to bite voluntarily, but even when weak and unable to bite, when the jaws were compressed on the animal,* death resulted. The fishermen on the coast know their dangerous properties and carefully avoid them. . . .

'They swim like fish, and live, with some exceptions, continually in the sea or tidal waters. When thrown on the land by the surf, as they constantly are at Pooree and other places along the coast, they are helpless and almost blind. Their food consists of fish and other aquatic animals, which they pursue and overtake in the salt-water. There are certain parts of the Bay of Bengal in which they are often

* Fowl or dog. seen

seen in great numbers, and their movements in the clear blue water are very agile, graceful, and beautiful.

Sir Joseph speaks of them as another kind (an aquatic kind) of 'Colubrine snakes.' He does so justly, for, in fact, their organization closely resembles that of the great family of serpents (*Colubridæ*), to which our common snake belongs, and this resemblance is especially marked in the two species before spoken of as being the only species which ever come inland.

We have, however, thought it best, for our present purpose, to keep the sea-snakes distinct, and, on account of their peculiar structure of the tail and still more peculiar habit, to reckon them as a family by themselves. There is, however, one member of the multitudinous family of Colubers, which is a harmless snake, though its habits are similar to those of the animals last noticed. This is the *Chersydrus*—a snake over three and a half feet long, which inhabits the mouths of rivers and streams from Southern India to New Guinea, which never leaves the water, occurs far out to sea, and feeds on fish.

But though it, like our familiar Coluber, the ringed snake, is harmless, all Colubers are by no means so, though the great majority are. Thus, as before said, we cannot divide snakes into two natural groups, one poisonous and the other harmless. We may now see how true it is that different groups of snakes must have become poisonous independently. Even if we regard the poisonous sea-snakes as having had one origin with the land poisonous Colubers, and if we adopt the same view with respect to the rattlesnake family and the family of the vipers; even then there must, at the very least, have been two distinct roots of poisonous snakes—one Viperine and the other Colubrine. We have said the great majority of the Colubrine snakes are harmless. In India the proportion is of 43 poisonous Colubers to 112 harmless kinds.

Among the most attractive of the latter are the delicate and beautiful tree-snakes (*Dendrophis*), which very rarely descend to the ground, as they find food enough amongst the birds and those frogs and lizards which also dwell in trees. The graceful form of their body, the elegance and rapidity of their movements, and the exquisite beauty of their colours have excited the lively admiration of those who have had the good fortune to watch them in their native haunts. The larger kinds attain to a length of over five feet. They are frequently adorned with the brightest colours, green being, however, generally the prevailing tint. They are active by day.

The Rat-snake of India is a creature found from India to Java, and may attain a length of seven feet and a half.

It

It is often to be seen in our Zoological Society's collection, and may become very tame. One that was exhibited there for some years would freely allow himself to be handled and hung round the necks of visitors to the Gardens. It is exceedingly rapid in its movements, as it need be to catch such quickly running animals as rats.

One species of the typical genus, *Coluber*, was the snake of Esculapius. Another snake, a four-rayed *Coluber*, was observed by Miss Hopley to hold very dexterously different objects by different parts of its long body. She tells us:—

'One of the most remarkable cases of what we may call independent constricting powers—that is, two or more parts of the reptile being engaged at the same time—was in some very hungry, or very greedy, or very sagacious little four-rayed snakes. They are slender for their length, which may be from three to five feet, of an inconspicuous colour, but with two black lines on each side running the whole length of their body. . . . In the present instance there were in the same cage three of these, one python, and two boas. . . . The keeper no sooner threw the birds—finches, and plenty of them for all—into the cage, than there was a general scuffle. Each of the six snakes seized its bird and entwined it; then, on the part of the reptiles, all was comparatively still. The rest of the birds, fluttering hither and thither, were, however, not disregarded; for, although each snake was constricting its captive, several of them captured another bird by pressing it beneath them and holding it down with a disengaged part of themselves. One of the four-rayed snakes felt its held-down victim struggling, and instantaneously a second coil was thrown round it. Then another caught a second bird in its mouth, for its head and neck were not occupied with the bird already held, and, in order to have coils at his disposal, slipped down its first captive, or rather passed itself onwards to constrict the second, the earlier coils not changing in form in the slightest degree, any more than a ring passed down a cord would change its form. The next moment I saw one of these two hungry ones with three birds under its control. It had already begun to eat the first; a second was held, coiled, about eight inches behind, and a good deal of the posterior portion of the reptile was still disengaged when a bird passed across its tail, and instantly that was captured. All this was done by a sense of feeling only, as the snakes did not once turn their heads.'

Another set of tree-snakes (*Dipsas*) is to be found in Africa, South Asia, and North Australia. Most of them devour birds, small beasts or lizards, but some also feed on eggs. These tree-snakes are singularly beautiful in their coloration. More slender, as their name would imply, are the whip-snakes (*Dryophis*), which are also strictly arboreal, but differ from the harmless tree-snakes in being nocturnal.

One

One kind, which attains a length of seven feet and a half, and is green with a yellow stripe on each side, and a black and white neck, is thus spoken of by Mr. Boulenger, on the authority of Dr. Cantor: 'It is exceedingly common in the Malayan forests, both in the hills and valleys, preying upon small birds, arboreal lizards, frogs, and in early age upon insects. The very young ones are as gentle as those of a more advanced age are ferocious.'

Some which are nearly five feet long are less than an inch wide. Some again not only have the head long and slender and the snout very pointed, but drawn out into a process of long, scaly, horn-like appendages, sometimes nearly half an inch in length, as in the Madagascar snake, *Langalea*. These are probably organs of feeling, and assist these snakes in their nocturnal ramblings. An aquatic snake of a distinct, but allied group, and which is found in Siam,* has a pair of such appendages projecting side by side from the apex of its snout.

One of the Indian snakes, which attains a length of five feet eight inches, is attractive in more ways than one. It is, as Mr. Boulenger assures us, of a gentle disposition, while its beauty is very remarkable. It may be black with a yellow spot on the middle of each scale, which being enlarged in size and symmetrically approximated on the back, forms a pretty pattern. Another variety has the back red with black bars arranged in pairs, a narrow yellow stripe being interposed between each pair, while the sides are dotted with black, and the belly is a dark green.

As we have already mentioned, some tree-snakes feed on eggs; but certain other serpents are so wonderfully modified for such food that they may well be named the 'egg-eaters' *par excellence*. As we saw when studying our own common snake, the mouths of these animals are not bordered by any fleshy lips, and therefore if a snake were to crack an egg in its mouth, most of its contents would escape and be lost. Accordingly, in these serpents the teeth are reduced to a minute size, that the egg, when seized, may not be injured by them. But it must be cracked somewhere, and so, strange to say, the teeth which are, practically, absent from the creature's mouth, are transferred to the interior of its gullet. If such a snake's mouth be opened and the finger introduced, nothing much will be felt till it passes down the throat. There a series of teeth will be felt, and these consist of a number of bony prominences which project downwards into the gullet from the under surface of the backbone.

* *Herpeton tentaculatum*.

Where they so project into the gullet, each process is capped with tooth substance and acts as a true tooth. The snake swallows the egg, which is uninjured, and then when it is safely down within the gullet, it squeezes it against these curious teeth of its backbone and breaks it. Thus the whole of the egg's nutritious contents is secured, and the waste, which would otherwise inevitably take place, is avoided. Three species of this kind are found in Central and Southern Africa, and the name of 'egg-eater' has been appropriately bestowed on them by the Cape Colonists. Their gullet is so distensible that a snake scarcely twenty inches long can swallow a hen's egg without difficulty. In an Indian snake of quite a distinct genus, the very same structure is to be found. It is a very rare animal, and only two specimens, both taken in Bengal, have been found. It attains a length of about three feet.

A most important section of the serpent order are those Colubrine venomous snakes, the poison-fangs of which are placed at the anterior end of the series of the teeth at the margin of the upper jaw. These snakes are found in Asia, Africa, and America, and form the bulk of those which inhabit Australia. Amongst them are very handsome forms known as 'coral snakes' (*Elaps*). These are typical forms, as well as the Harlequin snakes, which inhabit America, and are very beautiful reptiles, their bodies being encircled by black, red, and yellow rings, as are also some of the American snakes which are not venomous. The Harlequin snakes are not large, rarely exceeding three feet in length, while both their mouths and poison-fangs are small. They need be but little dreaded, as they only bite under great provocation.

There is a small group consisting of little more than half-a-dozen species, which is confined to South-Eastern Asia, and is known by the name *Callophis*. They are bright-coloured snakes, with cylindrical, slender bodies, and vary in size from a little over a foot in length to more than forty inches. In habits they are sluggish, and apparently defective both in sight and hearing, for they allow themselves to be approached with little sign of fear. They are not aggressive and bite reluctantly, but their poison is virulent and will kill a fowl in from two to three hours.

A closely allied Indian form, about twenty-five inches long, is remarkable for the very exceptional size of its poison-gland. This extends backwards for fully one-third of the creature's entire length, so that the heart is situated much further back than it would otherwise be. The special utility to the animal of such an extraordinary supply of venom is as yet unknown.

Three

Three snakes may serve to introduce us to the last section which will occupy us here. The first of these is known as the *Sheep-stinger*. This is very common in South Africa, where it causes much more injury to sheep, dogs, and other animals, than it does to man. The second kind is also African, and is called the *Spitting Snake* by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long, and, though no bigger, is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop, and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected, whence the name given it by the Boers. The third animal is the *Black Snake*, which is common throughout the Australian continent in low marshy places, and attains a length of six feet. Its interest for us consists in the fact that when irritated it raises the forepart of its body and flattens its neck, expanding it from side to side; as an Indian snake,* closely allied to our common snake, has likewise the power of doing. This leads us to those most dangerous reptiles of India and Africa—the Cobras. No snakes, not even rattlesnakes, are more dreaded, and with reason. As the rattlesnake warns the ear by its significant 'rattle,' so the cobras warn the eye by the mode in which they expand the upper part of the body when irritated. This expansion is produced by a sudden movement of the ribs of that region of the body. Usually they incline backwards, but the animal, when irritated, makes them stand out at right angles to the body, and so, of course, forces outwards the skin which covers them. Thus the neck, or part just behind the head, becomes greatly expanded and flattened; as it also does, though in a less degree, in the Australian Black snake. This expansion is called 'a hood,' and so the animals are called 'hooded snakes.' In some of them there is, on the back of the hood, a dark mark something like a pair of spectacles, and they have therefore been called 'Spectacle-snakes.'

The African cobra ranges from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. That it was known in Northern Africa thousands of years ago, is shown by its familiar appearance in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Near Cape Colony it is almost exterminated, and its destruction is much promoted by that curious and valued long-legged hawk—known as the Secretary Bird. Six or seven species of cobra have been distinguished, three of which belong to the Indian region. Before noticing them any more, however, we must refer to certain snakes called

* Named *Paendozenodon macrops*. See Mr. Boulenger, *op. cit.* p. 340.

'Bungerum,'

'Bungerums,' of which eight species are known, ranging from China to Ceylon, in size from three feet to four feet and a half. They are closely allied to the cobras, but differ from them in that they cannot dilate their neck into a 'hood.' They are diurnal terrestrial snakes, very common in India. Sir Joseph Fayrer says that they 'are found in the open country, in grass and low jungle, and in fields. They live in holes in the ground, sometimes down among the roots of trees at a considerable depth. . . . They are very poisonous; but owing to the shortness of the fang, which is much smaller than that of the cobra, their bite is less dangerous.' He adds, that it is not particularly aggressive, but tries to escape when discovered. If attacked, however, it retaliates fiercely.

Reverting to the true cobras of India; the *Naja* is found all over India and Ceylon, Burmah, the Andaman Islands, Southern China, and the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan, and through Persia, to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven feet and a half, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. They vary much in colour and markings, but have generally the 'spectacle' mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack. As Sir Joseph Fayrer says:—

'They raise the anterior third of the body from the ground, slide slowly along on the posterior two-thirds, and with the head dilated remain on the alert, darting the head forward to the attack when anything hostile approaches. This attitude is very striking, and few objects are more calculated to inspire awe than a large cobra, when with his head erect, hissing loudly, and his eyes glaring, he prepares to strike. Nevertheless, they are not, I believe, aggressive; and unless interfered with or irritated, they crawl along the ground with the neck undilated, looking not unlike the innocent snakes; but the moment they are disturbed, they assume the menacing attitude described. . . . The cobra is a nocturnal snake—that is, it is most active in the night; but it is often seen moving about in the day. It is oviparous; the eggs, from eighteen to twenty-five in number, are obovate, and about the size of those of a pigeon; the shell is white, but tough and leathery. The cobras feed on small animals, birds'-eggs, frogs, fish, or insects; they rob hen-roosts and swallow the eggs whole; they prefer taking their food at dusk, or in the night. They are said to drink a great deal of water; but it is certain that they will live weeks, even months, in captivity without touching food or water. They go into water readily, and swim well, but are essentially terrestrial snakes. They can climb, and occasionally ascend trees in search of food. Cobras are not unfrequently

found on the roof of huts, holes in walls, fowl-houses, old ruins, under logs of wood, in cellars, old brick-kilns, and old masonry of stone, brickwork or mud. . . . The cobra is most deadly, and its poison, when thoroughly inoculated by a fresh and vigorous snake, is quickly fatal. Paralysis of the nerve-centres takes place, and death occurs with great rapidity, sometimes in a few minutes, especially when the fangs have penetrated a vein. . . . The number of deaths caused yearly in India by these snakes is perfectly appalling. The cases in which recovery occurs are, it is to be feared, very few; treatment appears to be of little avail, unless it be almost immediate, and then, in the case of a genuine bite, there is but little hope of saving life.'

Unfortunately the Hindoos, on account of their superstition, are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power, and also of a beneficent one. According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras are looked upon as guardian angels, and there is a Bengalese tradition that a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne. Serpent worship, once very widely diffused, survives in India. Sometimes when Hindoos find a cobra in some crevice in the wall of their house it will often be revered, fed, and propitiated; and if fear, or the death of some one bitten by it, induces them to remove it, they will handle it tenderly, and let it loose in some field. When Hindoos are bitten they have far more confidence in their magic spell, or 'Muntra,' than in any medicine, even if they do not scruple to make use of medical aid.

Cobras are selected by the so-called 'Snake Charmers,' of both Egypt and India, for their performances. The Egyptian charmers sometimes pretend to change the serpent into a rod, and according to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, this appearance can be induced by giving a strong squeeze to the animal's neck, which induces a convulsive rigidity from which the animal soon recovers. It need hardly be said that snake charmers always carefully extract the fangs of the snakes they use. The danger of any one touching an un mutilated cobra was sadly illustrated a few years ago by the act of a keeper at the Zoological Gardens. He incautiously took one in his hand, and was immediately bitten. Before any effective aid could be rendered him (if any such aid was ever possible) he was a corpse. But snake-catchers in India manage to seize and handle them with astonishing ease and freedom. The most effective cobra-catcher and killer, however, is perhaps the mongoose, which escapes being bitten by its wonderful activity. Sometimes it waits till the cobra darts

at

at it, when it suddenly pounces on the snake's head and crunches it. As the cobra is by far the most common of the deadly snakes in India, it is mainly to it that the terrible mortality due there to this cause must be attributed. As to the virulence of its venom we may refer to experiments recorded by Sir Joseph Fayrer. From these it appears that the poison of the cobra is without effect upon another cobra; that the mongoose is not proof against it, by an experiment in which he died twenty-six minutes after being bitten, though another mongoose was unaffected—possibly protected by its long hair. A cat bitten afterwards by the same cobra died in an hour and a half. A pig died in thirteen minutes. The rat-snake sometimes dies after the bite, and sometimes survives, but the cobra bite seems to have no influence on the viper *Daboia*. A stud mare, about 14 hands 3 inches high, died in an hour and twenty minutes after being bitten. A cobra was made to bite a green whip-snake which died in two minutes; then this cobra with its venom thus partially exhausted was made immediately to bite a fowl, which died in four minutes. With a large and vigorous dog, death usually takes place in forty-eight minutes.

Deadly and dangerous as these animals are, they may nevertheless be occasionally handled with impunity by those who know how, and possibly by persons who possess some characteristic which makes them less liable to attack; as we know is the case as regards bees in our own country. Miss Hopley relates a case of a Brahmin boy who could, without any music but his own voice, attract and handle them with impunity, and they would come forth from thickets or walls and go to him. He was regarded by some of his countrymen as divinely inspired, but in spite of that he got bitten at last.

As to snake-charming, the graceful movements the animals assume when moving, erect, with their hoods distended, is striking enough, and as they follow the movements of the snake-charmer's hands, it is easy to understand how they become objects of wonder, being, as they are, the subjects of endless native superstitions, which attribute their actions to supernatural influence. The snakes, of course, do not really perform aimless evolutions—or 'dance'—but follow, and try to bite the hands which by their movements provoke and irritate them.

The last snake we shall notice is that called the *Hamadryad*, or, from the nature of the food it loves, *Ophiophagus*. It is probably the largest and most formidable venomous snake known—unless the Bushmaster (*Lachesis*) of Brazil sometimes exceeds it in size—as it is very powerful, active, and aggressive,

and may attain a length of fourteen feet. Mr. Boulenger tells us that from its size and habits it is still more dangerous than the cobra, though fortunately it is less common. It inhabits South-Eastern Asia, from Assam, Orissa and Bengal to Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines. It expands its hood in the same way as the cobra. Sir Joseph Fayrer quotes the Rev. Dr. Mason to the following effect:—

‘An intelligent Burman told me that a friend of his one day stumbled upon a nest of these serpents, and immediately retreated, but the old female gave chase. The man fled with all speed over hill and dale, dingle and glade, and terror seemed to add wings to his flight, till reaching a small river he plunged in, hoping he had then escaped this fiery enemy; but lo! on reaching the opposite bank, up reared the furious Hamadryad, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair he bethought himself of his turban, and in a moment dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning, and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites; after which it returned quietly to its former haunts.’

It is found in forests as well as in grass, for it climbs readily, and may frequently be seen resting on the branches of trees, doubtless in quest of tree-snakes. For snakes are its favourite food, though it will also eat other reptiles as well as small beasts and birds. It is sometimes extremely voracious, and one at our Zoological Gardens would, when about to be fed, raise itself and seize snake after snake given to it for food as soon as each began to be introduced into its cage without waiting for it to be dropped down to it.

As to the venom of serpents, no distinct chemical principle has as yet been detected in it, though such there must be, seeing that the effect of the saliva of different poisonous snakes is different—the blood coagulating after a fatal cobra bite, though not after that of a rattlesnake or a viper. It has also been ascertained that if the blood of a poisoned animal be injected into a healthy one, the latter will be poisoned in the same way as if it had itself been bitten, although its flesh may be eaten with impunity. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that snake's poison can have no effect unless actually mixed with the blood. It will act after being absorbed through such delicate skin as that which lines our lips, though its action when thus received, is less powerful.

The effect of snake-bite depends—as we intimated when describing the English viper—partly on the condition of the snake and partly on that of the person bitten and the part attacked. No effectual antidote has yet been discovered.

Ammonia

Ammonia and permanganate of potassium will not suffice, although a solution of the latter will take away the poisonous property of the snake's venom if it be mixed therewith. Immediate amputation of a bitten toe or finger is the best course, as the delay of a few seconds may suffice to convey the poison into the patient's circulation. If from the nature of the part bitten amputation cannot be performed, a very tight ligature applied after cauterization and sucking the part is the best course, and the administration of stimulants is generally recommended. For details on this most important subject the reader is referred to Sir Joseph Fayrer's invaluable work, pp. 37-41. We will, however, quote the following passage:—

'Let the patient be quiet. Do not fatigue him by exertion. When, or even before symptoms of poisoning make their appearance, give eau-de-luce, or liquor ammonia, or carbonate of ammonia, or even better than these, hot spirits and water. There is no occasion to intoxicate the person, but give it freely, and at frequent intervals. If he become low, apply sinopisms and hot bottles, galvanism or electro-galvanism over the heart and diaphragm. Cold douches may also be useful.

'Encourage and cheer the patient as much as possible. As to local effects, if there be great pain, anodynes may be applied or administered, and antiseptic poultices to remove sloughs; collection of matter must be opened. Other symptoms are to be treated on general surgical principles. This, I believe, is the sum and substance of what we can do.'

The distribution of serpents over the earth's surface is partial and unequal. They are essential inhabitants of the tropics, and diminish rapidly in number, both as to species and individuals, as we advance northwards or southwards through the temperate zones. Great distinctions exist between the snakes of the two hemispheres. The rattlesnakes, boas and harlequin-snakes are entirely confined to America; while vipers, cobras, and rough-tails are as exclusively inhabitants of the Old World. The tree-snakes and the whip-snakes are Eastern and Australian animals. Each quarter of the globe, except Australia, has a great preponderance of harmless over venomous snakes. There, the great majority belong to the poisonous sections of the Colubrine family.

With respect to past time, we may (now that the reader has made acquaintance with the different leading groups of snakes) add a few remarks to those made in the opening part of this article before concluding it. Our type at starting, our familiar, harmless pet, the common snake, appears to have left its remains in the Middle Miocene deposits in France. In the

the Upper Eocene of Hampshire, and deposits of corresponding date in Central France, remains of a snake (named *Paleryx*) have been found, which is regarded as a near ally of the existing pythons; while in the Upper Eocene of North America bones of a creature have been found, for which the name *Boavus* has been proposed as a sign of its probable affinity to the American boas of to-day. It has been suggested that cobras lived in Bavaria in Middle Miocene times; while somewhat later a huge viper, like those now living in the hottest parts of Africa, had its home in Switzerland.

Those fossil serpents to which we first referred, and which inhabited England in the Eocene period, ranged also, as might be expected, over the continent of Europe. But their range was, in fact, much more extended; as a specimen, which must have been thirty feet in length, has been found in the Eocene of North America. These serpents, the name bestowed on which is *Palæophis*, are regarded by Sir Richard Owen as having probably been marine animals allied to the family of sea-snakes (*Hydrophidæ*) which we have described. If so, they were probably poisonous, and thus it is absolutely certain that most fully developed members of the Ophidian Order extended far and wide over this planet in ages long before that to which the most speculative of geologists would assign as the period during which Man first appeared in Creation, even if we had not grounds to regard them as having formed part of the earth's fauna during the Secondary period.

ART. VII. — *John William Burgon, late Dean of Chichester. A Biography, with Extracts from his Letters and Early Journals.* By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Dean of Norwich. In 2 vols. London, 1892.

NOMEN intra has ædes semper venerandum.' These words, taken from the inscription under Cardinal Wolsey's bust in the Quadrangle of Christ Church, may not unsuitably be prefixed to an article on Dean Burgon in the 'Quarterly Review.' Within these precincts, if anywhere, the Dean's name is to be held in respectful remembrance. With this Review his relations were long and intimate: to those responsible for its conduct he was bound by ties of mutual regard: in its pages some of his most brilliant and most characteristic writings first saw the light: it was here that, by his dashing onslaught on prosaic pedantry, he so effectually routed the authors of the Revised Version of the New Testament, and taught the public, and we trust also the Revisers themselves, to rate more modestly and therefore more accurately the value of their handiwork.

John William Burgon was born on the 21st of August, 1813. His father, Mr. Thomas Burgon, was a merchant of London, and, paternally, his descent was purely English. But his mother, Catherine de Cramer, was the daughter of the Austrian Consul at Smyrna, by a Miss Maltass, a lady who had Greek or Smyrniote blood in her veins, and a sister of that Mrs. Baldwin (*née* Jane Maltass) whose beauty 'created a great sensation both at Vienna and in London, procured for her attentions from the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and elicited even from Dr. Johnson a burst of clumsy amorousness,' and whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, formerly in the collection at Strawberry Hill, was this spring sold by Messrs. Christie.

Mr. Thomas Burgon was a High Tory and a High Churchman, an antiquary and a connoisseur. He dealt in Greek and Turkish produce, and the nature of his business obliged him to reside for several years at Smyrna, where his eldest son—John William—was born. But shortly after the boy's birth he returned to England, and London was henceforth his home.

John William Burgon, during the first eleven years of his life, was taught by his mother. In 1824 he was sent to a private school at Putney, and subsequently to one at Blackheath. We do not find that he made any special proficiency in classical study, but he was a thoughtful and precocious boy—in fact, we suspect, not a little of a prig. Reviewing at the age of twenty-one

one some records of his school-days, he says, 'I notice the same love of books and of study, the same hatred of school and contempt for the society of my equals in age, which since I was eleven, and first went to school, I have never been able to shake off.'

From early days his mind was of a seriously, though not an emotionally, religious cast. At the age of sixteen he was confirmed, and it is curious to find that, though he was constant in his attendance at church, he only communicated twice in the next five years. What makes this fact the more remarkable is that at this period his heart was set on taking Holy Orders; though the fulfilment of this design was unavoidably deferred. Difficulties, destined before long to be fatal, were beginning to gather round his father's business, and it became necessary for young Burgon, instead of proceeding to Oxford or Cambridge, to enter the paternal counting-house. 'He disliked it more than I can tell,' writes his sister, 'and found relief only in the pursuit of Poetry and Art during his leisure moments, when he returned from the City.' These scanty intervals of leisure he used with praiseworthy diligence. He attended lectures at the University of London, worked hard at archæology and kindred studies; published a considerable number of fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse, and one work of more pretension—a historical treatise on the 'Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham.' Meanwhile he had the advantage of early and frequent access to the society of literary men whom he met at his father's table, and his annual holidays were occupied in various excursions which seem generally to have had historical or archæological research for their object. A visit paid to Mr. Dawson Turner, at Yarmouth, in April, 1838, had, however, an interest of a different kind; and we gather from his biographer's hint, that it was only the constraining sense of domestic duty, and the absolute necessity of trying to relieve his father's embarrassed finances, that restrained him from offering marriage to his host's daughter.

And so some ten years rolled by, and the skies were all the time darkening for a storm. It broke on the 19th of August, 1841, when Mr. Thomas Burgon's house suspended payment, and bankruptcy ensued.

The crash of his father's fortunes proved an unspeakable blessing to John William Burgon. It terminated his commercial career at a stroke, and left him free to follow the bent of his own inclinations. He had long desired to go to Oxford with a view to seeking Holy Orders, and this desire was now fulfilled. On the 23rd of August, 1841, he wrote to his friend,

Mr.

Mr. Dawson Turner, who had generously offered him pecuniary aid :—

‘My backwardness (in Greek especially), is what you would not believe; and indeed my ignorance generally is frightful. I can only hope by a few months’ serious application to get into a condition to be fit to go to Oxford. Then my necessities will begin. What they will be, I know not. If it depended on *me*, I should say little enough. . . I shall keep no society; get into a garret, if I can (for *two* reasons), my habits are quite the reverse of expensive, and I have books. On the other hand, a good tutor I will have, *coûte que coûte*. I cannot suppose that I shall want much more than 100*l.* a year,—at least I fix that sum in my mind as a kind of point to reason from.’

On the 21st of October, 1841, Burgon matriculated at Oxford, as a Commoner of Worcester College; having chosen that Society on the recommendation of Dr. Pusey, whose brother-in-law, Dr. Cotton, was its Provost. Owing to domestic engagements, connected with the winding-up of his father’s affairs, and his family’s removal from the old home, he did not begin residence at Oxford till the following year. Once established there, he threw himself with characteristic earnestness into his new life; was equally attentive to the religious and the educational duties of the place, and ‘toiled terribly’ to make up for lost time.

‘Never,’ writes a contemporary, ‘did a more devoted, humble, loyal, dutiful *alumnus* pass the threshold of *Alma Mater*; never did any student strive more vigorously to avail himself of all advantages within his reach. Day and night were all alike to him; and I have ever marvelled how his constitution bore the excessive strain, continuous as it was, and how in the intervals of meals, and slight, restricted recreation, he invariably maintained a buoyant, exuberant cheerfulness and fun, which made happy all who had the good fortune to be associated with him. Burgon took no more than a Second Class. How was this? You are doubtless aware of his disadvantageous start. I do not attribute his failure (shall I so call it?) to this; but as in a march—a *forced* march—through a territory, the man who now and again steps aside in botanical or geological research, is retarded in his progress, so Burgon was never satisfied without a nice exact ferreting-out of every difficulty, sometimes amusingly apparent in the lecture-room, where the tutor always indulged and appreciated his integrity and zeal. He never rested until he had acquired all that could be known respecting the matter before him. His interruptions of the lecture were to be seen as well as heard; and his humble, plaintive manner of enquiry was a striking contrast to the dry, solemn mode of the tutor’s reply, who nevertheless, I believe, always appreciated Burgon’s earnest thirst for information. I believe his notes on the Classics would wonderfully testify to the fact of his probing every question to the depth, and would thus tell

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of hours lost; I mean by lost, that a much more superficial acquaintance would have answered his purpose in the schools.'

The foregoing account of Burgon's reading is fully confirmed by a letter of his own, written just after the examination:—

'I cannot fully realize the notion that the heavy labour I was going through is all ended. It seems impossible that I may go to bed at twelve, if I like; that I may breakfast without Butler's Sermons before me, or take tea without reading so many hundred lines of a Greek Play; nay, that I may breakfast or dine when I please. Even Magazines and Reviews are open to me now, which they have not been for the last three years. . . . How my health has stood it, I cannot understand. I did not let anyone know how I was going on;—but fear I was, at last, acting as it would have been impossible for me to have gone on acting. For many weeks past I have not had five hours' sleep—and in order to read without molestation, abridged myself in food and exercise to the minimum point (consistent with comfort). The very eve of going in for *viva voce*, I read for nineteen hours without stirring, except to chapel.'

This excessive strain produced its natural result. During his Public Examination he was giddy and tired, and his memory failed him. The Examination, on the whole, 'went against him,' and he felt that, from one cause or another, he had done much less well than he had a right to expect. On the 26th of November, 1845, the result was declared, and Burgon was in the Second Class. His keen and ambitious temper was deeply mortified. The only notice of the event in his diary is the modest ejaculation, 'Thank God I am no lower;' but to a friend he writes: 'If the Examiners had been *IN* me, they would have given me a First Class. To judge *from my papers*, I had perhaps no right to hope for more than a Second. But the report had got abroad that I was to have been at the top of the tree; and I am conscious that the *power* is not lacking—and so I cannot but feel a little crest-fallen.'

It is impossible not to sympathize with this natural outbreak of vexation; but, when the disadvantages of his early training and his late entrance into the University are taken into account, the attainment of a Second Class in an examination so drastic and so far-reaching as that for Classical honours at Oxford may well be regarded as a triumph. Meanwhile the technical studies required for 'the Schools' were not allowed to engross the whole of Burgon's time. They were lightened and brightened by a more romantic pursuit. He had a genuine and inborn love of, and capacity for, Poetry, as may be seen by his volume of collected poems published in 1885. In his first, second, and third years of residence at Oxford, he competed for
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the Newdigate Prize. All three attempts were unsuccessful, but a brilliant success came in 1845, when he won the coveted distinction with a poem on Petra—one of the very few prize-exercises that have even been remembered and quoted far beyond the academical circle, and half a century after their first publication. It is not often that a poet contrives to produce in two lines so complete an effect both of local colour and of historic interest as Burgon in his famous *complet*:

‘Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime—
A rose-red city half as old as time.’

To be parodied is at once the proof and the penalty of successful authorship; and when an Oxford wag wished to commemorate the astonishing longevity of the nonagenarian Thomas Short, Fellow of Trinity and sometime tutor to Cardinal Newman, he instinctively exclaimed,

‘Match me such marvel, save in college port,
That rose-red liquor half as old as Short!’

The mortification caused by failure to obtain a First Class was in Burgon’s case soon and fully outweighed by a notable triumph. On the 17th of April, 1846, he was elected to the Fellowship of Oriel, which Mr. J. H. Newman had just vacated. ‘There was a tradition,’ writes a contemporary, ‘that his elegant and felicitous translations got him his Fellowship.’ In his diary he writes: ‘How full of blessings has my life been till now! . . . May God give me grace and help to live as if I loved Him, and was sensible of His exceeding favour and mercy.’

Burgon now began his residence in that famous College which was destined to be his home for exactly thirty years. As a Fellow of Oriel, of course he had no difficulty in obtaining private pupils, with whom he read for the Pass Examinations. It would seem that his pupils liked and admired him; but tuition was scarcely the work for which he was best fitted. His next literary achievement was a Letter addressed to the Rev. R. Greswell, on ‘Art with reference to the Studies of the University.’ The purpose of this Letter was to urge upon the authorities of the University the duty of making some provision for the study of Ancient and Modern Art. Ancient Literature and Ancient Art, the writer argues, are so inseparably connected that no one can understand the one without studying the other; while of Modern Art, so far as it is concerned with Sacred Painting, he holds that it is invaluable as an instrument of moral and spiritual improvement. In connexion with this

Letter,

Letter, it is to be noted that Burgon's fondness for Art was by no means a matter of mere theory or sentiment. He was a facile and vigorous draughtsman, and had a singular knack of reproducing with pen or pencil, not only a characteristic likeness or a striking bit of landscape, but the niceties of a classical coin or an Egyptian vase.

This excursion into the realm of æsthetic study was merely a digression, though a congenial one, from the path which Burgon had marked out for himself. His whole heart and mind were set towards the attainment of Holy Orders, and towards theological study as the means thereto. He wrote for, and won, the Ellerton Essay Prize, with a discourse on 'The importance of Translation of the Holy Scriptures,' in which he entered, as it were by prophetic foresight, a vigorous protest against such rash and inconsiderate handling of the Sacred Text, as, five-and-thirty years afterwards, he saw exemplified in the Revised Version of the New Testament. He attended the Theological Lectures of Professors Hussey and Jacobson, and bestowed his whole time on the systematic study of Standard Divinity. 'I was all this time,' he writes, 'fagging at Pearson and some of the Fathers—often for twelve hours a day.' He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Wilberforce in Christ Church Cathedral on Christmas Eve, 1848, being chosen to read the Gospel at the Ordination service; and on the following day he performed the first act of his ministry in assisting Mr. Dodsworth in the administration of the Holy Communion at Christ Church, Albany Street. In the same church he preached his first sermon on the next Sunday, and at the beginning of the ensuing term he returned to Oxford. His Fellowship had of course been his title to Orders, but he was full of pastoral yearnings, and he satisfied them by undertaking a curacy at the obscure village of West Ilsley on the Berkshire Downs. He used to walk to this place on the Saturday, after his week's work in College was done, officiate on the Sunday, and return to Oxford on the Monday. He threw himself into his pastoral duties with intense energy and earnestness, and lavished his affectionate but eccentric kindness on the poor people committed to his charge. On the 23rd of December, 1849, he was ordained Priest, and on the 20th of January, 1850, he celebrated the Holy Communion for the first time in Ilsley Church. In the spring of that year his curacy at Ilsley came to an end, and, after a short engagement at a village called Worton, he became curate to the Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, Rector of Mixbury and Finmere in Oxfordshire. Mr. Palmer, the father of William Palmer of Magdalen, Lord Selborne, and Archdeacon

Edwin

Edwin Palmer, was a man of remarkable character and influence. Burgon thus describes him: 'Mr. Palmer is a clergyman of the George Herbert class. He is *absolute monarch* of his parishes, and exercises the functions of lawyer and physician, as well as parson. He is the father and friend of all.'

From this truly venerable man, who had been a pupil of the saintly Jones of Nayland, Burgon gained invaluable instruction in the methods both of quickening spiritual life in the rural poor and administering the practical business of a parish. Mr. Palmer himself lived at Mixbury, and Finmere, which was two miles off, became Burgon's peculiar charge. Here he soon made full proof of his ministry. He came to Finmere from Oxford every Saturday afternoon. That evening he called, as a rule, at every house in the village. On the Sunday, besides his work in church and school, he visited all the sick in the parish. On the Monday morning he commonly entertained a dozen of the schoolchildren at breakfast. His love of children was from first to last one of his most characteristic traits, and to young and old alike he was generous to a fault. On the Monday he used to return to Oxford, and was immersed in study and college-work till the Saturday again came round. At this time he was busy with his 'Harmony of the Gospels,' out of which his admirable 'Plain Commentary' was developed, and in 1851 and 1852 he brought out, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest, two excellent series, one plain and the other coloured, of engravings from the sacred pictures of the great masters. This publication was designed to convey a clear idea of the leading events of sacred history to the minds of the poor and uneducated, whose notions of such events were even painfully obscure.

'No one,' wrote that most experienced parish-priest, the Rev. F. E. Paget, of Elford, 'who does not live among cottagers can have the faintest conception how indispensable pictures are for the purpose of conveying instruction (and, I may add, comfort) to their minds; nor how intense is their ignorance with respect to matters with which it is assumed that they are familiar, but which have not been brought before them through the medium of pictures. . . . There are grown persons who had no idea of the manner of our Blessed LORD's death until a print of the Crucifixion was, of late years, brought before them.'

On the 26th of April, 1851, Burgon preached his first sermon before the University of Oxford. Its subject was 'The Interpretation of Holy Scripture,' and it was the nucleus from which,
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in later years, grew his controversial volume on 'Inspiration and Interpretation.' His ministry at Finmere came to an end in the summer of 1853. Henceforward he resided in Oriel almost continuously till his removal to Chichester in 1876, spending his Long Vacations with his sister and brother-in-law at the moated Rectory of Houghton Conquest, near Ampthill. In 1854 the 'Plain Commentary on the Four Holy Gospels' was published, at first anonymously. It is an admirable piece of work, and a notable monument of patient and reverent study. Its leading principle is the minutely careful comparison of Scripture with Scripture. In matters of interpretation, reference is always made to the consent of the Fathers. Where they speak with virtual unanimity, as on the Perpetual Virginity of the Blessed Virgin and the Miracle that attended the Piercing of Our Lord's side, the point is regarded as settled; where they are divided, the commentator weighs and balances their judgments, and gives the reasons which finally determine his own view.

Immediately after the publication of the 'Plain Commentary' its author published a series of 'Short Sermons for Family Reading.' He published also a volume of 'Historical Notes on the Oxford Colleges.' He entered freely into the political and academical controversies of the time. All the while he was eking out his narrow means by taking private pupils, and fulfilling the official duties which devolved on him as a Fellow of his College. Concurrently with all this varied effort he laboured zealously in the functions of his sacred calling; 'reading Genesis with a class of citizens in the Town Hall' at Oxford; officiating constantly in local churches; and bearing part, as a special preacher, in the Diocesan Missions which Bishop Wilberforce inaugurated in the large towns of Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Berks.

On the 7th of September, 1854, Burgon lost his mother, to whom he was passionately and romantically attached, and four years later his father followed her. There is no more endearing trait than the warm affection which often underlies a fiery temper and an aggressive bearing. Those who only knew Burgon in the arena of controversy, and shrank in astonished alarm from the fierceness of his polemical methods, will read, perhaps, with surprise but certainly with pleasure, those pages of Dean Goulburn's work which record Burgon's emotions and conduct in the presence of these domestic sorrows. In a small volume of private memoranda, written immediately after his mother's death, and by the bed on which her body lay, Burgon records that he and his brother and sister—

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'laid her out on the bed where she had died. A heavy task it was for us all. Still we were wonderfully supported; and we preferred doing this, a thousand times, than that profane hands should meddle with our grief. The wedding-ring which I drew off the fourth finger of her left hand, the kind ones present urged on me to wear myself. . . . Accordingly I placed it on my little finger, and there, please God, I will wear it till I die. . . . I slept on the sofa in my beloved mother's room that night—Thursday. It was awful, but pleasant. I prayed near her, very happily.'

Every detail of the funeral, and the preparation and dedication of the grave, was the subject of Burgon's minutest care. For years he visited her grave daily, standing over it bare-headed. On the fourteenth anniversary of her death, he writes in his private journal:—

'Sept. 7th, 1868, between 6 and 7 P.M. This is the day and the hour which always seems to bring me nearest to my beloved,—a day of sweet and solemn recollection, as well as of awful meditation. For I ask myself, where is she abiding? and I tell myself that it must be in the place of perfect peace; and so I seem to stand in adoration near the half-opened gates of paradise, and something tells me that the Beatific Vision is the bliss of those who dwell within. Does she think of me? Yes. And she has prayed for me, and for us all, often; and her prayers have been heard.'

Under the date, 'August 28th, 1859, about 20 minutes to 10 P.M.,' he writes:—

'It is a year exactly, within a few minutes, since I lost my dearest father. . . . There is no one now—no one, to whom I can turn for unmingled sympathy in joy or sorrow; no one who can and will rejoice in my joy and sorrow for my sorrow, as something which belongs to himself. . . . From infancy, through boyhood, on to early manhood, we were together. Two days arrived—September 7th, 1854, and August 28th, 1858—and O the difference! at first a bereaved and broken heart, and next a desolate, or rather a *destroyed* home. All seems quite changed.'

In 1859, Burgon published 'The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman' a memoir of his friend Patrick Fraser Tytler, author of the 'History of Scotland.' This memoir, the product of an overflowing affection, and a perfect sympathy between author and subject, met with an instant and a gratifying success; a second edition being called for within two months.

In the early part of 1860, Burgon paid his first visit to Rome, and undertook the duties of the English chaplain there. The results of his visit were embodied in a series of letters to the 'Guardian,' afterwards republished in a single volume. Of these letters, some, and perhaps the most valuable, dealt in a trenchant

trenchant and popular style with the claims and authority of the celebrated Codex B. In the rest, he gives us a lively account of his investigations into the antiquities, the religious life, and the natural phenomena of Italy:—

‘His ears and eyes are wide open to every object of attraction offered by the Eternal City; his note-book, sketch-book, and pencil are, as usual, in his hand all day long. He attends observantly all Roman services and forms of devotion, and compares them with the Anglican, not unfairly, though always of course with a decided preference for the latter; he listens to and reports sermons and *dialogos* (showing that he must have possessed a fair working knowledge of Italian—probably he obtained the rudiments of it in childhood from his mother); he witnesses processions, missions, and the grotesque absurdities of relic-worship; he has interviews with the superiors of convents, and elicits from them the truth as to the exact observance of the Seven Hours of Prayer; he visits and minutely describes the catacombs, copying and commenting upon many of the inscriptions, and showing therefrom the unequivocal sympathy of the Primitive Age with the English rather than with the Romish branch of the Catholic Church; he gets access to several of the more rarely visited objects of interest, as well as to those which all the world makes a point of seeing; and before leaving Italy he visits Naples and Pompeii, and makes the ascent of Vesuvius, an incident which he records in his usual vivid and picturesque strain.’

From this memorable and instructive journey, Burgon returned to Oxford in the summer of 1860, having in the meantime been appointed one of the Select Preachers before the University.

The year 1860 was signalized by the appearance of ‘*Essays and Reviews*,’ a volume now forgotten, but at the time of its appearance worthy of Carlyle’s graphic epithet—‘Famous-infamous.’ The British Association had met at Oxford in June, and the present Bishop of London preached before the Association a sermon ‘On the Education of the World.’ The sermon passed at the time without much comment, and, indeed, it is in itself a harmless composition enough; but later in the year it reappeared in the forefront of ‘*Essays and Reviews*,’ in which five of the higher clergy (besides Dr. Temple), and one layman—(‘Seven Champions—not exactly of Christendom,’ as Burgon styles them) set out to apply, with greater or less degrees of audacity, the principles of scientific criticism to the credentials and claims of Christianity.

The book created an extraordinary stir. Bishop Wilberforce attacked it in the pages of this *Review*, roundly accusing its authors of moral dishonesty, and the entire Bench of Bishops condemned it. Burgon was not slow to seize the opportunity
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thus offered. He devoted his sermons as Select Preacher to the discomfiture of the Essayists, and then enlarged and reproduced them in a powerful treatise, partly destructive, and partly constructive, on Inspiration and Interpretation. We shall speak of his views on these momentous subjects rather more at length when we come to consider his standing as a Theologian.

During the period of his chaplaincy at Rome, Burgon had made acquaintance with a wealthy Englishwoman, Miss Webb, who was contemplating a journey in Palestine and the East, in company with some of the members of her family. This lady was attracted by Burgon's ministry in the English chapel at Rome, and, having made his acquaintance, asked him to accompany her on her Eastern tour in the capacity of chaplain. This project was, after some delays, fulfilled; and, on the 10th of September, 1861, the party set out. They went from Constance across the Alps to Milan, Venice, and Trieste, and thence to Alexandria and Cairo. They went up the Nile to the Second Cataract, and back to Cairo. Thence to Petra (the theme of Burgon's early poem), Sinai, Hebron, and Jerusalem. The visit was, of course, full of the profoundest interest for Burgon, but unluckily he was laid low by malarial fever at Jerusalem, and was brought back to England in a state of great suffering and exhaustion. He reached home in July 1862, but his recovery was tedious and protracted, and it was not till October 1863, that he was sufficiently restored to resume his residence in Oxford. When he did so, it was in a new capacity, for he had in the meantime accepted the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin's, the patronage of this, the University Church, being in the hands of Oriel College. Many years before, he had written to an intimate friend, 'What I *do* desire is not to die till I have had the shepherding of a flock,' and now that such a charge was entrusted to him, he threw himself into the work with all the energy of his singularly energetic nature. It was highly characteristic of him that, when he had not had more than a month's experience of pastoral work in a town, he completed and brought out his elaborate 'Treatise on the Pastoral Office,' which he had begun years before, in the days of his rural curacies. In 1867, Burgon was appointed Professor of Divinity at Gresham College, London, on the foundation of the worthy whose biographer he had been, and he gave his Inaugural Lecture in January 1868. He was now bound officially, as well as led by personal inclination, to make divinity his special study; and, as an outward and visible sign of this occupation, he determined to proceed to the degree of B.D. It was at that time required from candidates for that degree that they should compose and read publicly

two Theological Exercises. Burgon chose for his theme a Vindication of the Genuineness of the last Twelve Verses of St. Mark's Gospel. These exercises were published in a volume which, according to so competent a judge as Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 'constituted a new era in the history of the science of the criticism of the Sacred Text.'

In this narrative of Burgon's life we have deemed it unnecessary to expatiate on the innumerable controversies in which he was perennially engaged. His 'zeal' for the truth, as he understood it, fairly 'consumed' him, and his patience and prudence at the same time. The subjects with which he dealt polemically included in turn the Doctrine of Inspiration, the relation between the University and the College, and between the College and the Parish, at Oxford; the Consecration of Bishop Temple; the Enforcement of a New Lectionary; the admission of an Unitarian to a share in the revision of the New Testament, and to Communion; the development of Ritualism in Oxford; the Election of Dean Stanley to a Select Preachership, and the assault upon the Athanasian Creed. It was in the last-named controversy that Burgon's passionate zeal for Orthodoxy, his contempt for consequences, his readiness to rebuke faithlessness in high places, his unconventional vehemence of tone, and his absolute self-reliance were seen in their highest perfection. The subjoined letter, which is not quoted by his biographer, may be taken as a fair sample of his controversial method. We record it for the edification of those who would know what manner of man he was when sacred interests seemed to be imperilled.

'TO HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

'MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

'On the ninth day of February last, with reference to the Warning Clauses in the Athanasian Creed, you deliberately in the presence of your assembled Suffragans made the following portentous declaration: "We do not,—there is not a soul in this room who does,—nobody in the Church of England takes them in their plain and literal sense."

'Speaking for myself, I beg leave to declare in the most solemn manner that I am quite incapable of the baseness you thereby imputed to me. I have ever taken, I shall ever (God helping me) take, the Church's formularies "in their plain and literal sense."

'I forbear, most Reverend Father in God, to say how the sight affects me of an Archbishop of Canterbury heading the assault which is just now being made against one of "the three Creeds" of the Church;—a Creed which we of this nation have enjoyed for upwards of a thousand years; a Creed to which we are most of all indebted for the measure of Right Faith which yet subsists among us; a Creed

Creed which the whole body of the Clergy, at the most solemn moment of their lives, in accepting the Eighth Article of the Church, have accepted as most certainly true. I will not trust myself to say how this sight amazes, troubles, oppresses me. I might be betrayed, like the great Apostle, into the use of stronger language than may lawfully be addressed to "God's High Priest;" and I should be without the Apostle's excuse, namely, that he had spoken "without consideration."

'I am, most Reverend Father in GOD, your afflicted servant and much injured son in CHRIST,—JOHN W. BURGON.'

ORIEL,

St. Mark's Day, 1872.

The next three years, like those that had preceded them, were divided between controversy, parochial work, and laborious study. Burgon's main occupation at this period was the *magnum opus* of his life: a dissertation on the 'True Principles of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament,' which he left incomplete, but which, we are happy to learn, is to see the light under the most competent editorship of the Rev. Edward Miller, Rector of Bucknell. And now his time of residence in Oxford was drawing to a close. On the 1st of November, 1875, he received a letter from the Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli, proposing that he should succeed Dr. Hook in the Deanery of Chichester; and on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1876, he took leave of Oxford in a sermon before the University, entitled 'Humility—ad Clerum. The analysis of contents which he prefixed to this sermon when published, is so characteristic of the writer's mind and method that it deserves reproduction here. The text is Job xi. 12, 'Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt,' and the analysis runs thus:—

'The text explained—the clergy wanting in humility, when they profess a science which they have not cared to acquire. Need of humility to the clergy, illustrated in several particulars. The lawlessness and undutifulness of a certain section of their body. Some account of the great Church movement which took place fifty years ago. Proof that the Ritualists of the present day do not represent that movement; for it taught submission to authority, sobriety, loyalty to the Church of England, whereas lawlessness, extravagance, affectation of Romanism characterize this new sect. The younger men apostrophized.'

From this concluding apostrophe the following words are taken. After quoting Bishop Ridley's account of his theological studies at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Burgon thus applies it to his undergraduate hearers:—

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'These, *these*, be your studies, ye younger men!—The like of *this* be your method! There is nothing of the "wild ass's colt" recognizable *here*. It is all, from first to last, the method of profound HUMILITY;—a method which will influence your conduct; shape your views; eventually colour your whole life. And O the peace and satisfaction it will bring you *so* to have approached your sacred calling! O the holy confidence with which at last you will take upon yourselves the teacher's office! O the honest joy and gratitude unutterable with which, when the bitter moment of severance from Oxford comes (for come at last it must!), you will look back on vanished opportunities and studious hours, of which the blessed fragrance at least can never quite forsake you! . . . yea, rather it is to be hoped (in Ridley's phrase) that we shall "carry the sweet smell" of our sacred studies (God grant it!) with us,—yea, into the very bowers of bliss!'

Dean Burgon entered on his residence at Chichester in the early summer of 1876; but the long-deferred promotion brought him, we fear, very little happiness. The place was dull—he called it 'sleepy hollow.' He was from the first embroiled in bitter disputes with his colleagues in the Chapter. The income was altogether inadequate to the office. And in addition to these domestic troubles he had mortifications from without. His name had been inserted in the list of Royal Commissioners who were to be appointed under 'The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act,' to carry out far-reaching changes in the Universities; and then, in deference to some parliamentary clamour, the Government asked him to let himself be withdrawn. The Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, which had been the most cherished object of his ambition, became vacant, but he was told that it would be contrary to precedent to remove him from a higher to a lower dignity. His curious arrogance and imperious temper made him unpopular and ineffective in Convocation, and before long he ceased to attend its sittings, and plunged himself into the seclusion of his Deanery. All this time he was, as usual, engaged in a running fire of controversy, academical and ecclesiastical, and the years 1881–2 saw his best achievements in that field of effort.

The Revised Version of the New Testament was published in May, 1881, and in the October number of this Review, Burgon published his first article on 'The New Greek Text.' He writes thus to Lord Cranbrook, between whom and himself there had long subsisted a close friendship, based on theological and political agreement.

'The appearance of the Revision exercised me much; for I found that the Greek Text had been remodelled on what I consider entirely

entirely mistaken principles. Mr. Murray was willing to admit an article upon the subject; and accordingly in the October number appeared the fruit of not a little labour. Let me request you, if you have not yet seen that number of the "Quarterly," to give what you will find there a patient hearing. My performance seems to have fallen like a shell into the enemy's position. It sold the "Quarterly," and another edition is called for. A shower of letters from every quarter convinced me that I had been passing the long summer days not unprofitably. Not least surprised was I to learn from Murray that Mr. Gladstone had driven to his door, and sat with him to discuss the merits of Burgon's article (for the authorship of it, in spite of all my endeavours, transpired instantly), with which he said he agreed entirely.

In the January number of 1882, the Dean returned to the charge with an article on 'The New English Version,' and this he followed up in April with a third, on 'Westcott and Hort's New Textual Theory.' These three articles he reprinted, together with a reply to Bishop Ellicott's championship of the New Version, in a substantial volume, which was published under the title of 'The Revision Revised,' at the end of 1883. Considerations both of space and of fitness forbid us to enter here and now upon an examination of Burgon's views concerning the Greek Text, and the threefold testimony of 'Copies, Versions, and Citations, to which he habitually appealed.' It is enough to say that in this masterly volume he urges them with characteristic liveliness and vigour. Even more effective, because appealing to the taste and knowledge of a far wider circle of readers, were his strictures on the diction of the Revised English Version. A critic so little prejudiced in favour of theologians as Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote:—

'The Dean of Chichester has attacked the revisers with exceeding great vehemence, and many of his reasons for hostility to them I do not share. But when he finally fixes on a test-passage, and condemns them by it, he shows, I must say, a genuine literary instinct, a true sense for style, and brings to my mind that it was given to him to produce, long ago, in an Oxford prize poem, that excellent line describing Petra, which Arthur Stanley used to praise so warmly—

"A rose-red city, half as old as time."

The Dean of Chichester takes for his text the well-known passage in the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." By this work of the old translators he then places the work of the revisers; "yea, and for this very cause,

cause, adding on your part all diligence; in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge temperance; and in your temperance patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness love of the brethren; and in your love of the brethren love."

'In merely placing these versions side by side, the Dean of Chichester thinks that he has done enough to condemn the revised version. And so, in truth, he has.'

The publication of 'The Revision Revised' was the last fully accomplished work of Burgon's life. His 'Twelve Good Men'—a series of brief but brilliant biographies, many of which appeared in this Review—a model of biographical writing, occupied him during his latter days, but he did not live to see it published; and his crowning work on the 'True Principles of Textual Criticism,' is, as we have seen, still incomplete.

At the beginning of the summer of 1888 he fell into bad health, less, apparently, the result of any specific disease than of worry, over-work, nervous exhaustion, and a systematic disregard of the conditions of healthy living. He was moved from Chichester to Folkestone, and after a few weeks' residence there, returned to the Deanery partially restored. But the improvement was only transient, and the end came, after much suffering, on the 4th of August.

Such in brief outline was the life of John William Burgon. It remains that we should attempt some estimate of his personal qualities, and of his standing in the theological world.

There probably have been few men in our generation whose public and private demeanour presented a greater contrast to one another than those of Dean Burgon; few whose reputation with the world at large less resembled the impression which they made upon their personal friends. The world knew Burgon as an extraordinarily bitter controversialist; at war with all mankind in turn; sarcastic, uncharitable, censorious; reckless in the imputation of motives, and dealing habitually in language which led so genial a critic as Dean Church to call him 'that dear old learned Professor of Billingsgate.' Those, on the other hand, who were admitted to the circle of his intimacy, knew him as an exceptionally warm-hearted and tender-hearted man; loyal in friendship, passionately attached to Auld Lang Syne, abounding in sympathy, delighting in hospitality, and generous to the verge of imprudence, if not beyond it. In public controversy it too often seemed as if he aimed at giving pain. In private dealings his constant study was to give pleasure.

One of the most marked features of his character, as portrayed in his biography, is his feeling towards women. We saw how,
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very early in his career, he contemplated marriage. In middle life it became necessary for him formally to deny the report that he was engaged. His confidante, counsellor, and referee in the gravest matters both of action and opinion, was a lady with whom he was very distantly connected. To the very end he was surrounded by the care and affection of devout and honourable women, old and young, to whom, in the sacred intercourse of private life, he habitually addressed himself in terms of the warmest affection. Yet the outside world would probably have regarded him as a kind of unprofessed monk, for whom ladies' society had no charms, and who was totally unfitted, by temperament and experience, to participate in it.

His love of children was as marked a feature of his character as his love of ladies. It was manifested in the days of his earliest curacies, when the school-children—

‘Plucked his gown to share the good man’s smile ;’

when he entertained them at breakfast-parties and bribed them with sugar-plums, and carried a little boy, enfeebled by illness, pick-a-back over the hilly roads of Berkshire. Oxford men will recall the tall attenuated form of the Vicar of St. Mary’s, clad in cap and gown, and bent almost double to pat the head or pinch the cheeks of some tiny urchin trotting along the High Street. To ‘children of a larger growth,’ the undergraduates who attended his Sunday evening lectures, the young ladies who composed his parochial Bible-class, and theological students who sought his guidance in view of their ordination, he was equally accessible, obliging, and even playfully affectionate. He would spare no pains or labour to stimulate their interest in sacred studies ; and on Sunday evenings, though thoroughly exhausted by the day’s public ministrations, he seemed to revive and throw off all fatigue when, being in truth ‘a Scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven,’ he brought forth out of his treasure things new and old.

It is certainly true—no one who knew Burgon would deny it—that all this warmth of heart and depth of feeling were associated with a marked oddness of demeanour. He was not the least like anyone else. His appearance, manner, style of speech, turn of thought, way of looking at things, were all his own. Much of this individuality may, not unreasonably, be traced to his foreign extraction. The current saying in Oxford was that he was ‘half a Greek.’ This, it seems from the biography, is a mistake ; but he was half an Austrian, and the Austrian half of his nature was tinged with Greek or Smyrniote

Smyrniote blood. The un-English bias deduced from his birth was reinforced by the circumstances of his home and education. His earliest thoughts were shaped by a foreign mother; his boyish mind was formed by intercourse with a middle-aged society of diletanti, antiquarians, and men of letters. A brief experience of some indifferent private schools could not supply the moulding and inspiring influences which he would have received at Eton or Winchester; and the wholly uncongenial atmosphere of a merchant's counting-house, which took in Burgon's education the place usually occupied by the University, drove him in upon himself and his own resources; made him introspective, thoughtful, studious; and gave him a curious aloofness from his equals in age and standing. Going up to Oxford at an age when most men have been long embarked upon their life work; with narrow means, a darkened home, and an intellectual equipment, if not inferior to, at least quite different from, that of other men, he had little chance of shaking off the habits which his earlier experience had engendered, or of learning, from association with his fellow-undergraduates, to think and speak and act as they did. In brief, every circumstance of Burgon's training tended to make him what he was—a man absolutely *sui generis*—as individual in his charms and graces as in his faults and foibles.

Among these last, candour compels us to reckon a temper which had never learnt to curb itself; a 'cocksureness' which was partly ludicrous and partly irritating; an absolute intolerance of contradiction or even disagreement; and an irresistible tendency to play the universal censor. It is obvious to observe that these are exactly the qualities most likely to be engendered in a youth brought up in a narrow domestic circle, where he is conspicuously the leading spirit, and exactly those which the training of a public school, or a University entered at the usual age, would most effectually correct. To constituted authorities, official superiors, and the powers that be, Burgon professed, as a matter of principle, the utmost loyalty and reverence, though not seldom his practice, when engaged in controversy, clashed rather roughly with his theory. To those who submitted themselves absolutely to his guidance, whether ladies or curates or school-children or theological students, he was full of fatherly kindness and patience; but the footing of equality was one which he could not understand or endure. In College, in the University, in the Convocation of Canterbury, and in the Chapter of Chichester, this fatal love of pre-eminence destroyed his influence, crippled his power for good, and alienated those who ought to have been his friends. Even in
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the field of public controversy, it diminished the effect of his brilliant polemics, by suggesting the suspicion that a controversialist who so systematically ignored all his fellow-soldiers, and even his commanding officers, might not improbably be less than fair to those who were fighting in the opposite ranks.

To Burgon's inveterate love of controversy we have already referred. There never was so irrepressible a pamphleteer. Armed with the positive conviction that he was right and every one else wrong, he took the field against all comers, eagerly disclaimed all hampering or compromising alliances on this side or on that, made enemies of all parties at once, and seldom won any practical victory for the cause which he championed.

Impetuosity was indeed the leading feature of Burgon's character, and beyond doubt it had its inconvenient side; but it is bare justice to say that it was allied in him with some of the finest qualities of a manly nature. He was self-reliant and courageous to a fault. Like John Knox, he never feared the face of man. He did not care a jot if he made enemies in the most influential quarters. Wherever he saw disloyalty to faith or morals, he exposed and denounced it without the faintest regard to consequences. He was by no means destitute of an honourable ambition; but, whenever truth was at stake, he flung all considerations of expediency and all calculations about promotion to the winds, and was perhaps even more outspoken when his opponent was a man in high place, as conceiving that the betrayal of trust was in such a case the more heinous. The same courage supported him in his intellectual enterprises. No difficulties, whether arising from health or means, or deficient resources or opposing circumstances, ever daunted or deterred him when once he had seen a worthy object and resolved to pursue it. He was absolutely independent in pecuniary matters. He had known affluence and known poverty; had faced trial and difficulty with undaunted front; had supported himself and those who belonged to him by his own unaided efforts. He never sought money, nor went a yard out of his way to obtain it; but, practising the severest self-denial in his own life, was able to be munificent to deserving people and to good causes, far beyond the usual proportion of charity to income.

But what has just been said about peculiarities of temper, isolated habits, and systematic self-denial, must not be understood to imply that Burgon was a morose or gloomy man; indeed he was conspicuously the reverse. He delighted in congenial company; had the keenest enjoyment both in giving and in receiving hospitality, and was pre-eminently blessed with the saving gift of humour. Lord Sherbrooke once publicly called him

him a 'jocose fanatic.' A 'humorous enthusiast' would perhaps convey the same thought in less contemptuous phrase. An enthusiast he certainly was, with all the enthusiast's blindness to moral proportion and perspective; but his passionate zeal for the causes which he espoused was relieved and enlivened by an exquisitely keen sense of the ludicrous. He was as quick as lightning to recognize the humour of a phrase, of a situation, of a character; he had a peculiarly sharp eye for vanity, pretentiousness, and inflated ignorance, and knew exactly how to prick the bladder of pompous humbug. His gift of humour, power of sarcasm, and force of satirical allusion were leading elements in his controversial method, and if only they had been allied with something of Sydney Smith's good temper, they would have been infinitely more efficacious than they were. Though one of the most devout and reverent of men, he was not afraid to let his sense of humour play over Scriptural incidents and phrases, or flash from the pulpit of St. Mary's. 'The bigots of the iron time,' the remorseless analysts of academical tradition, have suggested 'historic doubts' concerning the most cherished stories of Burgon's humorous preaching; but enough remains engraven on the faithful tablets of memory to satisfy the writer that those stories, if not literally true, were closely akin to the truth. In fact, Burgon loved a joke and could not resist the opportunity of making it; and, unlike some professed humourists, he appreciated other people's jokes quite as keenly as his own. We have been told that one of the most popular purveyors of professional entertainment—the accomplished Mr. Corney Grain—after giving one of his laughable performances at Chichester, next morning received a visit from the Dean, who called on him on purpose to express his high appreciation of the amusement afforded over-night. But it is time to turn to more serious themes.

The brief epitome of his life and labours which we have given at the beginning of this article will suffice to show that Burgon was fundamentally and essentially a student. Whatever department of study he undertook, he worked in the spirit of Browning's Grammarian, with an intense, minute, and exhaustive industry, which would lavish precious time and profound thought on a comma or a hyphen. It was this keen eye for the smallest details, this unconquerable patience in ascertaining them, this rigid accuracy in stating them, which made him so consummate an authority on Textual Criticism; and gave its special value to all his literary work, whether theological, biographical, or antiquarian. Though a great student, Burgon was not a fine scholar, in that restricted

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sense of the term which means a faculty for translating English into Greek or Latin, or for original composition in the classical languages. The highly desultory nature of his early education would have put such accomplishments beyond his reach; but he had a competent knowledge of, and an unfeigned love for, the great writers of antiquity. Homer and Herodotus appealed alike to his keen poetic sense, which never missed the fine aspects of a phrase, a scene, or an event; and to his antiquarian zeal, which made the life and acts of primeval man, and whatever tends to illustrate them, quite as real to him as the transactions of the present hour, and much more interesting.

This reverent love of antiquity—an inborn taste which his father's favourite studies had fostered—was one of the elements which coloured the whole of Burgon's life and thought. All that was old was precious to him, whether it was a Greek bust or an Egyptian mummy; an inscription in the catacombs or a fine manuscript of the Gospels; a tradition of the Fathers, or a maxim of the Constitution; a relic of King Charles I., or a dictum of Dr. Routh. Needless to say that a man who thus worshipped antiquity was in every department and aspect of life, in Church and in State, in religion and politics, in education and Society—the stiffest of Tories. For the utilitarian conservatism of modern days he had only the scantest sympathy; at best it seemed to him a compromise; and his politics were founded on principles which were part of his religion; which knew nothing of accommodation or expediency; which paid the utmost reverence, in their several spheres, to the Altar and the Throne, and all the hierarchy of constituted society; regarded them as inseparably knitted together by Divine appointment, and shrank from every project of reforming zeal as from an attempt to lay sacrilegious hands upon the Ark of God.

Having now traced the course of Burgon's life, and sketched some leading features of his character, it is time to consider his theological standing; and here we may suitably cite the eloquent language of his biographer:—

'It may perhaps be questioned,' writes Dean Goulburn, 'even by some of those who greatly esteemed and admired John William Burgon. . . whether the part he played in ecclesiastical affairs, and in the history of religious thought during the past half-century, was of sufficient importance to justify so detailed a record of his life as is attempted in these volumes. The author entirely thinks it was so, and for the following reason. Burgon was in this country the leading religious teacher of his time, who brought all the resources of genius and profound theological learning to rebut the encroachments

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ments of Rationalism, by maintaining inviolate the integrity of the written Word of God as the Church has received it; by pointing out its depth, its versatility of application, and absolute inexhaustibility of significance; and by insisting upon its paramount claims to the humble and reverent reception of mankind, as having been "given by Inspiration of God."

This is, of course, the glowing language of personal affection, and, as such, is perhaps liable to the reproach of overstatement. For our own part, indeed, if Dean Goulburn's judgment on his friend had ended with the words, 'the leading religious teacher of his time,' we could not have endorsed it; but we take the remainder of the sentence as qualifying this emphatic eulogy, and we understand the Dean to affirm that Burgon stood foremost among those of his contemporaries who opposed the onslaughts of Rationalism by maintaining the divine claims of the Written Word. Even this is a very strong statement, when we are dealing with an age which produced Dr. Pusey, Bishop Wordsworth, Bishop Lightfoot, and Bishop Westcott; and it needs very considerable deductions and modifications before it can be accepted. It might perhaps be a more exact presentment of the case if we were to say that, in the great battle for the Faith against Infidelity, Burgon was the most expert and vigorous wielder of one particular weapon. Some divines had combated the enemy by dwelling on the historical evidences of Christianity; others by showing how exactly it had fulfilled prophetic forecasts; others by urging its essential adaptation to the constitution and needs of man. Some again had called attention to the processes, by which the Sacred Scriptures were collected and received in the Church, and had dwelt for the encouragement of believers on the immemorial and world-wide tradition of Christendom concerning Holy Writ. Others, again, had concentrated all their energies on the defence of some particular book, or had sought, by applying a rigid system of literary and historical criticism, to establish a Sacred Text, of which the claims should be beyond the reach of controversy. All these various forms of defence were of use—some of them of incalculable use—against the common foe; but of Burgon it may be safely said that the weapon on which he absolutely relied, of which he had unique mastery, and which he used with unequalled effect, was the doctrine that the Received Text of the New Testament is in all its parts the Revealed Word of God. He was in truth the most strenuous and the most learned advocate of the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration. Into the merits of that doctrine this Review is not the place to enter. They have long engaged, and

and probably will never cease to engage, the earnest thought of professed theologians; and, in the absence of anything like an authoritative judgment of the Church upon the subject, it may be permitted to hold a less rigorous theory than that of Dean Burgon, without for a moment compromising the claims of Christian faith and dogmatic orthodoxy. But those who, after due consideration of the various difficulties involved, and the balance both of probability and of authority, adhere to the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration, may well regard John William Burgon as the most powerful champion of their belief whom these latter days have seen.

Having said so much about Burgon's theory of inspiration, it remains to say a word about his exegetical method. Here he combined in the most curious harmony an austere literalness with an unbridled mysticism. According to Burgon, every statement in the sacred volume meant, in the first instance, exactly and literally what it said. The seven days of creation were days of twenty-four hours each, which could have been measured by the clock. The Garden of Eden was not a district or a country, still less an expression or a symbol, but 'a square garden with a wall round it.' The waters of the deluge covered the whole earth, and not merely the inhabited part of it. The whale was a whale, as zoology understands that word, and Jonah was imprisoned for three days and three nights in its belly. But it is needless to multiply instances. What the Bible said, Burgon believed, literally and implicitly, and emphatic were his warnings to those who approached the sacred narrative in any other spirit. Just before he left Oxford, in 1876, he took a walk with a young clergyman, who is now one of the foremost theologians in the University. The conversation dealt from first to last with the difficult problems arising out of the interpretation of the Old Testament. As they parted, Burgon said, with solemn and affectionate eagerness, 'If you give up believing that the Seven Days of Creation were seven literal days of our time, you will infallibly be led on to deny the Incarnation. I haven't the time just now to prove this, but rely upon it that it is so.' This was Burgon's method all over. With the minutest care to ascertain what the Bible exactly said, and the most dutiful submission in accepting it, he combined a singular love of inferential teaching, and a quaint dogmatism on points absolutely beyond the reach of proof. 'This is certain,' was his favourite formula when 'This is what I think, but equally competent authorities think otherwise' would have been the exacter statement. When a Presbyterian friend pointed out to him that there was nothing about Episcopacy in the Bible, said

said Burgon—‘Of course there is. Don’t you remember how we are told that our Lord, before His ascension, talked a great deal to His disciples about His kingdom? *Of course* He was telling them of the necessity of Episcopacy.’

But this was what may be called Burgon’s private method of interpretation—the process which he applied to points on which his own mind was clear, but on which the Church has not spoken. In graver matters, his method was more cautious. In every question which involved doctrine, his first care, after ascertaining the precise language of the Sacred Text, and comparing it with every corresponding passage, was to collect with laborious industry the comments of every Father, both of East and West, who had handled the passage; to compare, and if possible harmonize, their interpretations; or, where that was impossible, to count up the authorities on each side, and then dutifully to accept the decision of the greater number.

Of course, in questions of vital doctrine, the absolute unanimity of patristic teaching made this balancing process unnecessary, and even in questions of less than vital importance the agreement is often so general as to be practically conclusive. Where such agreement exists, Burgon considered it the end of controversy.

‘No Divine’ (he said in his farewell sermon at Oxford), ‘who deserves the name, however well-furnished he may be, will ever think of interpreting in defiance of the ascertained mind of antiquity. I am saying that where the ancients have spoken unequivocally, he finds it impossible to set up his own imaginations in opposition to their emphatic teaching.’

Thus Burgon’s method was, in the first place, to ascertain exactly what the Sacred Text says, and, that done, to accept such statement as the literal record of actual fact. Secondly, in all places where doctrinal meaning is involved, to appeal to Catholic consent; and then, when those fundamental duties were discharged, to indulge to the full his love of type and symbol. The objects of his search were, first the literal, then the dogmatic, and then the mystical, sense of every passage. In mystical interpretations he fairly revelled. With a minute knowledge of the Sacred Text, and an unfailling recollection of parallel passages; a strong sense of the picturesque and the poetic, and an inexhaustible knowledge of the best patristic and medieval comments, he was able to trace types, allusions, parallelisms, and forecasts, which would escape the notice of nine readers out of ten, and to draw the most graceful and interesting, if fanciful, lessons from names and numbers and figures and forms and

and colours; and, in brief, from every minutest detail of the material and verbal medium through which the Divine Author of the Bible has been pleased to work.

Thus the foundation of Burgon's theology was—what every sound divine's should be—the Bible as accepted and interpreted by the Universal Church. No one was a keener champion of the supreme claims of the written Word; but, at the same time, no one more vigorously opposed the notion that every man is at liberty to make his own theology. For working purposes he referred enquirers to the Prayer-book, which not only in its dogmatic statements, but in its general tone and spirit, (the 'Lex Precandi' being essentially part of the 'Lex Credendi,') most compendiously represented the mind of primitive Christendom. Burgon was an English churchman to the backbone; he gave the devotion of his heart and the service of a lifetime to the Church of England 'as it stands distinguished from all Popish and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross.' His horror of Romanism, as the *corruptio optimi*, was almost fanatical; and his feeling towards dissent, as a rebellion against Authority, was angry and contemptuous. Even within the precincts of the Church of England, his sympathies were by no means all-embracing. The Evangelical school offended him by its indifference to ecclesiastical dogma, and by its external slovenliness. He dreaded the Romanizing tendencies which he thought he perceived in Ritualism, and was severely impatient of resistance to Episcopal restraint. His own doctrinal position was the *via media* of a day gone by. He clung tenaciously to the doctrines of Apostolic Succession and Baptismal Regeneration; held Bishop Bull's theory of Justification and Sanctification; taught a doctrine of Real Presence which guarded itself very carefully against material imaginings; and insisted strongly on the 'medicinal' or 'occasional' view of ministerial absolution. In externals, he had a vehement distaste for what he termed 'solemn foppery,' but he loved a restored church and a surpliced choir; a vase of flowers on the Holy Table, and a chalice studded with jewels. Nothing was too rich or too beautiful for God's house; and, in the service of the sanctuary, he aimed at perfection in all the parts, and the utmost reverence of spirit and demeanour.

This, indeed, was the inevitable product of his inmost heart and mind. A more genuinely pious man, a more devout and humble-minded Christian, we have not known. It is true that after all he was 'frankly human,' and that certain foibles of character were never wholly vanquished in him. But they were as the dust of the balance when weighed against his deep and

and awful sense of the majesty and goodness of God; his fervent devotion to and reliance on the Person and Work of our Divine Lord; his consuming zeal for the Bible, the Church, and the ordinances of the Gospel; and the life-long devotion with which, in various fields of effort, he 'laboured to promote the glory of God, and the present and future welfare of mankind, remembering always that solemn account which we must one day give before the judgment-seat of Christ.'

The supreme object of his life was, as we have seen, the establishment and defence, against assaults from whatever quarter proceeding, of the Inspired and Written Word of God. His consuming labours in that great cause were not permitted, as far as the author's consciousness and the rewards of earth are concerned, to be crowned with success. The Church yet anticipates his supreme and final effort—his 'Exposition of the True Principles of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.' But the life-long toil and zeal bestowed on it have assuredly not been thrown away, and we may confidently believe that as, in life, 'his work was before him,' so now 'his reward is with him.'

'We, his friends' (writes Dean Goulburn) 'deeply deplore him, not only for the warm personal love which we entertained for him, but also from its seeming to us, in our purblind view of capacities and coming emergencies, that in the great struggle which is impending for the genuineness, authenticity, and infallibility of the Holy Scriptures, he was the man, who, from his studies, his genius, his faithfulness, could most effectively have helped the cause of Divine Truth.'

And again:—

'There are still the "seven thousand in Israel," "the remnant according to the election of Grace," who value the inspired volume of Holy Scripture above all earthly treasure, and whose simple child-like faith in its testimonies, is proof against all the suggestions of its fallibility thrown out by the (so-called) higher criticism. In the hearts of all such persons the memory of John William Burgon will be embalmed for ever.'

ART. VIII.—*Contes et Nouvelles*, and other Novels. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris, 1891.

2. *Lettres à George Sand*. Par G. Flaubert. Paris, 1884.

3. *Portraits et Souvenirs Littéraires*. Par Th. Gautier. Paris, 1885.

4. *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*. Par Paul Bourget. Paris, 1891.

5. *Feuilles Détachées*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris, 1892.

NO reader of Balzac will have forgotten the old curiosity shop to which, in the opening pages of 'La Peau de Chagrin,' Raphaël de Valentin, the ruined man of genius, pays a desperate visit. Raphaël has made up his mind that at nightfall he will fling himself over the Pont Royal into the Seine. But meanwhile he wanders listlessly along the streets; loiters in front of shop-windows; remarks the air and features of a lady making purchases within; and at last, stumbling against the entrance of the bric-à-brac merchant's, makes a voyage of exploration among his treasures. It is a house of many storeys, full to overflowing. The young man looks upon all the strange, beautiful, and costly things which have been swept up from the graves of fifty generations,—the panorama, so life-like yet so phantasmal, of ages that have vanished; their artistic leavings in bronze, marble, ivory, steel, and gold; the colours and shapes in which they took delight; the vestures of all hues and tissues wherewith they girt their beauty round about; the gods which they worshipped; the amulets, seals, and talismans wherein they sought protection against evil and the unknown. And the poet's imagination—for he is of that sensitive race—already troubled, becomes yet more chaotic, lending to these dead things a factitious and uncertain life. They glare at him with uncanny vision; they move and throb as with an awakening pulse; they seem to promise and overpower in the same moment. Then, like a figure out of some ghostly world, the owner of these marvels comes upon the scene. He listens in a sarcastic, slightly cynical mood to Raphaël's story; offers him, but at the youth's own risk, that formidable and victorious talisman of the wild ass's skin; and when he snatches it eagerly, says to him, with less pity than disdain, 'What, you had already resolved to die? Your suicide is but delayed.' The rest of the story tells how his words came true.

It is a parable of which the subject well might be that unhappy Guy de Maupassant, whose insanity, coupled with an attempt on his own life, sent a thrill through the best society in Europe, not many months ago. He has painted for our in-

struction, if likewise to the amazement of all serious minds, the France and the Paris of to-day. And he has fallen a victim to the passions and follies which he so vividly described. During twelve or fourteen years, he poured out upon an audience never weary of listening, as many as one hundred and fifty stories, long and short, grave and gay, to suit all tempers save the modest and the philosophic. He had proved himself the most admirable story-teller of our generation, provided we look only to the workmanship, and disregard the moral. Thus, to pursue our comparison, we may liken him to the explorer of some quaint museum in which things old and new lie side by side, fantastically shapen yet true to life, and giving back the world in miniature. Nay more, Maupassant was the painter of a gallery of pictures, to which many eyes were drawn. But he was also, unluckily for himself, a pilgrim in search of the miraculous, the talismanic, desperately seeking after new pleasures, though to purchase them implied, as with Raphaël de Valentin, the very shrinking of the warp and woof of life and mental suicide.

Thus, like M. Ernest Renan, Victor Hugo, and George Sand, he continues the story of French literature as it goes down that steep descent, along which it has been hurrying these many years. And if we dwell for a moment on his sudden fame and no less sudden collapse—which we do with a reluctance easily imaginable—the reason is, that not only in distinguished French circles, but even, to some extent, among ourselves, it has been thought a mark of modern culture to be acquainted with the world he sketches. This we look upon as, in every sense, a mistake, which would never be tolerated by sound judges of literature. There can be no charm where manliness and human feeling are so conspicuously absent. Yet neither the critic nor the historian can afford to neglect the signs which are every day multiplying of the French Decadence. They prophesy of a moral catastrophe, while they hasten it on, according to the Virgilian lines:—

‘*Sin maculæ incipient rutilo immiscerier igni,
Omnia tum pariter vento nimisque videbis
Fervere: non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.*’

None, indeed, of the lugubrious tales Maupassant invented can exceed his own in melancholy. Once more we are reminded of the diseased men of letters who before him have been the world's wonder,—Gérard de Nerval, Murger, Baudelaire, Edgar Poe, Heine, Lenau. These belong to our own time;

time; and in the background mightier figures are huddled together, whimpering, or laughing, or fixed in deadly silence,—Swift, and Pascal, and Tasso, and ought we not to include Rabelais, the shameless jester whose finest wit sinks down and expires in foulest fancies?

Well has Théophile Gautier observed, in speaking of his enigmatic friend Baudelaire (whose sense of beauty was transformed to a passion for things most horrible), that literature has ever been, for the genuine artist, a *Via Dolorosa*. Especially in modern times is the saying verified that to him 'Every sensation is the subject of analysis.' He becomes unconsciously a double person, like those hypnotized or insane creatures whose unity of being seems to have melted into groups of lower and conflicting existences, at once the despair and the attraction of medical science. If the artist, says Gautier, cannot find another corpse, he will stretch himself on the marble slab of the dissecting-room, and, by a prodigy frequent in literature, plunge the scalpel into his own heart. Cost what it may, he will seize the Protean idea which is for ever escaping him, and put his knee on its breast. But, even then, how long and arduous will the struggle be until he has clothed it in the fitting style, given it the colour which shall display it most becomingly, and draped it in severe or lovely folds! No wonder if, under such continued excitement, the nerves grow irritable and the brain is set on fire. Then comes hysteria, *la névrose*, with its strange disquietude, its sleeplessness and hallucinations, its indefinable anguish, morbid caprice, and fantastic depravity; with its motiveless likes and dislikes, its energy and prostration, its longing after excitants, and its disgust for wholesome food.

Shall we call the picture of literary decadence over-charged? By no means. The proof is that, although sketched more than twenty years ago, it corresponds with fatal precision to the case we have before us. Guy de Maupassant might have sat for this portrait in Gautier's studio. At the comparatively early age of two-and-forty, his inexhaustible genius has been suddenly shattered to pieces. It was his own doing, says the world; let him blame none but himself. His own doing, certainly; yet not altogether. The vivid temperament which betrayed Maupassant to his ruin might, in a happier state of society, have kept its tone, instead of being infected with leprosy, and deprived, by the atheism all round it, of a refuge in its utmost need. Victor Hugo wrote '*Les Misérables*' to show that it is civilization which creates its own thieves and scoundrels. Be that as it may, we shall not be stating a paradox, when we affirm

that the sensual unbelief of the Parisian world must answer for the mental disease to which so many others like Maupassant have succumbed. The philosopher in his diamond panoply of Pure Reason may laugh its arrows to scorn. Not so the artist, who is, like a child, impressionable and even fantastic. As Maupassant himself has remarked, the sense which is strongest in the story-teller is that of sight;—that is to say, a heightened power of vision, fixing itself on the shows of things, and discerning the truth by means of subtle changes in eye, and lip, and feature. It is, in short, a kind of feminine intuition, in which the French have ever excelled, but which brings with it the dangers of all excited feeling, as experience sorrowfully proves.

We take Guy de Maupassant, then, as summing up in his life no less than in the twenty volumes of his writing, one of the latest chapters in the history of France. His museum is like an old curiosity shop, we have said. But, being French and not English, it has its own peculiar character. Our excellent friend, Mrs. Grundy, for whose strong common-sense we profess no sort of disdain, if she could discuss the matter, in French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, with M. Prudhomme, would find in that gentleman a critic of her own way of thinking. M. Prudhomme, to his honour be it spoken, has lately begun to sweep from the shop-windows on the Paris Boulevards those shameless photographs and pictures which have too long been suffered in them. He has prevailed on the judges to sentence the actors and managers of the Théâtre Libre to the fine and imprisonment which they richly deserved. And he may one day commit the volumes of Zola and Maupassant to the flames. Mankind will not lose by the holocaust. It was said of George Sand that, although she did not affect the style of Miss Sewell or Miss Charlotte Yonge, she 'always wrote like a gentleman.' M. Guy de Maupassant is a gentleman by birth and education; but he does not write like one. The epithets by which this trait in his character might be most forcibly described, exist in French as in English; yet, though we agree with Lord Chesterfield that there is some advantage in knowing the language of 'Les Halles,' we shall not stoop to employ them. A critic need not be exactly a precisian. But if he detests prudery, he does not straightway run to the other extreme. What he finds unworthy in Aristophanes, or Shakspeare, in Chaucer, Swift, or Smollett, he sets down as such; nor will he allow that genius has the privilege of falling, when it pleases, into the mire. Is there no such thing as depravity of taste, because men without inward discernment

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tell us that Realism in Art is the only method? Or is vulgarity, henceforth, to be the test and token of sincere aims in literature?

Enough on this point for the present. We must not stand arguing at the door. Our guide, who, as we say, is the painter himself, is impatient to be describing his sketches. As we enter, it becomes manifest that we are within the walls of no Royal Academy or Exhibition of Old Masters. The vivacity of colours and figures, the skilful grouping, the firm and easy touch, and the recurring choice of gruesome or terrible subjects, assure us that we have crossed the Channel. But the absence of a religious, an ideal tone, and the artist's absorption in the present, declare that neither Raffaele nor Giotto has passed that way. All is unmistakably French, and French of the late nineteenth century. There is the servid atmosphere of Regnier or Fromentin, combined with that attention to objects of still life which always marks a period of decadence. Amid this profusion of scenes, we are struck with the clearness of the landscape, whether on the Norman coast, and the shores of the Gulf of St. Juan, or under the transparent sky of Algiers. Neither can we mistake the style, so careful in its details, yet aiming at a grandiose effect on the whole. We perceive that it is Flaubert's, who, with his steady and prolonged gaze, noted every shade of colour, and was as patient with a brush in his hand as though he were fitting together the stones of a mosaic.

Maupassant, indeed, first saw the light in a château at Miromesnil, in the Department of the Lower Seine, and was a friend and disciple of the unsociable recluse whose life during long years at Croisset, near Rouen, we know so well. There did Flaubert spend his days alone, looking out on the broad river, with the sails upon it, and torturing himself to death in the composition of 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' In master and pupil the keen yet boisterous Norman temper comes out remarkably. Flaubert himself might have been the author of 'Boule de Suif'; nor would the mixture of great qualities therein have done him dishonour. It was Maupassant's first published work. He had written much, but not printed a line, under his fierce old master's criticism, when in the 'Soirées de Médan,'—a collection of short and scandalous stories by Zola, Jules de Goncourt, and others of the 'physiological school,'—appeared this unpleasant, but most powerful and pathetic, sketch of an incident during the war of 1870. It gave the author a name at once; and no marvel! All that is revolting in the new school,—its suffocating atmosphere and cold analysis,—might be illustrated from 'Boule de Suif.' But there was something

thing more in it than Zolaesque brutality, or the tedious yet impressive collocation of details with which Flaubert's name is inseparably associated. There was humour, pathos, strong character-drawing, and the most deceptive air, not merely of Realism but of real life. Cornudet the democrat, Loiseau the humorous wine-merchant,—‘a true Norman full of wiles and joviality,’—the weather-beaten religious Sister, the Orleanist Count and his wife, are all as solid and palpable as if flesh and blood had gone to their making. And ‘Boule de Suif,’ who gives her name, or rather her nickname, to the story,—how can we praise her sufficiently? Describe her, indeed, we cannot, except by a circumlocution, yet in her degraded but still womanly nature, the oddest notions lurk of the base and the honourable, making her,—poor bedraggled creature,—a sort of heroine, in the ‘General Overturn.’ It is the absurdest, yet most touching situation.

And it is in the spirit of Flaubert. If there is in it a throbbing vein of compassion, there is also unconquerable cynicism. The author of ‘*Madame Bovary*’ felt all the rage of Timon when he glanced out on the mediocrities and block-heads which to him, as to Carlyle, made up the great majority of mankind. He wrote once to George Sand, with the truculence of Swift, that he would fain smother them in the common sewer. His devoted pupil shared the sentiment. Never, from the day he began to write until the pen dropped from his convulsed fingers, did Maupassant grow weary of enlarging on ‘the infamy of the human heart.’ With the insolent gaiety of youth he paints it in the faces, actions, gestures, of this typical set of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who, in spite of their chivalry, their religion, and their sense of gratitude, compel a miserable woman, just now plucked from the gutter, to sacrifice, not her virtue (she could pretend to none), but the instinct of shame left in her sunken nature, that they may escape from the hands of the Prussians. When the grotesque tragedy is done, they wash themselves in running water, and turn with bourgeois disgust from the hateful and improper thing to which they owe their deliverance. This we may call satire, if we will, but it has risen to a great height, and is in a key untouched, we are sure, by Juvenal.

—But the root of bitterness remains. Our feeling, as we read the last words of ‘*Boule de Suif*,’ is not so much pity for the victim, as a loathing like that which overcame Gulliver on returning from his last voyage, and falling in with the Yahoos who were his own kith and kin. It provokes an indictment of human nature. That anarchic moral returns in Maupassant's

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passant's stories like a refrain. The disgust of his own species never quits him. For dogs and horses he can feel; nor is he without a thrill of compassion when he comes across suffering or tormented children. He pities the miserable, too; outcasts, vagabonds, cripples, of whom he knows many sad and melting stories, appeal, not, he would say, to his humanity (for the human is vile and selfish), but to that quality of tenderness in the modern, highly civilized man, which is artificial, and not in any sense due to nature. He is eloquent on the struggle maintained by choice spirits against the something that made the world, and made it so brutal and ugly. That Promethean strain, so marked in a stage of Goethe's life and poetry, which Shelley also has harped upon in exquisite golden verse, inflicts on us a sense of surprise, when we hear it in Maupassant. But the antique symbol of a rebellious, suffering spirit which defies the god of nature, whether he is to be styled Zeus or Satan, has never perhaps died out of men's minds; and in 'L'Inutile Beauté' it finds vehement expression, though in language too gross and violent to be quoted.

Maupassant, we have said, is a true Norman, with the sanguine temper of his race, and their broad humour, which can be sly when it chooses, almost like the Lowland Scotch. He indulged the country squire's enthusiasm for hunting and every kind of field sport. Nor has any English writer given more faithfully the impression of wintry scenes, with their cold clinging mists, grey skies, and ghostly moon, such as we may look at, for instance, in 'Amour,' an admirable sketch of wild duck shooting. He felt also, in his own language, 'a violent passion' for the sea and the river. In all his books the clear and astonishingly precise description of the quick changing forms, and dancing or slumbering beauty of the waters, would satisfy at once a scientific observer like Mr. Tyndall, and a dreamy artist like Turner in his best period. The resources of French prose since Victor Hugo have been strikingly enlarged; and a new and refined colour-sense betokens its presence by the added suppleness, the continual gleaming of words which fill the eye with a vision as distinct as a photograph, while adding to it the tints of the landscape. With Maupassant there is no affectation of artistic phrase. He writes a limpid French, bright and unembarrassed wherever it has no reminiscence of Flaubert, as in most of his later stories. In the conversations which he so admirably fits to the personages brought on his mimic stage, there is no sign of mannerism. They are quite unaffected and true to nature. He has expressed a hearty contempt for the decadent style, 'ce vocabulaire bizarre, compliqué,

pliqué, nombreux, et chinois,' which aims at representing 'in euphonious verse'—or prose—the manifold sensibilities, and the 'confused nervous vibrations,' that, to a Helmholtz, would furnish the stuff out of which our dreams of reality are woven, and determine the pattern wherewith they are stamped. By and by, Maupassant, when his mental tone was enfeebled, did lapse occasionally into the morbid style of the symbolists. At no time, however, was it truly his own. The rude Norman vigour, the good sense, not quite unencumbered with a certain—shall we say stupidity?—which he inherited from his forefathers, and which ought to have kept him sound and healthy, would have sent him away laughing from lackadaisical poetasters, in whom there is no genius, but only a serious cultivation of æsthetic follies. He had no wish to be a prose Verlaine.

From nature he had received the endowment somewhat rare, among Parisian novelists, of hearty laughter. As a born Frenchman we might expect him to be witty and amusing; but humour we should not have looked for. There is not much of that free and joyous turbulence in the French literature of the day. Was it by descent Gaulish rather than Germanic or Provençal? But the Gaulish elements seem to be yielding, on the one hand, to a peasant dullness, which has no more sparkle in it than a millstone; and, on the other, to a finical euphuism, full of lust and languor, in comparison with which mere coarseness would seem to be on the side of the angels. Maupassant, however, was not a scented popinjay, like those to whom Paris means all the world they have travelled in, or those others who have come up from the provinces young, and are glad to forget the miseries of their peasant childhood. In his acquaintance with fields and hedgerows, with the life of the farm, with its sounds at morning and eventide, with wild birds and wild flowers, he resembles George Sand, though he lacks her untiring good-nature, and is not in the least a Utopian or a Socialist.

Suggestive, indeed, as well as saddening, is the descent from lightsome and touching romance, in 'La Petite Fadette' and 'Les Maîtres Sonneurs,' to the naked reality, though we grant its flashes of the ludicrous, which fills Maupassant's country scenes. They leave a feeling on the mind not unlike a medieval Dance of Death, painted among cornfields and vineyards. Everywhere we are sensible of a fixed and ingrained hardness which strikes home like a breeze from an iceberg, deadly cold and pitiless. The rustic workman or farmer is a being with one serious passion, money; and his amusements are as ignoble as his ambition is mean. Among the women, roughened by labour

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labour in the fields, there is not much antique virtue, but they rule their households with a rod of iron. Keeping these sights before us, we may compare 'L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme' with 'Adam Bede,' or 'Le Père Amable' with 'Silas Marner.' Upon the English stories, for all their tragic burden, a mild radiance seems to be shed; the great sky, with its stars and sunsets, hangs above us while we move among these men and women, whose thoughts are not invariably bent earthwards, nor their spirit become a tired and fretful beast, dragging the plough with unwilling muscles. There is sunshine on the land, which yet we know is not simply a painted operatic scene, but, in some measure at all events, taken from life. And from life, too, Maupassant draws, but in what ashen colours! Rose, the farm-servant, is quite another than Hettie Sorrel; she is devoid of her charms and her infantine coquettishness, and as dull-minded as the kine she milks, or the fowls to which she scatters grain. The farmer who forces her to marry him is a mere savage, brutal and strong, with passions into which not one single ray of fancy or affection has passed. So is it with 'Père Amable' also, who makes a village tragedy, with senile avarice for its dominant motive; and who ends by a miser's suicide, where all alike, young and old, are miserly. The painting is always,—we fear, because the facts warrant it,—a depressing 'grey in grey;' true doubtless, but spectral as the mists in Ossian, with ghosts murmuring hollow on the wind, and unspeakably desolate.

And still, bursts of laughter are not wanting; genuine, unforced hilarity, to which the dialect adds a keen flavour, as in 'Une Vente,' and 'Tribunaux Rustiques.' There is even at times (would it came oftener!) a vivid touch of the old world, something quaint, and lovable, or perhaps affecting: witness 'La Ficelle,' with its Teniers-like drawing of market-day in Goderville; or the exceedingly piteous tale of 'Le Gueux,' the starved cripple, in whose hunger none will believe until he dies of it. We are reminded by more than one stroke of 'Esmond' and Thackeray, in the pretty, passionate story called 'Une Veuve,' and in 'Mlle. Perle.' Touching, also, is 'La Rempailleuse,' the romance of the gipsy chair-maker in love with the village apothecary; a few pages, but worthy of Dickens, though more subtle than he would have imagined them. Even Chaucer might not have scorned the life-like comedy and grave tenderness of 'Hantot Père et Fils;' while he would have depicted in his most festive colouring 'La Confession de Théodule Sabot,' the unbelieving village carpenter on his knees before M. l'Abbé, and his naïve breakages of the Ten Commandments.

mandments. Like these are the most taking of the country stories, which almost persuade us to unsay the charge we have brought against their author, of hatred of the human race. That he loves a joke is much in his favour; and we allow that his laugh has an infectious ring about it which ought to scatter some of our dislike for the self-conscious misanthrope. Moments there are when we acknowledge that Maupassant, like all who have mixed with high and low sympathetically, can be genial and even kind-hearted. When he talks his native patois, with its delightful yet unconscious touches of the comic, its rude repartee, quaint farce, and explosive jollity, one cannot help laughing all down the page, and the air clears in a surprising manner. It is worth noting that the extremely gross stories are by no means the most amusing; while those to which there are absolutely no parallels, except in the least readable pages of Lucian or Aretino—though they strike one dumb with horror and amazement—have nothing humorous in them at all. Human laughter, as distinguished from the bestial or idiotic grimacing of creatures low in the scale, which mop and mow at things unspeakable, has its peculiar and exhilarating essence, not to be heightened, though it may be hideously counterfeited, by the introduction of these base elements. Even Voltaire might have taught his countrymen the lesson which Thackeray and Carlyle (men of such opposed tempers that their agreement is a strong warrant of the truth) have exemplified in some of the most brilliant, and most mirth-provoking creations of the Comic Muse. Very deep, or very noble laughter is always impersonal, and implies a deliverance from overwhelming passion, not surrender to it. When Maupassant's peasantry laugh their best, they seem to stand back from their grim and sordid existence, like men looking at a picture; and the strings of their heart, nay, of their purse, are loosened. The fine Celtic gaiety, of which traces yet live in these stories, though less frequent as we move on with them, may love pleasure and excitement; but it is too eager, too delicate, to dwell, in the icy mood of the Epicurean, upon its own sensations. It is warm and tender, somewhat given to change perhaps, but as unlike as possible to the nature of the voluptuary, whose fancy swings to and fro between Tiberius and the neo-pagans, and whose weary dreams Maupassant chose to delineate with ever-growing earnestness during his brief career.

In these reflections, we are already leaving the country roads and silent desolate villages, where the sun shines most days of the week on empty streets, and on Sunday beholds the peasant measuring his rood of ground with heavy paces that reach its boundary

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boundary all too soon. Passing by the well-drawn but unsavoury 'Maison Tellier,' which reminds us by sundry details and its half-sentimental manner, of Dickens,—but Dickens grown French and immoral,—we follow, perhaps in the doleful steps of 'L'Odyssée d'une Fille,' until we find ourselves in the midst of bourgeois of all descriptions, in small country towns, at seaside watering-places, and finally, in Paris. The change of scene, though it brings some movement along with it, and a quicker beating of the pulse, does not vary the characters in a drama which never ceases to be sordid and brutal. In the peasant-story well named 'Le Diable,' the farmer strikes a bargain across his mother's dying-bed with the old witch who is to lay her out; and La Rapet, the witch, gains a couple of francs by deliberately frightening the invalid into her last agony. What then? M. Caravan, the functionary who is the hero of 'En Famille,' will endure a comparison with the guileful peasant Honoré, as his wife, though well-dressed and fond of reading the *feuilleton* in her husband's journal, is no whit behind the village Hecate in boldness and brutality. Maupassant does not stupefy his reader at every turn, as did the honest Balzac, with calculations of francs, écus, and louis-d'ors. Yet he contrives to give as forcible an impression that the most avaricious people under heaven are the French; and that every class, from the shoeblack to the Legitimist noble, is infected with the same desire, to make money and invest it in good securities. We might have supposed that he would have blushed for his countrymen while he depicted their weakness. But no; French nature is so made; and granting that pleasure is pleasant, it would appear that the means of procuring pleasure, which (so low has an atheist world fallen) is obviously money in gold or in paper, has drawn to itself the infinite charms of the end it was invented to subserve. Mammon has vanquished Belial, and leads him triumphantly captive.

Yet, of course, Belial reigns; and the gallery painted over with his diversions, his frolics, and his deceptions,—for he is a liar from the beginning,—now meets our gaze; while the artist, changing his tone with admirable quickness, rehearses adventures on the Boulevards by day and by night, throws in a dozen river scenes with their picturesque animation and unquotable incidents, displays the electric-lighted masquerade of Paris, circling round about from the Opera to the Folies Bergères, and in a word, offers to make us acquainted with *la canaille* in all its variety of costume,—in velvet and diamonds, black dress-coat, and second-hand finery; or out at elbows, ragged, foul, and famine-stricken. If the modern Hogarth desires (it is

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not expedient indeed) to see what Vanity Fair has become on Sunday afternoon in the neighbourhood of the great city,—‘coronatum petulans madidumque Tarentum,’—he may read Maupassant’s description of the things he has seen there. All is vulgar and atrocious; a gathering on the riverside, amid artificial gardens, of such a company as only the last days of civilization could collect under the open sky. The ‘infamy of the human heart’ has created many an Inferno, but we question if any more monstrous has ever crossed the fancy of poet or seer. And this, be it remembered, is no invention; it is simply a coloured photograph. There, says the artist, proud of his work, may be seen all the world’s refuse, the debauchery that still has distinction, and the fungus-growths of Parisian society,—journalists, gentlemen, thieves, knights of industry with a varnished front, men and women well known to the police, whose *dossiers* would furnish very instructive reading; a crowd as dull of brain as it is disreputable, but furious and quarrelsome, intoxicated with brutal excitement. It is a section of the modern chaos which men still persist in calling civilization, exposed to the sunlight, and so much the more revolting that those who inhabit there have never guessed that they are the damned. Of none among them can it be said, *Quæsit lucem, ingemuitque reperta*. Did the light make them ashamed, we might hope that sooner or later they would strive to ascend out of the pit. It is quite otherwise with them; and these ‘politer pleasures,’ which Swift in his terrible irony calls ‘the productions of art and reason on our side of the globe,’ appear, even to the light-hearted Guy de Maupassant, a subject rather for gaiety than for reprobation. In crude, but quite unimpassioned language, and sometimes with amusement, he throws down his lively sketches of a depravity which has long passed the bounds of permissible human speech. Be it never forgotten that the canvas on which these horrors find their place is no Eastern city given over to idols, but Paris, the head and front of European culture. And the pencil which does not refuse to trace them, the mind which dwells upon them without abhorrence, are those of a man of genius, himself a part of the society whose portrait he has drawn to the satisfaction of the tens of thousands who read him.

We cannot pause over the crowd of miniatures or pastels, vivid as the one, or firm and clear as the other, in which Maupassant has related the everyday life of modern France. It is a bird’s-eye view from the Eiffel Tower, but extending north and south, to Etretat and Trouville on one side, and to Hyères and Monte Carlo, with Corsica rising up like a ghost

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out of the Mediterranean, on the other. Many of the situations are gay and bright, like the battle of flowers on the Boulevard de Foncière, down at Cannes. The landscape is always a marvel, whether it be Mont St. Michel with its wide sands, dizzy circling heights, and blue sky shedding floods of light, or Antibes in a glow of sunshine by the sea. But, if nature, in spite of the cynical eye, can never lose its enchantment, and the Divine presence still haunts the garden planted eastward of Eden, it is not so with man. Formidable symptoms of an apish or even tigerish descent betray themselves, even where the combatants are pelting each other with roses. Begin how the story may, in lovely sunshine, under the bowers of trellised vines, or in the drawing-room decked with exquisite statuary and masterpieces of the latest art, we can never doubt where it will end. For Maupassant belongs to a tribe which should be known as the 'vulture artists,' who are enamoured of decay. It is a wonder to see this fresh-coloured athletic man, whose bull neck and rather sullen expression offer a strange contrast to his dreamy eyes, taking his pleasure in the depths of rascaldom and crime, not as a physician who is compelled to go down thither, and still less as a saviour of men from the powers of darkness, but as a strolling player, an idle gentleman, a *flâneur*, in short, who does not know what to do with himself, and who has discovered that merely to write his experience will bring him in money. For he, too, worships the golden calf, and has long since exchanged the dreams of his youth for what they would fetch in the market. And so he produces at length 'Bel-Ami,' to serve as the newest edition in one volume of the 'Comédie Humaine.'

Bel-Ami, otherwise Georges Duroy, is not altogether unlike Philippe Brideau, the truculent adventurer who succeeds where Lucien de Rubempré, a delicate but vain and volatile genius, could not, despite his fine gifts, help failing, that is to say, in journalism. Duroy, who is a peasant born, and has served in Algeria, possesses no capital when the scene opens but audacity and good looks. He is educated, of course; in other words, he has failed to take his degree at the University, and can read the newspapers. 'Himself,' as Bentham would say, 'is his great concern.' Not one single generous sentiment does he own; while, being an enlightened Frenchman, he has no religion. He belongs, in the strict sense of the term, to the dangerous classes. His ambition is to 'arrive;' by what means, provided they do not bring him into contact with the police, he thinks perfectly indifferent. And 'arrive' he does. Not, however, by talent, —although he discovers in himself the journalist's happy knack
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of taking another man's ideas without paying for them, and setting them out to his own advantage. No, in the latitude of modern Paris, fortune goes by favour; talent has little to do with it; and M. Georges Duroy is indebted for success to three women, two of whom he marries (one at the Mairie, and the other at the Madeleine); while the third, who becomes in course of time his mother-in-law, has sacrificed to him not only her virtue, but, as the author is delighted to point out, her religion.

It is an edifying romance, not marred, be sure of it, in the telling. The style is crisp, high-strung, and exceedingly photographic,—the perfection of that which impressionists aim at but seldom achieve. From its descriptions, an archæologist of the twenty-first century might reproduce, with most admired exactness, the form and habit of Parisian life as it goes on in the many-storied houses and outside them. We are here shown, with singular clearness, the Paris of 'Les Rois en Exil.' The Prince of Orange has hardly ceased to tread its asphalt, and ex-king Milan offers himself to view as he rides in the Bois de Boulogne. From entresol to garret we pass to and fro. Yet in the multitude of human beings we distinguish an amazingly small variety of types. Huge Paris, with its two million mortals living inside the barriers, seems no larger, no more opulent in character and circumstance, than one of Terence's comedies. The scene has grown to vast proportions; it is an immense spectacle; but the players, and even the masks they wear, disappoint us with their eternal monotony. Adventurers like Duroy and Forestier, Jew money-changers, proprietors of journals, and members of the 'High Finance' like M. Walter, dissolute and rapacious Ministers like M. Laroche Mathieu, who under the Third Republic are seated in the palaces of Kings, and, if they had their due, would be standing in the pillory; courtesans of the drawing-room type like Madeleine, and of the *gamine* type like Madame de Marelle;—such are the puppets that fret and strut their hour upon the stage; and while we acknowledge their resemblance to well-known personages, we feel but a slight interest in the story they are acting. For is it not written, over and over again, in the books of the chronicles of modern Lutetia? One is tempted to cry out in the immortal words of the French rustic, 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!' Who that has read the fiction of the last twenty years, but could guess these situations and their *dénoûment* blindfold? In that sordid struggle for existence, the men trust to their cunning and their impudence, the women to their beauty and their quickness in what

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what may be called scene-shifting and by-play. Georges Duroy, passing them in review as they ride or drive by him in the Bois, mutters to himself their astonishing history, in which no degradation, no treachery or base deceit, is wanting. He finds much amusement in the thought. It is, again says Maupassant, 'The profound, the everlasting infamy of man beneath a grave exterior.' For these cardsharps, directors of bubble companies, eaters of their wives' wages of sin, are citizens of renown, honourable men, holding their heads high and looking the world in the face. And these women, who have come hither in such superb toilets, but too many of whom are well known to the police, put on airs of conscious distinction, as though the falling snow would stain their whiteness.

Such, according to Maupassant, is the great world of fashion and finance, *où l'on s'amuse*. To these have fallen the riches of civilization; and for their secure estate in luxury the millions toil and eat black bread, tasting neither joy nor hope. The great scoundrel greatly succeeds; he is called a strong character, and men give way before him. Duroy, with the nerves of a Chasseur d'Afrique and no soul but a stomach, finds that cunning, faced with brutality, will carry him far. While his friend and patron, Forestier, is lying dead in the room, he makes a proposal of marriage to Forestier's widow; and, next day or so, the lady accepts. But he forgets to be married in church; so that when his 'civil' wife is to be cast off for the young Jewess with a portion whom he has abducted, he can get his divorce in proper form. Religion, edified by his reprobation of a mere contract at the registrar's, bestows on him all her pomp and ceremony beneath the classic roof of the Madeleine,—doubtless for a consideration. In terms of fervid eloquence, a high ecclesiastic blesses the union and expatiates on the noble mission of the journalist. And Georges Duroy 'thanks with brief thanksgiving whatever gods there be.' This world and the next are at his feet. The crowd, gathered on the steps of the temple, represent Paris subdued by those notable qualities which have thus proved themselves the fittest to survive. Thanks to his audacity and his predacity, his lying and his good looks, the peasant's son, who now signs with the *particule* and is sure to be a Deputy, has 'arrived.' It is the triumph of cynicism and of selfishness. But all is in the grand style, though soiled by the hands which turn it to such good account. Veneering without, corruption within!

Such is 'Bel-Ami,'—wicked Paris grown fifty years older since Balzac, and infinitely less picturesque, with the electric light instead of flickering oil-lamps, and the little tables outside
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the cafés holding not only their tiny glasses of *fine de champagne*, but 'bocks' of frothing Bavarian. There is, however, a more subtle style of painting these scenes, in which art and sentiment shall be allowed their due influence. We are told how delighted was Georges Duroy when he discovered the pregnant word 'anemic.' But being neither artist nor city-bred, he shows in his own career the stubborn and, so to speak, the muscular obstinacy of the peasant, who, when his teeth are fixed in a bone, will not let it go, even if he is whipped to bleeding. For 'anemic' elegance and the 'male hysteria,' which it implies, we must turn to 'Notre Cœur,' described by a feminine reader as 'exquisite.' Yes, it is exquisite enough, like the flush of consumption, or the colours of the dying mullet, in which Roman epicures found so much to admire. The combination of high art with intense depravity has always been reckoned exquisite, from the days of Lesbos and Sardis, to the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Louis the Great, and the present French decadence. Its most effective historians, nevertheless, are men like Alphonse Daudet and Paul Bourget; not men like Maupassant, keen and subtle observer though he be. 'Notre Cœur' has, of course, its brilliant pages; but in subtlety of colour and high-wrought passion it will not compare for an instant with George Sand's 'Elle et Lui,' to say nothing of 'Lélia' or 'Indiana.' Neither is the self-conscious, half-poetic mood which Bourget is fond of dissecting and of adorning with his passionate melancholy, quite in the vein of our sturdy Norman. Where sentiment is concerned, Maupassant does little more than make believe. He prefers a drinking scene, in which his comrades laugh over barrack-room stories, and make the glasses on the table ring again.

Still, he would not be the accomplished French genius that he is—or must we say, was?—had he not learnt to pursue his trains of idle reverie, tricking out decadence with artificial prettiness, and sweetening it with sentiment. In 'Notre Cœur' there is a sort of murderous enchantment, which takes prisoner soul and sense, though certainly not those of an Englishman, who despises what to his Gallic neighbour might seem to be luxuries of feeling. It is a dream, hanging clear above our heads—detached from duties and moralities—where instinct may do as it will and no fault found. You do not like Michèle de Burne, or André Mariolle, or Massival, or Lamarthe. Still less do you admire them. But it is impossible to question whether they are alive. Under the spell of so vivid a presentment, you forget almost that there is another view of existence than that in which the senses, refined or merely animal,

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animal, feed and have their fill. Perhaps, while you stand looking into Madame de Burne's salon, some words from an ancient book cross your memory, concerning 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.' You may even be tempted to quote them in Maupassant's hearing. Do so, and he will turn fiercely on you; but in a moment, he will give, as it were, a furtive smile, betokening that he has some surprise in store. We have not seen half his collection yet. And Norbert de Varenne, the poet of 'Bel-Ami,' has uttered in his morose fashion certain thoughts which, as Pascal would say, lie at the back of the head. We shall hear more of them presently.

But Michèle de Burne, the lady of 'Notre Cœur,' is 'one of those creations that distinguish a new generation,' and how does Maupassant imagine her? Mark it well. She is not romantic and passion-struck, as in the long past era of Chateaubriand and George Sand; neither does she count among 'les joyeuses' of the Second Empire, who longed for nothing but pleasure. No, Michèle, the widow of a man to whom she was forcibly wedded, is 'a being of undecided sensibilities,' and a restless spirit, easily shaken. She seems to have made acquaintance with all the narcotics that appease or irritate the nerves—with chloroform that stupefies, as with ether and morphia that explore the world of dreams, quench the senses, and put the feelings to sleep. She is singularly artificial—factitious, we might almost say. Lamarthe, who knew the kind, has judged these creatures with philosophic severity. Marolle, however, replies that it is the fault of the poets in prose and verse, who once gave women an ideal to dream about, and now preach the vulgarity of all things. Love, he says, is no more to be found in books; therefore it has vanished from life. In the sequel he discovers that not even the passion which has taken hold of him will awaken a sense of enchantment in the lady; for the old story of the Sleeping Beauty has reversed its meaning in our time, and it is base Realism that calls upon the hero to put it to flight. Michèle has no heart; she never had one. 'How futile and personal a thing is woman!' cries Lamarthe. In 'Notre Cœur' the tragedy is a kind of stale-mate, where the lady and the lover stand perplexed, and no god comes to their deliverance. It is sentiment reduced to dry-rot and evil-smelling dust, some breath of which given from time to time leads us to scent a moral pestilence, or Black Death, in the air of France.

To this view Maupassant would have laughingly assented. For he has been leading us all along to his pathological department.

department. The world of fashion is only not insane because it is frivolous. Pierce through the thin rind and you plunge into an abyss. Or, to keep to our illustration, when we have seen the painted outside of things, their glitter and gay decoration, our guide, drawing aside a curtain, will invite us into his next hall of imagery.

It is sombre enough at first glance. We perceive many of the old figures with which we have made acquaintance in the joyous stories. But they are changed in one most significant particular,—their hearts are laid bare for our inspection to the core. 'Think you,' enquires Novalis, or some other musing sage, 'that there is anything so dreadful in its nakedness as the heart of man?' We can study it here, in the spectral kingdoms of vice and misery unadorned, upon which that high beautiful world of Paris and the golden life reposes. Stars and ribands are torn off; the decorous evening dress is rent from most respectable shoulders; Justice itself flings away its robes. There is no varnish now, to film over with deceptive gloss that immense illusion before which we bow the knee and call it 'Society,' as though to be put out of its pale were as bad as solitary imprisonment. The raging moral chaos, wherein no law and no light are discoverable, is pictured by this violent artist, himself floating on its foam and filth, as a sea which beats incessantly upon rock-bound shores, leaping ever and anon above the loftiest crags, and sending inland long splashes of brine and sand mingled. As we read in the painfully vivid sketch called 'Un Fils,' the fathers of all the criminal vagrants, of the diseased, forsaken, and dangerous members of society, are neither the poor nor the hard-working, but the bourgeois intent on enjoyment, the academician, the artist, the deputy, the senator. Note, of course, the exaggeration; but mark also how much truth lurks in the gibe. Behind or below fashion, culture, and opulence, there is the fallen world, tenanted by thieves, forgers, murderers *in esse* or *in posse*; by abandoned women whose misery is greater than their sin; and, alas, by little children doomed never so much as to understand what innocence means. Our guide to these heartrending sights is only too competent. He paints and he speaks, not as a religious man,—he is no Frà Angelico,—but calmly, like a citizen of the world. Yet his voice trembles a little; and, in the midst of his shameful narrative there will break out, as it were, a sob from the depths of his heart,—as in the piteous story of 'L'Armoire.' The tale itself is slight, is nothing. But the picture of the child, turned out of its poor little bed and sent to sleep all night as well as it can, on a chair in the cupboard,—and the child

child of such a mother, engaged in such a trade,—who can express the things of which it is an evidence? They are as touching as they are horrible. And in one sense or another they are most true,—not in Paris alone, or Vienna, or Berlin, but, as our police reports tell us, in London, Liverpool,—where not in our huge cities? No, we cannot handle the theme; it is pitch and we may not be defiled. But many are the ‘children of the desolate;’ and to them defilement clings from the day they were born.

When Maupassant tells a story like this, which goes to the heart, we bear with his coarseness, much as it offends a healthy nostril; we are almost willing to forgive and to like the man. But he is a creature of instinct; the pity which fills his eyes one moment is forgotten the next. He cares only for excitement, nor does he reckon of what species, tender, morose, or even cruel. Not that he gloats over cruelty as done by himself; but he has a mania for studying its phases. The world of detestable, though still human vice, seems to undergo a transformation as we pass with him along his dark galleries. Our step falters where he gains assurance. Why explore these Bedlams, whether of life or literature? ‘Why?’ he replies, ‘because they are the truth, the only solid ground beneath the world’s illusion.’ Thus he indulges, in a mood of mocking complicity, all the bizarre fancies which haunt the last agonies of reason. Upon the inner wall of the vast room we are entering, might be written the author’s own words, in which, if our judgment is not wholly false, an extraordinary and prophetic depth of insight is shown,—‘These men,’ he writes in ‘*Le Horla*,’ ‘spoke of all things with lucidity, with ease, with intelligence, until their thought, all in a moment, touching on the reef of madness, was shattered to pieces, foundering in that fierce and dreadful ocean, full of raging waves, of mists and hurricanes, which is called insanity.’ Maupassant knew these things too well.

Out of the Parisian salon, with its delicate eccentricities of colour and adornment, where life is passed in making forbidden love, we pass, then, to the Court of Sessions, the police cell, the asylum. We study the records found in sealed envelopes and secret drawers, the diaries kept hidden for years, the confessions made on deathbeds, which at long last proclaim the horrid mystery that has been tearing the heart. In the beautiful language of our prose-poet, De Quincey, we behold ‘the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt, or seen but dimly in the rear, crowding into indistinct proportions.’ The epidemic nature of crime has been often remarked upon by

moralists and magistrates. Weak imaginations reel under the stroke of horrors vividly presented; and mimicry being among the deepest instincts of mankind, there is always danger that one outrageous incident will make many. Some writers, of whom Hawthorne is perhaps the most daring and subtle, have spent much time and thought in considering the 'averted side' of existence. They are fascinated by its irony which evokes unhallowed desires in the austere bosoms, and seems wickedly to sport with dignities, and the virtues that should accompany them. We by no means say that the compelled hypocrisy consequent on some great crime, into which a man, hitherto blameless, has been hurried, may not furnish a subject as lawful as it is tragic on the stage or in romance. But it calls for skilful and even humane handling, lest our self-reverence, and with it our self-control, should be irreparably injured. The cynicism of a Rabelais carries not with it more peril. For we have this treasure of personality in earthen vessels. How tender should we not show ourselves, likewise, of the gift of reason, so hardly conquered from ages of bestial struggling, so beset in our own day with dangers on every hand! For none, who will look into the matter, can question that, as civilization advances, the pressure which its complex activities cannot but exert, is telling on weak and fevered brains. The azote or nitrogen which tempers, while it dulls, uncivilized natures, is being rapidly withdrawn from our modern air; and we see as in a flaming sky the oxygen kindle, burning up the life it should nourish. While the objects of dread and of desire have multiplied a thousandfold, the brain lags behind: it is more slowly developed, though solicited more than ever; and seems capable only of acting along the lines which experience has furrowed in it. The pulse of humanity beats dangerously quick in our day. Compared with our ancestors, we seem, in the words of the poet, to be 'tremblingly awake.' Or, as Maupassant remarks, we find our very senses inadequate, and sigh for new powers which may open to us undreamt-of worlds,—'an enlargement of the soul and of sensation.' For, he says, 'the mind has but five half-open doors,—and these are chained,—which we call the five senses. They are five barriers that men enamoured of a new art have begun in these days to shake with all their might.' Yes, artists 'have come to the end of their resources; they are running short of the inedited, of the unknown, of emotions, of images, of all things.' Hence they feel tempted to cultivate a 'rare and redoubtable faculty,' which arises from the diseased sensitiveness of the skin and the whole organism, prompting it to feel every

every slight emotion with keen energy, and inflicting upon the mind, in accordance with changes of temperature, with savours and scents, or with the varying tones of daylight, sufferings, sadness, and enjoyments unknown to spirits less finely touched. They dabble in narcotics, and add to the number of the 'détraqués,' whose existence is a consuming fever, and nothing less than a peril to civilisation.

Morphine, it would appear, tends, when taken in large doses, to reverie, the symptoms of which are everywhere visible in modern French literature. But hemp is violent and heady. These sketches of Maupassant, which have already cost us so many words, betray the influence of both. We mean that side by side with an anxious peering into all manner of curious possibilities (where the ordinary five senses are unloosed or terribly intensified) there comes the delineation of maniacal fury, bent on gratifying its cravings in a series of heightened atrocities. The coarse and ill-bred humour which disfigured Maupassant's Norman tales was harmless in comparison. It could only disgust. But the miasma of insanity exhaling from narratives such as 'Un Fou,' 'Moiron,' 'Chevelure,' and 'Le Horla' betokens, if we may venture on the expression, a decaying brain. We turn with unconquerable dread from the like phenomena in those high-coloured and plague-stricken artists Edgar Poe, Baudelaire, and William Blake. In this weird region of nightmare and hallucination nature seems dead. 'Wicked dreams,' indeed, 'abuse the curtained sleep.' And, remark, the passion in which all others are taken up and expire, is not, as we might have anticipated, animal gratification, but a longing after blood.

French romance, following in the wake of much modern journalism, shows a decided taste for cruel, no less than obscene, horrors. As in the Imperial Roman days, so is it now. Thirty years ago and more, Baudelaire, in his strange and bitter 'Fleurs du Mal,' depicted 'the modern monster, ennui,' as 'a cowardly bourgeois, dreaming his dream of classic ferocity and debauchery,' as 'Nero at the desk and Elagabalus behind the counter.' For such an audience, intoxicated, as M. Bourget has said, with 'analytic libertinism,' worn out by its excesses, yet desiring ever more to add fresh stimulants where the old have lost their power, did Maupassant trace in burning colours, the scenes of his mad gallery. Yet none affected a loftier contempt for the *régime* which is typified in the *bureaucrat* and the *épiciér*. 'The age of art is gone,' he exclaims; 'there is no longer even an aristocratic skin. Science has become a convenience, and industry looks only to the market.'

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These be the gods that have triumphed over the worship of beauty, and the passion for knowledge that once was far above rubies. 'Think of the ideal no more,' cries some jealous divinity to fallen man, 'but meditate upon the things of a brute which concern thee, and thou shalt make large discoveries.' 'Alas,' replies Maupassant, 'your electric bells and telephones may arouse our interest; but they never can fire our enthusiasm like the ancient forms of thought—not ours, I say, who are the uneasy thralls of a dream of delicate beauty, that haunts our pillow and ruins our existence!'

It is a noble and a just lament. But how discordantly it sounds in these pages adapted to the taste, though beyond the capacity, of the degraded French peasant, or of the woman of fashion, who thinks herself cultivated because she reads what she chooses! Can it be this servant of delicate visions who has put together, with the patience of Flaubert, the dreary record, which, under the title of '*Une Vie*,' has reached a thirty-sixth edition? Was it a thirst after 'ancient forms of thought' which led to the publication of '*Fort comme la Mort*?' Are the other volumes which we pass by in disdain, likely to kindle a sacred fire in the youthful imagination which has access to them? Or may we suppose that the career to which, being wealthy, artistic, and her own mistress, the heroine of '*Notre Cœur*' devoted her leisure, was the fruit of a 'haunting ideal'?

No. When Raphaël de Valentin set out on the journey of despair which led him through a world of curiosities to the deadly talisman, he was haunted by no ideal. And it was an ambition not much nobler than George Duroy's, to which Maupassant yielded, when he exchanged the clerk's quill for the novelist's. He found, to use his own expression, that with the same quantity of writing he could make thousands where he had made hundreds—that was all. To amuse a reading public, which gives its hours of idleness to Dumas, Eugène Sue, Zola, and Jules Verne (who appear from statistics to be the favourite authors at Parisian libraries), cannot be deemed a lofty task. But it rewarded this gentleman's facile pen, and gave him wealth and a name in cosmopolitan society. He became a French falconer, that flies at all he sees. Still, these things did not suffice him. Like other modern artists, he would 'shake mightily the barriers of the senses,' and purchase experience with drugs. The true '*Peau de Chagrin*,' which promises infinite satisfaction and wounds with every draught, is hashish or morphia. How they fulfil the celebrated aspiration in '*Les Fleurs du Mal*'!—

'Quee

'Que tu viennes du ciel ou de l'enfer, qu'importe,
O Beauté, monstre énorme, effrayant, ingénu,
Si ton œil, ton souris, ton pied m'ouvre la porte
D'un infini que j'aime et n'ai jamais connu?'

At Tunis, not very long before the final catastrophe, Maupassant, visiting the Arab asylum, turns away 'with a confused emotion, full of pity, or perhaps of envy, for some of the insane who, in the prison which is none to them, continue the dream they found one day in the bowl of a pipe stuffed with a pinch of yellow leaves.' To such a temper was he brought by an indomitable will and an appetite which no daily bread could satisfy. With the fancies that sprang up in him, this polished Frenchman combined the literary manners which we suppose might prevail among Polynesians. He loved, no doubt, to be poisoned by his own experiments in literature. But they have spread in France like wildfire. The editions of his books are sown broadcast; though, as we are glad to learn, the great European booksellers have begun of late to discover that, outside the French frontiers, their circulation is rapidly falling off. Perhaps the spirit of the decadence, like religious persecution, according to M. Paul Bert, is meant for home consumption, and cannot bear a long voyage. But at home it still puts forth a mighty 'uncreating' power upon men and women. The 'spirits that tend on mortal thoughts' seem, indeed, to have 'made thick their blood,' and stopped up 'the access and passage to remorse.' Such wholesale corruption ought to strike the coldest critic as portentous. And yet Swift's grim satire is more than justified; these things made the subject of prurient literature have called forth praise, as being 'the productions of art and reason on our side of the globe'—they are 'Nature, Realism, Psychology,' and therefore to be admired.

Maupassant tells us that he never coveted more than two pieces of statuary—one, the headless Venus of Syracuse, the other, a celebrated brazen ram in the Museum at Palermo. They express, to his mind, he says with a half-mocking smile, 'toute l'animalité du monde'—the stupid, unconscious beauty of the senses which no ideal comes to vex or trouble. He was quite right. All his philosophy may be fixed in these outward symbols of marble and bronze. Yet the tranquillity of the brute was lacking to him, as to the generation which he addressed and represented. Dreams still haunt them; phantoms pursue them. A dull or frantic sense awakens in them now and again, foreboding the ruin of the city which they have builded. Even the modern Parisian cannot sleep his sleep of the brute. To his cherished idols he has sacrificed freely.

Religion,

Religion, humanity, art, and whatsoever else may be lovely in men's eyes, he has cast upon the burning altar. It is not enough, so long as he remains alive himself, though but anemic and poisoned with morphine. From hour to hour, therefore, the cry goes up of a victim that has flung himself into the blaze. Yesterday it was Heine—now it is the turn of M. Guy de Maupassant, venal novelist and brilliant man of the world. To-morrow it will be another, with the like genius no less shamefully abused. For what else can happen in a society which has convinced itself of 'the immense stupidity of all things'? One may address it in words not unlike those which Billaud flung at Robespierre: 'Avec ton être infâme tu commences à m'embêter.' To Maupassant life was 'an ignoble farce.' Let us hear his poet once more, Norbert de Varennes, as he paces along the Boulevards with Bel-Ami, 'under the silent moon,' and gives him the conclusion of the whole matter. 'About the soul of every man,' he says, 'there is an eternal solitude. I look up into the sky; and it is empty. I find myself alone in the world, without father or mother, wife or child. I do not believe in resurrection or immortality. And I have no God.'

But there is a conclusion of a far different kind which forces itself upon thoughtful minds, when they weigh and consider as 'documents of civilization' the products of the French decadence. M. Renan, surely, is a witness beyond suspicion at the tribunal of 'Liberalism' and 'progress.' Yet, in his latest volume, 'Feuilles Détachées,' M. Renan sounds the alarm, not once but often; he dares not prophecy smooth things for his countrymen who are showing, on every side, as he affirms, a notable decline in morality. 'Sound literature,' he protests, 'is that which, when carried out in practice, makes a noble life.' That of the seventeenth century was such,—he means the classic achievements under Louis Quatorze. But 'modern literature will not endure to be put to the touch.' Evil days are in store for the nation. 'It is certain,' continues this by no means austere sage, 'that moral values are losing ground; the spirit of self-sacrifice is almost extinct; and the day is approaching when everything will be done by a syndicate, and organised egoism will be set up instead of love and devotedness.' Yet, as he clearly perceives, while the age has invented a mechanism which grows more perfect from hour to hour, men are blinding themselves to the fact, that even a perfect machinery, if it affects human interests, must imply 'a certain degree of morality, conscience, and self-denial.' Two institutions in France, the Army and the Church, have hitherto resisted

resisted the torrent which is bearing society along; and they, says M. Renan, will speedily be carried away like the rest. Man is tormented by the need of an 'eternal conscience.' What, then, he inquires, will become of a democracy which has exhausted its religious belief, and does not look beyond the tomb? It will decline much lower than the present time; for when even 'the shadow of the shade' has vanished, an 'immense moral, and perhaps intellectual, abasement,' will be the inevitable consequence. M. Renan, who would fain be a laughing Silenus in his old age, is, therefore, as despondent as M. Bourget, who dreads that the 'fatal incapacity of action' may follow upon the 'incapacity to believe or to affirm,' which is the prevalent disease in Frenchmen of genius. And M. de Vogüé, though aiming with his vigorous eloquence to persuade 'the young men of twenty,' that they ought to sacrifice their pessimism at the shrine of a social crusade, is still given over to the gloomiest apprehensions. The question which these eminent writers, and a hundred more, have constantly in their minds, is as momentous as it is practical. Will France survive? Or are we looking on at the suicide of *la grande Nation*? Such is the problem in half-a-dozen words.

It affords, surely, a valid reason for consulting the omens; and, although it never can have been the pleasantest of tasks to inspect the 'smoking entrails,' as Virgil styles them, of sheep and oxen, yet no other way do we possess of learning what will be, than by carefully studying what is and has been. We would not deny, (no, indeed!) that behind Paris there stands an inarticulate peasant France, which is too little civilized to be decadent. Nor do we reckon the literature of a people as equivalent to its life, as though there might not be a forced circulation of paper, without gold or even copper to redeem it on demand. But in Maupassant and his like we find evidence, which not the most stubborn optimist can rebut or refuse, that the upper and middle classes of the French have fallen into a most unhealthy condition. It is, we repeat, a decisive argument, a crucial test; and therefore we not only are justified, but are bound to apply it, be the nature of the investigation required as painful as our criticism has shown. For it is no light thing that France should disappear from the map of Europe. We put aside questions of sects and dynasties; we make no appeal to national prejudice or the inveterate suspicion bred of former wars. It is enough for us that a race and people, confessedly among the chosen of the world, with abounding gifts of mind and temperament, and an heroic past, should be thus imperilled, to excite our attention and kindle our sympathy.

sympathy. We look upon the tribe of Zolas, Renans, Bourgets, Daudets, and Maupassants, as among the most dangerous enemies that France has nourished in her bosom. Vain, utterly vain, it is to praise their skill in the art of literature, their acquaintance with all manner of human passions, the vivid power of their brutality, or the melting charm of their putrescence. What arguments are these to address to a nation on the very edge of the abyss? And how shall we account of Englishmen, (such as are not wanting), who can see in the wide plagues to which we have been calling our readers' notice, merely a feature of the moment, artistic trifling, and not the proof, as well as the symptom, that a process of death, moral, intellectual, and even physical, has set in among the French who have yielded to revolutionary principles? What is to be said of journals which advertise with the most careless air such authors as we have been compelled to denounce, and which extend to them a disinterested pity, if not a qualified admiration? Nothing will rouse men from their comfort or their lethargy but a violent shock. We dare not, indeed, attempt, in this Christian age, to write with the freedom of Juvenal, who had no worse portents to depict or to transfix than may be viewed, any day, in the world tenanted by the Maupassants. But, while we have touched its hateful phenomena as lightly as was compatible with giving some true account of them, we would say that never was the lightning of indignation, human or divine, so justly called for as in the day on which we are writing, to sweep these abominations from the earth, and restore a great people to the place which still awaits them in the European comity, if they will choose less degraded teachers than they have lately gone after; if they will burn what they adore, and adore what they take an insane delight in burning. For without morality, no art or science, however advanced, will save them from ruin.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Thrift and Independence, a Word for Working Men.* By the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A. London, 1885.
2. *The Blackley National Provident Insurance Scheme; a Protest and an Appeal.* By the Rev. J. F. Wilkinson, M.A. London, 1887.
3. *Working Men's Annuities for Old Age.* By Thomas Fatkin. 'Leeds Mercury,' Dec. 9, 1891.
4. *Old Age Pensions.* By the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. 'National Review,' Feb., 1892.
5. *Old Age Pensions, and Pauperism.* By C. S. Loch. London, 1892.
6. *Self-Help versus State Pensions.* By C. H. Radley, in Third Edition of 'A Plea for Liberty.' London, 1892.
7. *Mr. Chamberlain's Old-age Pension Scheme.* 'Times,' March 17, 1892.

THE numerous proposals, which have been made from time to time, that the State should provide a Pension Fund for the benefit of the poor in old age, have recently been brought within the range of 'practical politics' by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. But before discussing this scheme we must briefly allude to a few of the other plans that had been previously laid before the public. Canon Blackley has been labouring for the last thirteen years to convert the nation to his views.* His system, expounded at length in 'Thrift and Independence,' has been recently modified. He proposes that the whole of the population shall contribute to a State pension fund in order that those who survive the age of sixty-five, and are in need, shall reap the benefit of the subscriptions of those who die, and of those who are too independent to require relief. He thinks that 10*l.* paid between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, and made compulsory upon everybody, would suffice to enable the State to pay five shillings per week for life to all who survived the age of sixty-five. Nearly one half would reach that age. He relies, on the death of one half the insured, on the accumulation of compound interest, and, if need be, on some assistance from the State. Canon Blackley's scheme has been examined by Select Committees of the House of Commons, and been rejected as unworkable. Its financial unsoundness has been frequently exposed, notably by the Rev. F. Wilkinson, in the work cited at the head of this article.

Mr. Charles Booth, the editor of 'Labour and Life of the

* See 'Nineteenth Century' for November, 1878: 'National Insurance, a cheap, practical, and popular means of abolishing poor rates.'

People,'

People,' in a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society on December 15th, 1891, argued in favour of a universal national pension scheme. He estimates that to pension all, without exception, in England and Wales, of the age of sixty-five and over, with 5s. per week, would require 17,000,000*l.* per annum; and, if everybody were taxed in proportion to income, the sum would amount to a heavy tax upon each person's income. Mr. Booth's proposal is therefore a compulsory poor-law rate under a new guise. It would fall heavily upon those professional men who are largely mulcted already in income tax, and in return for the hundreds they would have to pay away, they would be entitled to 13*l.* a year after the age of sixty-five! By far the greatest burden would fall upon those who would never be likely to take advantage of its provisions. It is therefore unjust to the middle class. For the poor it would be relief in a new form. Further, it would still leave all the financial difficulties due to want of employment and sickness, unprovided for. For these ills, men would have still to fall back upon their friendly societies and trades unions; yet these would become to some extent weakened by the State subvention of pauperism. And worst of all, perhaps, such an impetus would have been given to State socialism that the working classes would begin to look to a paternal government for relief in sickness, and support during lack of employment, until in time all sense of independence would be sapped. Mr. Booth allows nothing for the cost of collection of the special tax, and for the distribution of the 17,000,000*l.* He has also not taken Scotland and Ireland into account, which would increase the estimated expense by the sum of 2,500,000*l.* for Scotland, and over 4,000,000*l.* for Ireland.

Mr. Fatkin's scheme, elaborated in the '*Leeds Mercury*' of Dec. 9, 1891, is superior in all respects to those already named. It is purely voluntary, and instead of being National, is Municipal. Since every town has its municipal debt, this, he says, might be constituted a perfectly sound Municipal Annuity Fund; with advantage both to ratepayers and subscribers. The proposal is, in briefest possible outline,—that any person under the age of sixty-five shall be at liberty to contribute, in any way that best suits the individual, to this fund; weekly, monthly, annually, or in a lump sum; the principal to bear interest at 3 per cent., to be added half-yearly; the maximum amount in no case to exceed 468*l.* by the time the subscriber reaches the age of sixty-five. This would entitle the annuitant to 20s. per week. But at any previous time, he may withdraw the amount standing to his credit, in which case, however, the

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interest credited to him would be calculated only on a 2 per cent. basis. By Mr. Fatkin's tables, 117*l.* saved at sixty-five years of age, will entitle a person to 5*s.* per week for life; 175*l.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week; 234*l.* to 10*s.* per week; and 468*l.* to 20*s.* per week. Mr. Fatkin's scheme is very complete; containing provisions for all the contingencies of a workman's lot, such as power of withdrawal at any period during life, and the power of bequeathal. The paper is accompanied by various actuarial tables calculated on this basis: That a subscription of 1*s.* per week, or 1*l.* 6*s.* each half-year for forty-four years, will, at 2 per cent., compounded half-yearly, amount to 182*l.* 1*s.*; or at 3 per cent., compounded half-yearly, to 234*l.* 12*s.* These tables show the gradual growth of the capital fund year by year; and also the surrender value, and the annuity value for every half-year after sixty-five. This is the only workable and trustworthy scheme which has yet been proposed. But it is difficult to see what advantages it has over the facilities which are already afforded by such Friendly Societies as those of the Odd Fellows and Foresters.

Dr. Hunter's scheme for Scotland includes contributions from the workman, his employer, and the Government. We need give no details, since it has become merged in that of Mr. Chamberlain. It is very much like the German Scheme, which also makes the employer and the State supplement the workman's payments. On the 23rd of May, 1889, this scheme of national insurance, of vast magnitude, was passed into law by the German Parliament. Vast, however, though it is, it does not include all classes. Insurance will not be compulsory on those who are already members of approved benefit societies, nor does it seek to provide an absolute independence for the labouring man, but only 'an addition to whatever means of subsistence he may otherwise possess.' A translation of the law, consisting of one hundred and sixty-two articles, was, by command of Her Majesty, presented to both Houses of Parliament, in August 1889, and may be consulted by those who desire complete information on the subject. We can only point out the more salient features of this immense and far-reaching measure.

There are four rates of insurance, corresponding with four classes of wage-earners, earning respectively 15*l.*, 25*l.*, 36*l.*, and 48*l.* per annum. Old age pensions commence at seventy years of age, after thirty years of contribution, and range from 5*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* per annum in the lowest class, to 9*l.* 11*s.* in the highest. The scheme also includes infirm allowances—not to transient sickness—but to confirmed inability through mental or physical causes,

to earn more than one-third of the average wages of the district in which the labourer resides. The infirm allowances are considerably higher than the old age pensions. And one feature of the scheme is, that a man not already drawing infirm allowance, can, at the age of seventy, draw instead of the pension rate of pay, the higher allowance for infirmity. After fifty contributory years this will range from 7*l.* 17*s.* in the lowest scale, to 20*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* in the highest. The contributions are paid in the form of insurance stamps, by the employed and employer, in equal one-third shares, the remaining one-third being contributed by the State. The rates of contribution are fixed for the first ten years; after that they will be settled anew every five years, according to circumstances. The State subsidy, beginning with 320,000*l.* in the first year, is calculated to rise gradually to 3,450,000*l.* in the eightieth year, when it is supposed that it will be no longer necessary. Such a scheme as this, affecting roughly 12,000,000 of the labouring population, is far too vast for immediate criticism. But we may remark that the casual, floating, industrial population are not mentioned. It seems to be tacitly assumed that every man is in regular work, earning so much every year, until old age.

Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., moved in April last for a 'return of the assistance afforded, or facilities given by the Governments of Europe to the provision of the industrial population for old age, whether in the shape of compulsory insurance, State annuities, State guarantee of the security of industrial savings, or grants to Friendly or Benefit Societies, and 'Sociétés de Secours Mutuels.' In consequence, circulars to obtain this information were addressed to Her Majesty's Representatives at European Courts; and the Reports are contained in a paper published in November last. In by far the largest number of returns the statement is, that no assistance is afforded, or facilities given for provision against old age. In others where no provision is made, there is some kind of support or assistance given by the Governments to voluntary societies for combined thrift, more or less akin to our own registration of friendly societies, and our State guarantee of the solvency of Post Office Savings Banks.

There are four countries only where a National pension scheme is either in existence, or in a fair way of becoming law. There is Germany, just referred to; Denmark, with a measure that became law in July 1891, and France and Italy, where measures of National pensions are at present under discussion.

The law of Denmark engages to provide for the old age of
poor

poor persons of good character over sixty years of age who comply with certain reasonable conditions. One half of the expenses thus incurred by the communes is defrayed by the State. The amount is not, however, to exceed 111,110*l.* yearly. This is a State sustenance absolute; neither the workpeople nor their employers contributing anything to the pension fund.

In France a scheme of insurance, under the patronage and protection of the State, the *Caisse de Retraite pour la Vieillesse*, has been in existence for forty years. It has had a somewhat chequered financial history, and has not 'played a very great part,' according to Mr. Egerton, 'in providing for the old age of the persons working for hire in France.' But the Government last year laid before the Chambers a Bill for the creation of a National *Caisse de Retraite* for workmen. It proposes to impose a maximum charge of a halfpenny or a penny per working day on each income below 120*l.* per annum, putting an equal charge on the employer of labour. And it proposes that the State shall add two-thirds of the amount deposited by the workmen and their employers. The measure is of a semi-compulsory character, every person being assumed to take the benefit of the proposed law, and his employer being required to deduct a halfpenny or a penny a day from his salary, unless declaration to the contrary is made before the Mayor. Mr. Egerton says:

'By payment of a halfpenny or a penny per working day, with an equal contribution from the employer—taking, therefore, the average of the double payment at three halfpence per diem—and counting 290 working days in the year, the workman will have a credit to his account on the year of 1*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*, which, with the Government addition of two-thirds, will be increased to 2*l.* 18*s.* Say he begins after his twenty-fifth birthday, at fifty-five he will be entitled to a pension of 18*l.* per annum; should the full twopence per day be paid jointly by workman and employer, the pension at fifty-five would amount to 24*l.* per annum.' (Report, p. 24).

The Italian scheme is yet in an embryonic state. Special sums are proposed to be set aside to assist the workman's savings. One of the principal sources will be six-tenths of the net profits of the Postal Savings Banks. Five other sources are named in the Report. No responsibility will attach to the Government; the scheme is to be carried out by the existing Mutual Aid Societies, under the protection of the great Italian Financial Institutions for Saving and Credit; and is thus little more than an extension of our own Post Office annuity business.

We come finally to the scheme which is of the most immediate interest to the British public,—that of Mr. Chamberlain, generally

generally known as the Chamberlain-Hunter scheme. A voluntary Parliamentary Committee of sixty or seventy members was engaged during last Session in the consideration of its provisions. Some of the tentative proposals offered by that Committee were contained in Mr. Chamberlain's article contributed in February last to the 'National Review.' A 'Draft Scheme' also of a sub-Committee was submitted to the members of the General Committee on March 16th of this year, and was printed in the newspapers of the following day. Its provisions are embodied under eleven articles or clauses, and are in the main, though not entirely, a digest of the proposals which appeared in the 'National Review.' The workman has to contribute 5*l.* before the age of twenty-five. To induce him to save this, the aid of the State might be given in the form of a bonus of 15*l.* The assurer will then be required to make an annual payment of 1*l.* until he reaches the age of sixty-five, at which age he will be entitled to a pension of 5*s.* for life. In the case of a woman, a deposit of 2*l.* (1*l.* 10*s.* is the sum named in the Draft Scheme) would be required before the age of twenty-five, to which the State might add 8*l.* Her subsequent annual contribution would be 8*s.* 8*d.* In return she would be entitled to a pension of 3*s.* weekly, after the age of sixty-five. Every male under twenty-five years of age may insure for a pension larger than 13*l.*, but not exceeding 26*l.*, and every female under the same age may insure for one larger than 7*l.* 16*s.*, but not exceeding 26*l.* In the case of the death of the assurer, after the third annual sum is due, and paid, and before the age of sixty-five, the proposal is made that his widow shall receive a small weekly allowance for six months after her husband's death, and a payment of 2*s.* per week for each child until it reaches the age of twelve years; provided, however, that the total sum payable to the same family shall never exceed 10*s.* per week (or 12*s.* in the Draft Scheme) for the first six months, and 8*s.* per week afterwards. In the case of females, the money is not made returnable. Also, under a lower scale of payments for males, the money is non-returnable. These latter payments for men are: a deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.* in the Post Office Savings Bank before the age of twenty-five, to which a Government bonus of 10*l.* is added, and annual payments by the insurer of 10*s.* until sixty-five. Arrears of contribution may run on for five years, before forfeiture of claims, but interest at 5 per cent. per annum will be charged upon them. The case of persons insured for pensions in Friendly Societies is sought to be met by offering the benefits of the State Pension Fund, under suitable conditions, to those persons, whether they are under twenty-five years of age, or between twenty-five and fifty.

Employers

Employers of labour may also open State Pension accounts for their workpeople, and may transfer those accounts to the credit of other persons when the original insurers leave their employment before the pension falls due. Provision is also to be made for payment in a lump sum.

It would be an invidious task to criticize too severely Mr. Chamberlain's proposals in their present somewhat indefinite and incubatory stage. He is confessedly only trying to grope his way to the formulation of a workable scheme. Still, broad outlines have been laid down, and interest has been aroused, and the subject is admittedly one for very general discussion.

Mr. Chamberlain says that the industrious poor have 'some claim on the Society they have served, and on the State as its representative. After a life of unremitting toil, at a remuneration which has barely sufficed for daily wants, they ought not to be compelled to receive their subsistence at the cost of their self-respect.' Then why, it may be asked, should their rate of remuneration figure so low as barely to suffice for daily wants? The evil lies here—that the very poor are so badly remunerated that they cannot make any provision for age—no, not even with State aid. The problem which waits for solution is the major one of chronic pauperism all through life, rather than the minor one of making provision exclusively for an old age which few ever reach. The very poor—*because* they are badly remunerated—live a suffering, degraded, and poisoned life from childhood. An offer of a pension, even a free pension, at sixty-five, will not help them when they most want help. Instead of offering them a doubtful boon for an age which few of them are destined to see, it would be better to try to recover their youth, and manhood, from the nightmare of pauperism. Pensions for old age are but a Tantalus draught for these.

Mr. Chamberlain says the Pension scheme 'would encourage thrift, for he who has wants more, and the certainty of a moderate pension would raise the standard to which the poor aspire.' On the contrary, there is no doubt that it would encourage thriftlessness. For then, as now, the workhouse would be the refuge for the pauper. And life in the house would be preferable to life in a cottage on five shillings weekly for a man, and three shillings, as he proposes, for a woman. Unless a man had other means he would prefer to take his chance of living to sixty-five, and then, if needs be, go into the house rather than try to live on five shillings weekly. If, however, he seeks charitable aid to eke out his five shillings, then he is still a pauper, and few labouring-men, outside of the membership of Friendly Societies

and unions, would be able to make any other provision beyond the five shillings. Before the scheme had been long in operation, the demand would be for a *larger rate* of pension; and this is the way in which 'the standard of the poor' would have to be raised. For if maintenance can be got from the State more easily than by independent effort, then State pensions for old age must tend to diminish independent effort, and increase the sum of pauperism.

Mr. Chamberlain points out that the operations of the trades unions who pay superannuation are confined to a very limited class, and so makes that an argument for State-aided pensions. But this affords proof how very small is the number of workmen who are in a financial position to make due provision for superannuation; and also how few in number are those men who think it worth their while to exercise the forethought and self-denial necessary to provide for a slender contingency in the remote future. The same accusation might be brought against the middle classes; and it only illustrates the indifference with which deferred annuities are regarded. But in the Friendly Societies generally there is an indirect superannuation in the form of reduced sick pay which is continued to aged and infirm members; and this is ignored by Mr. Chamberlain, and by the advocates of State pensions. We shall refer to this subject again presently.

He lays great stress upon the fact that 4593 indoor paupers had once been members of benefit societies, but had ceased to be so owing to the breaking-up of the societies. But that is one side; in fact, this represents only 0·97 per cent. of the total male membership of Friendly Societies, or less than one in every 1·022. On the other side, the fact that over 10,000 had ceased to be members, in consequence of non-payment, withdrawal, and dismissal, shows how very difficult it is for working people to provide for old age by keeping up the payments necessary. He also calls attention to the large proportion of aged paupers. But, after all, as Mr. Acworth pointed out at the discussion on Mr. Booth's paper, it was absurd to spend seventeen millions to meet the wants of four per cent. of the population! Mr. Chamberlain bases his calculations upon the Government tables. This, as we shall prove in the latter part of this article, is an economical error, and in itself would be condemnatory of the scheme.

The benefit offered to the widow whose husband dies before sixty-five is more apparent than real. For, suppose a man had paid into the fund until fifty years of age, and had left no children under twelve; and few workmen of that age would have

have children so young; then if he were to die, his widow would receive 10s. per week for six months, equivalent to 13l., although he would have paid in 30l. of principal. Another deterrent is that, if the workman through stress of adversity allows his policy to lapse, he not only loses his promised bonus, but also the 5l. originally deposited, and such annual payments as he has subsequently made.

A pension of 6l. 10s. is offered to the members of those Friendly Societies who are already insured to at least an equal amount. An unjust feature of this is, that those who are members of Friendly, or other societies in which provision for old age is *not included*, are left out in the cold. Truly in such cases, 'to him that hath shall be given.' There are Friendly Societies, the members of which are too poor to pay sufficient to include a pension among their benefits, societies in which the weekly subscription does not exceed a few pence. And outside of these, there are agencies for thrift, the members of which should have as good a claim to the provisions of the clause in question as those who are insured for old age; but they are, nevertheless, precluded from sharing in those provisions. There can be no claim made for the assistance of the State pension if men have chosen to invest their little all in Building Societies or Savings Banks, in Co-operative enterprises, in Life Assurance, or in struggling businesses. Surely those who are working in these ways for independence should not be excluded because they do not happen to have made in addition provision for an old age pension. Then with regard to the clauses framed in the supposed interests of those who are already insured in the Post Office, or in Friendly Societies; is it at all probable that the members of these Societies will submit so much of their management to Government as would be demanded in order to obtain the small pension (non-returnable) of 2s. 6d. per week, after sixty-five? Besides it must be remembered that it is in the Trade Unions more than in the Friendly Societies, that superannuation benefit is provided—it is a very strong feature in the Unions,—and it is certain that these would not submit to Government interference. The clause that relates to the transfer of a policy of insurance from one workman to another would be specially unpopular, and would meet with strong opposition from those classes. Consider what an engine of tyranny it might become in the hands of an arbitrary employer. A man might work faithfully for his firm for twenty, thirty, forty years, and then be discharged in his age on some trivial pretext—by no means an hypothetical case—and his pension, then nearly due, be trans-

ferred to another. Those who live outside the arena of industrial life can form but a faint conception of the profound jealousy with which the working classes regard the interference of employers in their affairs. To give one illustration. In February last, Messrs. Horrocks, Crewdson & Co., the cotton spinners, offered to establish a pension fund for their work-people, and contribute 1000*l.* a year towards it. Yet the work-people decided against the acceptance of the offer by 2357 to 1145. And in March last the Executive of the London Dockers' Union passed a strong resolution in the following terms:—

‘That this E.C. of the Dockers' Union hereby declares its opinion that any section of pension fund not being directly controllable by payees should not be countenanced in any way. We are of opinion also that it is an insidious attempt to perpetrate an unjust taxation upon wages; also a means of retaining a large portion of the workers' earnings for employers' own benefit, while the possible good of such a system is so remote, the longevity of the toilers so low an average, and industrial mortality so high, through insufficient wage and unhealthy environment, that we consider it opposed to economic fairness, and a curtailment of remuneration, relieving capital and property of burdens at the expense of the already over-taxed and under-paid workman.’

Then further, the eleventh clause of the Draft Scheme runs thus:—‘Persons desirous to provide for their pensions by payment in a lump sum in place of an annual contribution shall be permitted to do so at any age, according to a table to be prepared.’ We are afraid the promoters of this scheme know nothing about the poverty of the very poor. To tell the aged casual hand, the agricultural labourer, the broken-down match-maker, the chemical-worker, the seamstress, the charwoman, in their time of old age, ‘You may pay for your pension in a lump sum’ is a cruel mockery. Yet what is to be done for the aged paupers of to-day—what for those who will become chargeable to the workhouses during the forty-four years that must elapse between the inception of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed scheme, and the falling due of the first annuities?

Lastly, it is a costly scheme. Apart from the expense of the clerical work of the State Pension Department, which would be enormous, people who wish to insure can make better terms elsewhere. The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows are prepared to give a weekly pension of 5*s.* at sixty-five for a yearly subscription of 18*s.* 5*d.* commencing at twenty-five. The Foresters offer the same benefit for a yearly subscription of 18*s.* 4*d.* commencing at twenty. Other societies offer facilities

for

for superannuation, but they meet with scarcely any response. It is therefore quite improbable that people will be attracted by the more costly scheme of Mr. Chamberlain.

We are, then, strongly of opinion that the movement in favour of State-aided pensions, as embodied in the scheme of Mr. Chamberlain, and his Committee, is based on false assumptions, and would in its working not merely fail to touch the mass of pauperism which it seeks to lessen, but would affect most disastrously the growth of thrift among that working population, whose Friendly Societies, Trade Unions, and Industrial Assurance Companies give *millions* of the working classes a stake in the material prosperity of the country. Old age pensions subsidised by the State, would make the recipients the *pensioners of the State*, would steep them in the spirit of pauperism, and would increase the percentage of poverty which has been steadily diminishing of late years. It would administer an opiate for the relief of a small section of our social misery instead of seeking to remove the causes of misery. In haste to ameliorate one only of the ills of life, it would inflict deep and lasting injury upon individual, social, and national character. It would foster the idea that, since the State had undertaken to help us in our old age, it should also assist us in all the varied wants of our lives. It would disturb the relations of employer and employed, and complicate the basis of wages. It would necessitate much costly, and difficult departmental work. To prevent personation would be impossible. People emigrate, and remain abroad many years, they die at home, and abroad, away from friends and relatives; many of the lower classes have none who take the least interest in their whereabouts. Who is to prove or disprove the identity of claimants, who is to register the whereabouts, or the existence, or death of millions of the population during the migrations, and the incidents of the next forty-four years? It would be almost necessary to pass an odious law to regulate the migration of labourers, as Chancellor Caprivi proposed to do last year in Germany, and as was actually the case in England previous to 1795. This scheme of State-aided pensions is acknowledged to be tentative, incomplete, open to future development, modification, extension. And because it is so, such a scheme will offer vast potential power to unscrupulous politicians and statesmen. Larger and yet larger demands would certainly be made upon State assistance, demands commensurate with needs real or supposed, demands significantly coupled with the menaces of voters who have the power to disturb parties, and wreck elections. Mr. Chamberlain and some of his lieutenants
have

have already expressed opinions in favour of an ultimate compulsory system, when favoured by public opinion. The compulsion might, however, be brought to bear upon the Government by the working people themselves.

From these criticisms on the more salient weaknesses of Mr. Chamberlain's Pension Scheme, we proceed to take an independent view of the subject of State-aided pensions.

This question of provision for old age is no light problem. It is difficult enough in the case of a thrifty mechanic earning good and constant wages. It is almost or quite impracticable where early training has been bad, and where the wages are only those of unskilled labour, and are uncertain. We will consider the problem as it affects both grades of workpeople.

Consider a young mechanic or labouring man with sober desires and tastes, with prudent resolves, and well-formed, steady habits, looking out on life with the desire to make on the whole the best of it, and to win finally a modest competence wherewith to endow his later years. How can he best accomplish his prudent and very modest desires? The cardinal economic problems which exercise the mind of such a prudent workman are these: What surplus sums are available for investment, and then what particular investments will afford him the best and most secure return, meaning by the best, not so much rate of interest, as of adaptation to the conditions and circumstances of his lot? The precise meaning and force of this will be clear presently.

First, as to the surplus available for investment. At the best it is a small surplus; and some economy and force of will are necessary to create even that small surplus. No average, based on statistics of workmen's weekly wages would be of much value, because of the uncertainty and spasmodic character of employment in so many trades. Another important peculiarity in the remuneration of the workman is, that as a rule he earns his best wages early in life. As soon as, or very soon after, his apprenticeship has expired, he is usually competent to earn the highest wages paid in his trade. Between twenty-one and forty he is at his best as a wage-earner, and, during that period, the amount of wages does not fluctuate materially, because the standard rates of wages are rigidly fixed by the iron rules of custom, and by the jealousy of the unions. From forty to fifty years of age many workmen find themselves unable to keep abreast of younger men, and lose their situations; and after fifty, numbers are discharged on trivial pretexts in order to make room for juniors with less experience but of more physical energy.

A young

A young man who, when out of his apprenticeship, is capable of earning the average wages of his trade, may feel pretty sure that he will be able to retain these wages, except during periods of temporary depression, until well on in middle life. How can a prudent man best face the inevitable? How can he rear a family, enjoy a reasonable amount of pleasure and comfort in life, and meet the period of sickness and age with a mind free from grave anxiety as to personal independence? It is not an easy problem to solve; but thousands try, and some with a fair measure of success, to solve it.

In the early years of a workman's married life, expenses are much less than they are later; and then, we maintain, is the tide to be taken at the flood. If a nest egg is laid by then, it does not matter so much during the subsequent years of heavier expenses, if little or nothing is saved. Further, there are few men practising careful habits in early life, who ever lapse, even under the stress and pressure of troubled years, into reckless ways; and therefore it is highly desirable that the best opportunities should be given to small investments, made when men are young.

There are five principal forms of investment practised by prudent workmen:—Building Societies, Savings-Banks, Co-operative Societies, Friendly Societies, and Trades Unions. We can dismiss the building societies at once. They are a highly serviceable and sound, and very popular mode of investment among the superior grades of workmen. House-rent absorbs a large proportion of income, and a house can be purchased when the time of purchase is extended over a period of from ten to fourteen years, for so trifling a sum over and above the rent, that large numbers of men in tolerably permanent employ purchase their dwelling-houses in this manner. Moreover, since these societies deal only in real property, they are very sound investments, and pay higher interest to depositors than Savings or Post-office Banks.

The Co-operative Societies have, in thousands of instances, been the happy means of creating a nucleus for investment from the profits of the middlemen. But they do not include more than one-fifth,—and those the higher grades of the working population.

Thrifty workmen use the savings-banks for the most part for temporary convenience, rather than for large investments. They will keep a few pounds only in these, just to fly to in case of emergency; placing the bulk of their deposits in other investments, such as building societies. To the man of means it would seem the simplest possible arrangement to put the
weekly

weekly surplus available for investment into a savings bank, and there let it grow at compound interest until the period of old age. But from the workman's point of view this is not at all a desirable form of investment. If the workman regularly saved his weekly surplus at compound interest, he would have a considerable sum standing to his credit by the time of later middle life. If he still lived he might let this go on at interest until sixty, sixty-five, or seventy, and then purchase a small Post-office, or other annuity, sufficient to render him barely independent. But, and unfortunately these qualifying 'buts' must come in, the workman has to consider a good many contingencies that are not merely possible, but highly probable; and so likely to happen, that he must take account of them.

Although Trustee Savings' Banks are usually sound forms of investment, and the Post-office Banks are absolutely so, they are not popular or successful forms of investment for working people. They are not adapted to all the peculiar conditions of a workman's life. For though a man may be saving now, or saving a year or two years hence, he may presently be stricken down by sickness, and then his income will cease entirely; or he may, even though skilful, fall out of employment, and then also his income will cease. These contingencies so affect the average workman that he cannot afford to disregard them, but must make definite provision for them. The savings, perhaps, of a year or two only, gathered before trouble comes,—will not suffice to tide him over a long period of illness, or of loss of employment. Hence the most popular investments of working people are the friendly societies, guaranteeing support during sickness, and the trades unions, affording support during loss of employment and sickness. But when a large portion of the workman's savings, frequently the whole, is thus devoted to provision against sickness and the loss of work, the surplus available for support in old age is correspondingly reduced. This, therefore, is the difficulty that prudent men have failed to solve; and it is the difficulty that will always present itself to those well-wishers of the working-classes who desire to create a sound scheme of workmen's national insurance. You cannot discount the contingencies of the workman's lot, and yet afford him the full benefits of a simple annuity in age.

It is sad to think that two out of five of the total population, or one-half of the industrial population over the age of sixty-five, end their lives in receipt of parish relief. But then the number of working-people who do reach the age of sixty-five is not large. The chances of living to sixty-five are

so remote, and the difficulties of struggling through life with straitened means are so great, that the struggles of the present and the contingencies of the immediate future, well-nigh efface anxious thoughts of the period of age. 'For where the greater malady is fixed the lesser is scarce felt.' Anyhow there is always the hope, that by-and-by, when the children are gone away, a few years of prolonged health and careful saving of wages, will permit the workman to do what he could not continue to do while the children were all little, and at home, and absolutely dependent on his earnings.

A highly attractive scheme of national insurance must be inaugurated, and conducted in a far different manner from the Post-office system of banking and annuities, before the working people will desert their friendly societies and unions, notwithstanding all their imperfections. The peculiar conditions of the workman's life, and his precise requirements, are very imperfectly understood by his aristocratic friends. Leclaire said truly, 'To know the workman, one must have been a workman himself, and above all remember it.' None but a workman knows the imperative pressure of these conditions, knows consciously how they mould the course of his life and action, and the lives and actions of the thousands of his fellows. No matter how æsthetic his tastes and longings, how lofty his hopes and yearnings, so long as he is a workman there stands the Brocken spectre of a possible troubled future, holding him, all his life long, subject to bondage. He pays away a very considerable portion of his poor earnings to guard himself from ills that may never happen, ills however that befall very many, and which may also befall him.

Friendly Societies and unions, officered and managed for the most part by workmen, and understanding the peculiar and special needs of the workman, do, as a rule, offer every form of benefit. Most of the unions confer superannuation benefit upon their members, in addition to the sick, and out-of-work benefits. Most of the Friendly Societies pay what is practically superannuation benefit. Thus, a member falling ill receives such and such rates of sick pay. But after a definite period, usually of several months' duration, the sick pay proper ceases, and a small weekly sum, payable for so long as the member is unable to follow his employment, is substituted. In these Societies, with few exceptions, the reduced sick pay *runs on for life*. This is one of the reasons why so few take advantage of the superannuation benefits offered by Friendly Societies. There are already some scores of sound and influential Friendly Societies and trade unions in existence that afford the workman these

these excellent facilities for making the best and most prudent provision for all the contingencies incidental to his lot.

What are called the *Affiliated* societies are those which have a central office, and 'branches,' 'lodges,' 'courts,' or 'tents' in the various towns where they possess membership. To a certain extent these branches are autonomous, administering their own funds, and transacting their own business in accordance with the general rules. The best known of these societies are The Ancient Order of Foresters, The Independent Order of Oddfellows (Manchester Unity), The Grand United Order of Oddfellows, the various other Orders of Oddfellows, The Shepherds, Druids, Rechabites, Free Gardeners, etc.

The *Centralized* societies are those which have a central office and board, but no branches; all subscriptions and benefit funds passing through the central office. The Hearts of Oak, The Patriot's National Benefit Society, and The National Sick and Burial Association, belong to this class. Village clubs, local societies, patronized societies, whether of the dividing or the permanent class, are, for the most part, in a stationary condition, or in a retrogressive or moribund state. But more and more the business of industrial thrift flows towards the great Registered Affiliated Orders, and the Centralized Societies. There are already about 3,000,000 of the pick of the British workmen insured in friendly societies and trade unions, and these would, for the most part, be opposed to any Government scheme.

We contend, therefore, that no scheme of State-aided pensions that has yet been formulated will be able to do the all-embracing work that these societies are doing. And if, injudiciously advised, Government should attempt to enter into competition with any one section of their business, it will be acting most unfairly to the organizations which have been wholly created and developed by the stress and strain of industrial life; organizations which when in their nonage that Government met with hostile front, or with unsympathetic coldness. Moreover, absolute insurance for old age will not attract the merest fraction of the investments of the working class. That single contingency is so remote, and the others are so near and immediate, that these latter immensely outweigh the former. Of a lodge of one hundred members at twenty years of age, only thirty-seven would be alive at seventy, with an average duration of life of eight years and a half ('Mutual Thrift,' p. 309). Mr. Chamberlain thinks it inexpedient to include in his pension scheme any provision against sickness and accident, lest he should thereby discourage or limit the operations of the friendly societies. Just so. But these provisions against
sickness

sickness and accident constitute the staple business of these societies,* without which they would not continue to exist. And any Government scheme, which should neglect to include protection against sickness and accident, would probably meet with as little patronage, as the existing system of Post-office life assurances and annuities, from the class in whose interests it was devised.

It is, of course, necessary to defer the age at which an annuity commences, to as late a period as possible in life. But to fix a uniformly definite date, and especially so late a time as sixty-five, is alone almost condemnatory of the several schemes of State-aided pensions. Many a man, worn out by physical labour and hardship, is broken down at an age where others more favoured are yet in the possession of their ripest vigour. Many a workman is old at fifty. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers fix the period at which members are entitled to superannuation at fifty-five; a few years ago it was at fifty. In some unwholesome trades, men and women age before forty. In almost every modern workshop such workpeople are supplanted by the younger hands eager for employment. What are such people to do? How are they to subsist between the period of their falling out of the industrial ranks, until the age of sixty-five?

Working people with average means have provided against the evils of sickness, old age, accidents, death, loss of employment, and time of exceptional trouble. They would have provided also for old age to a greater extent than they have done, only that the chances of living to be old are almost all against them. They know their own business better than other people do, and are able to manage their small means better than their friends can manage for them. There are whole classes of men working in unwholesome trades, and even in trades usually considered fairly healthy, who know that their chances of living beyond sixty-five are scarcely worth calculating on. It has been stated that the Reports of the Societies of Engineers, Bricklayers, Boiler-makers, Carpenters, Printers and Compositors, show that only one in twelve of their members lived to be sixty-five. Out of ninety-eight members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants who died in 1890, only five had attained the age of sixty-five. The statistics of mortality of Sheffield grinders, match-makers, paint-grinders, chemical-workers, copper-smelters, dock-labourers, gasmen, and

* Dr. Watt estimated that the total annual loss of wages by the working classes through illness amount to 13,000,000*l*, Baernreither, 'English Associations of Working Men,' p. 138.

of many other unwholesome trades and occupations, would doubtless justify the wisdom of the course usually taken by the working classes, to insure first against the more imminent contingencies of life, and in the rare event of survival to old age, to rely on continuous sick pay, on the assistance of children, or on being able to do a little casual work.

Further, a comparison of the results achieved by Government annuities and life assurances, with those scored by public companies does not warrant the conclusion that a system of Government pensions would meet with success. Any Government scheme that would be successful must come down to the people and adopt the same humble measures that are adopted by public companies. It must loosen the strings of red tape—it must canvass, make concessions, collect, and make itself all things unto all men, to win the more. But all past experience proves that Governments cannot manifest the elasticity of private organizations. Mr. Millar's eloquent impeachment of the evils of State trading, as illustrated in the Post Office, 'A Plea for Liberty' (Ninth Essay), should be a warning to the advocates of State pensions not to put their trust in the State. And it is as well in the rush of the present time towards State help in almost every conceivable form to consider the actuarial basis of the present scheme of the Post-office annuities.

Mr. Fatkin, in his paper, before alluded to, shows conclusively that the Post-office annuities system is a discouragement to thrift, because the premiums are overloaded to an extent that leaves a handsome profit to the Government. Thus, the payment of 38*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* by a male person twenty-one years of age for a deferred annuity of 26*l.*, payable half-yearly at sixty-five, is 5*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* in excess of what it ought to be, calculated at 2½ per cent. Again, the yearly Post-office payments for an annuity of 10*s.* per week would, at 3*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.* a year for forty-four years, amount, inclusive of interest at three per cent., to 303*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, while the actual value of the annuity would only be 223*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*, being an excess of 79*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*! Further, a man who pays 73*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* at forty years of age to entitle him to receive 26*l.* per annum, payable quarterly, at sixty-five years of age, pays 29*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.* in excess of the rightful charge, calculated at three per cent. The Government tables are based upon selected lives, while the lives of working people are *below* the average. Mr. Chamberlain says the contrary, but he takes the Friendly Societies as a basis. If the lives of the very poor, who should benefit by a State scheme, were taken, they would be found much below the average. The Friendly Societies enrol only *healthy* workmen.

Thus

Thus Mr. Fatkin clearly shows, by many illustrations and figures which we cannot find room to quote, that, while the working-people pay interest in the form of rates to the capitalist, who invests in Corporation funds, at a rate of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., they themselves receive only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in Post-office annuities! And he says:—

‘If, as some desire, every working man in the country were to subscribe for an annuity upon the existing Government terms, the profit to the Government would be so great that there would soon be no need for income tax.’

Mr. Chamberlain’s scheme being based upon the Government tables must therefore be condemned as a financial blunder.

But supposing Government actuated by the same zeal, and its machinery to be possessed of the same flexibility as that of private companies, let us see what would be the prospects and difficulties of State-aided pensions.

We will suppose a scale of pension premiums to have been drawn up by competent actuaries, and a scheme workable on paper and perfectly solvent, launched on the security of the State. This might be easily done; but, at the outset, the Government scheme, unless made compulsory, would not stand on any essentially sounder or better footing than that of many existing properly registered societies.

True, there would be the solvency of the National Exchequer to back up and support the scheme; and advocates of State pensions contrast their absolute stability with the insecurity and frequent insolvency of some of the friendly societies. It is an important contrast, but it is one that becomes less serious year by year. When the Orders adopted the sweet simplicity of the uniform levy system irrespective of age, and possessed no accurate tables of sickness or mortality, and made no quinquennial valuations, then they were frequently on the verge of insolvency without being aware of the fact. Thousands of little societies, and not a few larger ones, have come to grief in consequence. But the case is different now. Matters are also improving year by year. The tables of Ansell, of the two Neisons, Dr. Ogle, and Ratcliffe, having superseded the older and incorrect Northampton tables of Dr. Price, and the Southwell and Highland tables, have afforded a sound basis for actuarial calculations; and the variable premium system, based on the variable expectation of life and of sickness at various ages, has largely superseded the older uniform levy system. The system of quinquennial valuations has also revealed discrepancies
between

between calculated and actual results, and has been made the basis for slight modifications in the rules of the societies, all tending to sounder business. The control exercised by the Chief Registrar also acts as a constant check upon actuarial miscalculation. So that under the present method a society is practically as safe and sound as any Government Department. A great work is being done by the large Orders, a work with which Government would be extremely unwise to interfere. They have struggled through their early difficulties—difficulties due to unsound financing, to legislative interference, to want of knowledge and experience, and to disunion. Several of them are in their juvenile branches training the coming race in habits of thrift and independence. There are three hundred thousand children enrolled in connexion with the great Orders. These great Orders are for the most part financially sound, or nearly so. In cases where they are not strictly so, the working out of their ultimate solvency will be brought about by the financial elasticity of their constitution. A casual reader, deriving his only knowledge of Friendly Societies from Canon Blackley and Mr. Chamberlain, would conclude that a strong case had been made out against the general utility and solvency of these societies, and that our working people are deplorably lacking in forethought. Each of these writers has spoken slightly and with contempt of the existing means of thrift; but they exhibit an inadequate knowledge of the subject. The existing agencies have not failed, but have met with a great measure of success. On one hand statistics prove that pauperism is diminishing, on the other that the societies have a rapidly-growing membership. From 1855-9, the percentage ratio of pauperism to population was 4·7, from 1885-9 it was only 2·8. Within the past thirty years the membership of Friendly Societies has increased *tenfold*; the savings of the working classes during the ten years (1875-85) have increased at the rate of 7,000,000*l.* per annum, being a rise of 82 per cent. since 1875. Omitting trade societies, and making a very small allowance for unregistered societies, there are 5,000,000 of members of Friendly Societies in England and Wales, and funds of the value of 23,000,000*l.* Multiply this 5,000,000 by four, to include dependent families, and we have 20,000,000 of the working population thus insured against the ills of life. Take the trades unions separately. There are fourteen of the largest of these unions, which during the whole term of their existence have paid to their members the following aggregate sums:—In sick benefit, 1,840,511*l.*; superannuation, 895,076*l.*; for accidents, 195,434; in funerals, 653,743*l.*; in out-of-work donation,

donation, 3,604,341*l.*; in benevolent grants, 118,025*l.* Yet these are the societies which the advocates of State pensions cease not to declare have failed in their mission.*

There is now no reason whatever why all registering societies should not become normally and faultlessly sound. We would empower the Chief Registrar to give the fullest publicity to the financial condition of persistently unsound societies. Time, of course, should be given to an unsound society to make such revision of its scale of payments, and its rules, as would place it in a solvent position. If it failed to do this, warnings should be posted up at Government and municipal offices. Power should also be given to the Department to take over the affairs of any society found to be financially insecure, and to make the best terms possible for the investors. Thus pressed, unsound societies would soon set their houses in order, and only the best would survive. All public societies, properly constituted and enrolled, and having the responsibility of management distributed among a large number of separate lynx-eyed lodges and officers, are practically safe and sound; and under steady pressure from the Chief Registrar, might become absolutely so. But even granting that they do not yet offer absolutely sound investments, in the same strict sense as State investments, there yet remains the equally important fact that no State department can ever hope to compete with them in their work, as the following considerations will show :—

We presume that the premiums for State-aided pensions would have to be collected, either by compulsion, like rates, or on a voluntary system. But an army of collectors would be costly. Yet the heavy cost of collection has either been overlooked, or under-estimated, in all national pension schemes. Canon Blackley proposes that postmen should be empowered to sell insurance premium stamps, on good commission, and thus bring the system to the doors of the people. This seems a good suggestion. But apart from the very grave objection that this must interfere with their delivery of letters, it is obvious that to make the postmen expert canvassers, they must be paid by good commissions, like the canvassers of existing societies. It is useless to make out an hypothetical table of the cost of collection; we must go to facts. Any collecting society that deals with small sums, must of necessity be very costly. In certain well-known societies of this class, the total cost of management, collection included, is as follows :

* The records of these Societies may be read at length in Baernreither's 'English Associations of Working Men;' in Wilkinson's 'Mutual Thrift;' in Howell's 'Trade Unionism, New and Old.'

Prudential, 40·08 per cent. ; Pearl, 49·11 per cent. ; British Workman, 51·55 per cent. ; Wesleyan, and general, 51·78 per cent. (' Mutual Thrift,' p. 200). In some lesser known societies the cost ranges higher still. This means that, roughly, for every shilling collected towards a pension fund, *sixpence must be paid for management!* The Prudential, a collecting society, expensively managed, has 9,617,484 policies in force; the Post-office, non-collecting, and economical, has only 6661! These are eloquent facts. Any Government scheme of assurance whatever, to be successful, must needs work on the same line as the societies of the Prudential type. Persistent and interested canvassing*—for the collectors receive a high percentage on all new business—and weekly collection of premiums, must be incorporated in any scheme of this kind. In the Friendly Societies and trades unions, the working people save the cost of collection, by meeting on club nights, and paying in person.

But mere collection is not the heaviest item in a system of insurance. There are officers; as secretaries, treasurers, and managers. In the great orders, and in the unions, these functions are for the most part fulfilled, and fulfilled efficiently, by men whose remuneration is merely nominal; very often amounting to no more than 2*l.* or 3*l.* a year. The cost of management in the affiliated friendly societies is not more than from 10 to 15 per cent. The average remuneration of a secretary in the branch lodge of one of the affiliated societies, would not exceed 5*l.* a year. In the trade unions it is very much less. The officers are members of the society, their daily occupation supplies their maintenance, and the trifle paid them for taking office in their branches and lodges, is just a kind of honorarium, to compensate for slight out-of-pocket expenses. Only the chief secretary and treasurer receive substantial salaries; their whole time being given up to the affairs of the society. Can any Government Department ever hope to compete with such self-interested labour of love? If the Post-office is to do the work, it is not the present officials who would have to undertake it, but *an increased staff.*

The only alternative to this is compulsory investment; and the only way in which compulsion can be effectually exercised is by deducting the amount of the premium out of wages, and before the wages are paid, or by making employment depend upon a surrender of the amount of premium out of wages. These alternatives have only to be mentioned to demonstrate their impracticability.

* The Prudential employs 12,000 collectors.

The *social element* is a great moving force in all trade unions, and in all the friendly societies that meet in lodges. The lodge is a cheap and attractive form of reunion for 'clubable' men. The regalia of office have a secret attraction for many. The affairs of the local lodge, and the wider life of the society, become invested with as great importance as questions of imperial policy. The meetings afford a mild and healthful form of relaxation from the monotony of daily work. What can red-tape officialism substitute for this innocent and useful form of social influence, that exists in so many friendly societies and trade unions?

Supposing, however, these difficulties surmounted; suppose that either voluntarily, or under compulsion, all the young men in the kingdom were enrolled in a vast system of national insurance against sickness, and against the evils of a poverty-stricken old age, and that no difficulty occurs in the collection of premiums, and that other forms of social reunion might be found, how would matters stand in the course of a few years, or even of a year or two?

What would be the effect of a general depression of trade; what would be the condition of the men who in ordinary seasons can find work only during six or nine months out of the twelve? What of those who regularly employ the summer's wages to pay off the winter's debts? If there is no bread in the house, if every stick of furniture is gone, and starvation broods over a desolate hearth, whence are renewal premiums to be drawn? In the collecting burial clubs, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the members fall out of benefit through lapsed contributions; an important, though unhappy, source of profit. These are not problematical contingencies, but stern facts, that must be sternly faced. They occur in connexion with all the friendly societies and trades unions; and special means are taken for tiding them over. Benevolent grants, or free gifts of cash over and above ordinary payments are voted to assist those who are placed in exceptional difficulties; and permission is given to allow the payment of subscriptions to stand over for a considerable time. But these exceptional measures can be adopted without risk of fraud or favour, only because the element of *personal knowledge* enters into all the relations of local members of the same society, or of the same union. No Government machinery would be competent to deal with such exceptional and delicate cases. The great affiliated and centralized societies possess the elements of permanence, since they provide for all the possible contingencies of a workman's life, through age, and sickness,

and bereavement. They secure him friends in every town whither the fluctuations of employment may direct his footsteps; the magic pass-word is a sign of brotherhood, a word of welcome, throughout the United Kingdom, and in many parts of the Colonies. What has the cold, repellant officialism of a Post-office organization, for providing old age pensions merely, to offer in comparison with these ubiquitous brotherly orders?

Proposals for State-aided pensions must also be considered with reference to the lower grade of our working population, who seldom belong to either friendly society or trades union. There is an immense population in our midst who could not under any conceivable circumstances avail themselves of the State-aided pension. A journeyman carpenter or engineer could more easily save 200% than these people could save 2%. Many of them seldom know the touch of a single piece of gold. They swarm in the purlieus of all our great cities. John Bright called them the 'residuum,' they are 'General' Booth's 'submerged tenth,' they are the outcasts of England, partly English, partly aliens. We catch glimpses of them in the Lords' 'Report on the Sweating System,' in Barnett's 'Practicable Socialism,' in Charles Booth's 'Labour and Life of the People,' in 'General' Booth's 'Darkest England.' A gaunt, famished, often unpleasant and dangerous element are they in our midst! Skillful unionist workmen pass by on the other side. Alas, for these, for whom death has little terror, oppressed as they ever are with the terrible insoluble problem of living! They cannot join the friendly societies and trades unions for immediate benefits, or insure in the Post-office. The question as regards these people is far wider than that of pensions in old age. They have not yet solved the problem of how to live. Help them to do that, and they will, like their more favoured brethren in the higher grades of labour, solve the other problems for themselves. Pensions for these, indeed! Why, they die off like flies at the first approach of winter's cold,—die from sheer inanition, want of food and warmth, lack of vitality; pensions at sixty-five for these! Alas, they cannot get enough for daily bread, much less give hostages to a time they will probably never see. They are patriarchs and crones while yet in middle life. They have mostly died long before reaching three score years and ten. If these are to be pensioned, it must be by the poor-law, much as at present. These pension schemes, therefore, would only touch the merest fringe of the vast area of pauperism, leaving its essential features absolutely unrelieved.

We conclude, then, that any scheme of State-aided pensions will

will not appeal with hope of marked success either to the higher, or the lower grades of our workpeople. Thrifty people, even though they possess but moderate means, will, without State aid, contrive to provide something for evil days. Many such people in the lower middle ranks of life, and in the highest ranks of artisans, would probably avail themselves of the aid afforded by the State, to supplement their other investments. But then these are not the classes in whose interests these schemes are proposed, for these are not the people who come to the workhouse in old age. In reference to these last, it seems clear that when working people come to destitution in old age, this must be due to one of two causes, either their never having had sufficient means to put by for old age, which is the case with many; or, that having had sufficient, though perhaps not ample means and opportunities, they have neglected to put them to good use, which is true in many instances. In the first case, the remedy obviously lies in a general improvement of the means and conditions of life, in the amelioration of a confessedly hard and evil lot, in that better training which enhances the value of a man's services to society, with consequent increase of income. In the second case, the remedy lies in the personal virtue of individual thrift; for a man who is thriftless with 2*l.* a week will also be thriftless with 4*l.*, or 6*l.*; and if the State makes the least movement to shield such a man against the consequences of his own folly, it only intensifies the evil which it seeks to lessen. If, in the other case, the State assists those who cannot do aught for themselves, it perpetuates the evil of insufficient remuneration. It is difficult in any case for workmen to make provision for loss of employment, sickness, and old age; but it is far better that their elevation should be brought about gradually by their own independent efforts, as heretofore, than that the baneful and insidious principle of State socialism should be once admitted. So great will be the difficulties, and evils engendered by the operation of the State-aided scheme, that in despair the Government will soon have to yield to a clamour for State pensions absolute, on the lines of Mr. Booth's scheme. And the end will not be yet.

The thrifty man will usually manage, even though late in life, to secure some little competence, ere passing into the long repose; but no assistance offered to the thriftless man will change his character. He will still spend; and will be an unjust burden upon others. State-aided pensions, by diminishing stern motives to thrift, would lessen the former class, and multiply the latter.

It has been proposed that employers shall contribute to the State Pension Fund, paying a certain amount to the credit of

each workman in their employ. Even this, though an odious form of tax, would be practicable, and could be borne in the case of the best workmen who remain for the best part of their lives in the same firm. The natural effect, however, would be the diminution of wages by a corresponding amount. But what shall be done in the case of the fluctuating element, of the men who, because their labour is of poor value, are but casually employed; of the men who work in trades where employment is of a spasmodic character; of the nomadic class who travel the country from irresistible love of change? How shall employers contribute in the case of these?

A Government like our own, by virtue of its strong position, can do many things that a private corporation cannot do without falling into bankruptcy. A Government can draw fresh funds from the tax-payer; it is also a compelling power not to be easily resisted. It is as well, however, to open our eyes to the drift of the whole affair. It is a manifestation of State Socialism; a gigantic system of outdoor relief; a system which 'in the poor-law administration has tended more than any other single measure to pauperise the poor.' It is in keeping with the present socialistic desire to tax one portion of the community for the benefit of another. There are tens of thousands of working people who could, by a moderate effort, very well insure against old age, but who nevertheless neglect to do so. There are also tens of thousands who could, by a similar effort, insure against sickness and death, but who neglect to do so. If the State should offer assistance to the first to bribe them into thrift, why not to the second, and why not also to struggling professional men and tradespeople, in their efforts to live?

The evils of the poor-law administration have been repeatedly exposed by writers on economics. One of the latest *brochures* on this subject is that prepared by Mr. C. S. Loch, the Secretary of the London Charity Organization Society, in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, and generally to the principle of State-aided pensions. His contention is, and it is essentially the same as that taken up by many poor-law reformers, that the administration of the poor-law encourages, and is directly responsible for, a very large proportion of the pauperism that has existed, and that still exists. And he argues therefore that the institution of old age pensions would become a direct encouragement to old age pauperism. As might be expected from the position of the writer, the subject-matter of the volume consists largely of facts and figures, statistics of unions, excerpts from Blue Books, and so forth. He challenges the accuracy of Mr. Chamberlain's figures, showing that the proportion of old

age pauperism is rated too highly; and that no sufficient statistics are yet available upon which a correct and proper estimate can be based.

Alluding to the broad and sound principle laid down by the Poor-law Commissioners in their Report of 1840, 'that the situation of the individual relieved by "a compulsory provision" on the whole shall not be made really or apparently so eligible as the situation of the independent labourer of the lowest class,' Mr. Loch argues that :—

'In most of the schemes now proposed, this principle is abandoned. By one, to which reference has already been made, a certificated pension-holder, prior to the age of 65, when his national pension is to begin, will have the right to out-door relief till he attains his seniority. Such a pensioner's position will be rendered much "more eligible than that of the independent labourer;" and if it be retorted that *all* will have this boon, and that therefore none can be made paupers by it,—a more than questionable argument,—it may be rejoined :—

'If all take advantage of the boon, all, by whatever name they may be called, will become habitually dependent on the State; and a large part of the population, seduced by their newly-acquired right to receive out-door relief, will become actual paupers, and then the State, in self-defence, will have to re-assert the principle of the Poor-law Commissioners, and to make good, at great pain, mischief, and expense to the community, the evils which the pension scheme will have brought into existence.' ('Old Age Pensions and Pauperism,' p. 32.)

Such schemes must treat all the aged pretty much alike; the drunken and the sober, the thriftless and the thrifty. If those whom fortune has favoured have been enabled to lay by against old age, why should the unfortunate be excluded? And who is to decide to what extent a man's misfortunes in life have been due to his own negligence, and how far due to the pressure of untoward circumstances; to what extent his thriftlessness and folly have been 'a cause or a consequence' of his failure in life? If 'larger, other eyes than ours must make allowance for us all,' dare we trust the judgment of a human life to a perfunctory government official? And, supposing the unfit and unworthy to have been weeded out by some strange process, what is to be done with them? They will always form a large proportion of the population. Let them go to the work-house as heretofore? Then those establishments will still have to be kept up, and their funds will not be available for subsidising State pensions, and *new sources of taxation* will have to be imposed on an overburdened and long-suffering public.

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The only forms of pension that will render age independent in the best sense of the term, that will yield comfort and content without weakening the healthful sense of individual responsibility, which is the backbone of character, are those already in existence. They are those obtained by association in a trade union, in friendly, and kindred societies, and in industrial partnerships between employer and employed. The first are already very largely developed, the second are in their infancy. But both contain the vital elements of success, both are capable of more vast and more perfect development. Both are deeply rooted in individual responsibility, both teach the high and salutary law that sowing must precede reaping. Each of these movements is still extending, each has met with serious opposition in quarters where assistance should have been anticipated. Even the State is not guiltless, as the early history of the friendly societies and trades unions testifies. And now, in the time of their extension and prosperity, when they are gathering in members on every side, and doing a splendid work, it is proposed to bring the State as a *competitor* into the field; the State, whose hands are already full of imperial business that it cannot adequately perform; the State, that would substitute a dull routine of red tapeism for the vital energies and functions, the elasticity and adaptability of the public company; the State, that would wither the noblest growths of individualism, and roll back the tide ere it reached the flood!

And the workmen themselves don't want State-aided pensions. When have they asked this concession? It is significant that the best organs of the working classes have, with few exceptions, received the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain very coldly; in several cases they have met them with scorn and satire. The Labour papers boldly denounce these proposals as devised to save the rates from pressing so heavily on the pockets of the rich; and as being calculated to benefit people already fairly well to do, at the expense of general taxation. But on the other hand, the Radical and semi-Socialistic papers have very generally expressed themselves in terms of strong approbation of those of Mr. Charles Booth. These facts alone ought to open the eyes of moderate men to the way in which the question will have probably to be ultimately settled, if the agitation is persisted in.

We need be in no haste to follow the lead of Continental Governments. The German and Danish schemes are in their infancy, those of France and Italy have not yet passed the preliminary stage of discussion. Let us wait and see their issue ere we commit our already overburdened exchequer to

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new responsibilities. There is with us, more than with any other Continental nation, sound reason why we should wait. We can, thanks to our voluntary associations for mutual thrift, well afford to do so. There is no nation in Europe that can boast such noble voluntary societies for mutual help, as these which are supported by the working population of Britain. They have become a part of our national life. Their roots go deep down into the history of a hundred years. Any hasty measures that will endanger their further development will be a national calamity.

Those who would be the last to discourage the virtue of thrift, or to deprecate any sound method of investment for working people, would watch with pleasure any streak of light that comes with promises of sunshine to cheer the very laborious, and very monotonous lives of our working men and women. But reasonable faith lies in the development of existing institutions, rather than in the best devised and newest theories of philanthropists; in the unfettered development of all that is good in the friendly societies and unions; and in the elimination of that which is unsound and dangerous. These societies are doing a great work; let them accomplish their high mission. The habits of a vast working population are not to be changed by an Act of Parliament, however well meant. Slowly, but most certainly, these societies are working out their full salvation. Leave them alone, save for the fullest protection of the law. New and better types of working people are being evolved during these pregnant years. Leave them alone, and do not bear them back to earth by causing them to become the victims of hasty and mistaken legislation.

- ART. X.—1. *Naval Warfare, its Ruling Principles and Practice Historically Treated.* By Rear-Admiral P. H. Colomb. London, 1891.
2. *The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660–1783.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy.
3. *The Development of Navies during the Last Half-Century.* By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. London, 1892.
4. *Imperial Defence.* By Sir Charles Dilke and Spenser Wilkinson. London, 1892.
5. *The Last Great Naval War: an Historical Retrospect.* By A. Nelson Seaforth.
6. *Official Catalogue of the Royal Naval Exhibition, 1891.*

‘IT is on the Navy, under the Good Providence of God, that our Wealth, Prosperity and Peace depend.’ In these words are set forth the true relations of naval policy to national welfare. They were adopted as the motto of the late Naval Exhibition, and, inscribed over its main entrance, they have perhaps induced many a visitor to reflect on the nature of sea-power and its importance to such a country as ours. Many causes have combined to give to reflections of this order a new significance in the last few years. To our forefathers in the last century they were commonplaces. The countrymen and contemporaries of Boscawen and Hawke, of Howe, Jervis, and Duncan, of Nelson and Collingwood, never could have forgotten, as their descendants in these latter days have sometimes allowed themselves to forget, what the navy has done for England, and what it always must do so long as England holds her high place among the nations. Even if all the manhood of the nation were trained to arms, we should perish, if ever the command of the sea, which the navy secures to us, were to pass into the hands of a power with which we were at war. By the navy we exist therefore, and with the navy we must stand or fall. This is no hyperbole, no mere flourish of rhetoric, but sober, indisputable fact. It is far more true at the present moment than it ever was in the last century, that the existence of England as a nation is bound up with the supremacy of our fleets at sea. If our forefathers had been content to live an inglorious and unexpansive existence, they might have dispensed with a navy, and never have felt the inspiration of its glorious exploits. Down to the close of the last century the population of these islands might in the last resort have subsisted on their internal native resources. Maritime commerce was necessary to its increase, but not necessary to its existence. Its expansion has
been

been so vast that maritime commerce is now necessary to its existence. A powerful navy, a navy capable of taking and keeping the command of the sea against all who dispute it, is in the last resort the sole and indispensable defence of a nation which subsists on the fruits of a world-wide commerce, and can subsist by no other means. It may be assumed, we suppose, that a nation which respects and believes in itself, must be prepared to defend itself. We live in a world of human passions and national ambitions. We are not exempt ourselves from the impulses which passion and ambition engender, and the time, when nations can rely on the equity and forbearance of their neighbours for the security of their vital interests, is so far distant as yet that it is practically out of sight. There are only two alternatives, therefore: either we must leave our possessions—including in that term our maritime commerce and its security—undefended, and run the risk of losing them, or we must adopt such measures for their defence as are manifestly sufficient, or at least not palpably insufficient to protect them. There is no middle course in the matter. A navy, which is not strong enough to defend our vital interests in time of need, is not worth its cost, however cheap it may be. A navy, which is strong enough to defend us, is cheap, whatever its cost may be. To a nation situated as England is situated, the dearest navy she can have is a weak navy. The only cheap navy she can have is a navy strong enough to defend her.

These considerations are really so elementary that at the close of the great war in 1815 probably no Englishman of sense could have been found to dispute them. That war established the supremacy of England at sea so completely, that during the long peace which followed men began to forget the efforts and sacrifices by which their naval supremacy had been won, and to ignore both the possibilities and the consequences of a different issue. It is probable that between 1820 and 1850, and for long afterwards for that matter, few men really troubled themselves to reflect upon what was meant by England's holding the command of the sea. The phrase in its strict strategical sense was thoughtlessly confounded with the now abandoned claim long advanced by England to 'the sovereignty of the seas.' This, says Admiral Colomb in his admirable work on 'Naval Warfare,' was 'chiefly a civil claim, not a military one. It is long since England gave up her right to insist that every foreign vessel in the Four Seas should 'veil her bonnet,' that is, lower her topsails, in the presence of a British man-of-war. The command of the sea in its strategical sense has nothing whatever to do with this rather arrogant claim. We now regard

regard the whole of the navigable seas of the world, outside the narrow territorial limits of every sea-board Power, as the common highway of all mankind. In time of peace every flag, which represents a civilized Power and a peaceful purpose, has as much right in every part of the open sea as any other. In this sense England has long ago abandoned 'the sovereignty of the seas.' In time of peace she claims no more than any other Power, and even in time of war she claims nothing against any neutral flag. It is only against the flag of an enemy that her efforts to secure and maintain the command of the sea are and must be directed. The command of the sea is, in fact, to England in time of war what the inviolability of its frontier is to a Continental Power. It is the maritime equivalent of territorial integrity. The loss of it is to all intents and purposes what invasion is to a Continental Power. The fear of actual invasion is a pure chimera so long as our fleets are able to protect us. No writer who has ever tried to conjure with it has been able to make his reasoning even plausible without assuming to begin with that our fleets have either been annihilated or wafted into space—'decoyed away' is the favourite expression based on a perverse misunderstanding of Nelson's pursuit of Villeneuve. On the other hand, the destruction of our fleets, while it would certainly render invasion possible, would also render it superfluous. An enemy, who knew how to apply the forces at his disposal scientifically and economically, would never dream of invading England, if he could strike a vital blow at her power with less cost to himself. War is not an end in itself, and it is now too costly in men and treasure to be prolonged, after victory is secured, for a point of honour, or even for the gratification of national vanity. Its end is peace on terms acceptable to the victor. Let us assume that the fleets of this country have been swept from the seas, and their place taken by the fleets of a victorious power. This does not mean that every English ship has been captured or destroyed, but merely that the strategical command of the sea has been wrested from England by her victorious foe—that the fleets of England have been placed in exactly the same strategical position as that in which we must aim at placing the fleets of an enemy if we are to avoid irretrievable disaster. This, and nothing else, is meant by England's loss of the strategical command of the sea.* It means that England would be

* A very lucid and instructive exposition of the relation of naval supremacy to Imperial defence will be found in the two chapters entitled 'The Primacy of the Navy' and 'The Command of the Sea' in 'Imperial Defence,' by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, a work which was published after these pages were written.

as open to invasion as a continental country would be if its armies had been defeated, and its frontier defences overthrown. But maritime and territorial disaster differ in one important respect. Land invasion only interrupts the internal communications of the districts actually invaded. Outside the lines of the invader, the direct pressure of war is comparatively slightly felt. It is only by striking at the capital, therefore, that the invader can reap the full fruits of the victory he has won.

The same reasoning would apply to the case of England if the British Empire were concentrated in the British Islands, and if the population of those islands were self-supporting. So far is this from being the case, that without regarding the security of our transmarine possessions, it is easy to show how an enemy who had vanquished our fleets could quickly reduce us to submission without landing a man on our shores. There is always at sea and in transit to or from these shores property belonging to Englishmen which on any given day is worth not less than 200 millions sterling in ships and their cargoes. An enemy in command of the sea could intercept nearly every shilling of this. The mere pecuniary loss might be borne for a time, perhaps, by a high-spirited nation. But those ships carry either the food which feeds our labourers, the materials which sustain their labour, or the commodities which pay for our supplies. Their disappearance from the sea means therefore the paralysis of our industrial activities. It is not so much actual starvation that we have to fear. There is always food enough in the country to maintain its population for six months or more. But with our mills standing, our forges silent, our furnaces cold, and our mines closed, where is the teeming industrial population of our land to find the wherewithal to buy its food? There is no arguing with an empty belly. The working man is now the arbiter of our fate. Can any one doubt that a Government, which resolved to fight on after the command of the sea had passed into the hands of our enemies, would be swept away like chaff before the wind? Matters must never be allowed to come to this pass. Lord Overstone, if we recollect right, was once asked what would be the effect on the commercial position of England if London were to fall into the hands of a victorious enemy? He could only answer, 'It must never be allowed to occur.' It never can occur until our sea power is overthrown; but the student of naval warfare must unhesitatingly give the same answer if he is asked what would happen if we lost the command of the sea. It must never be allowed to occur.

How is it that our people have ever allowed themselves to forget

forget these things? Why have our statesmen ever been suffered to ignore them? Paradoxical as it may seem, we believe that the beginning of the evil is to be traced to the circumstances of the Crimean war. We have known men of great sagacity and intelligence point to the Crimean war as a convincing proof that the days of naval warfare are over. What did the navy do for us, they have asked, in the Black Sea or in the Baltic? It could not destroy Cronstadt, and it could not take Sebastopol. The truth is, that in the Crimean war the English and French fleets gave as signal an example of the efficacy of sea power as the world has ever seen. They absolutely neutralized the Russian fleet, and established so complete a command of the sea that not only was English and French maritime commerce almost as unmolested as if we had never been at war, but the two Powers were able to send their armies to the shores of the Black Sea, and to transport them to the Crimea without losing a single man in warfare. Except by sea Russia was absolutely inaccessible either to England or to France. Without the command of the Mediterranean no troops could have reached the Dardanelles, and without the command of the Black Sea no armies could ever have landed, still less been maintained in the Crimea. 'Of the absolute command of the sea,' says Admiral Colomb, 'we have but the single historical instance of our own position in the Crimean war. If there had been in any part of the world a superior Russian naval force, it would have been impossible for success to have attended the expedition to the Crimea.' Indeed so confident were we in the maritime ascendancy established by the fleets of England and France, that we omitted the usual, and in all ordinary cases the indispensable, measure of covering the descent of the allied armies upon the Crimea by sending a naval force to mask the Russian men-of-war in the harbour of Sebastopol. On this point Admiral Colomb remarks that 'there is no doubt that in disobedience to the strict rules of naval war, risks were run which were entirely unnecessary. The chief breach of rule was the neglect to mask the Russian ships at Sebastopol by a sufficient force, thereby leaving the crowded transports open to devastation by a determined onset. There is no doubt but that the risk was known and felt at the time; but a general absence of understanding that there always had been, and always would be, rule in these matters, placed the whole of the naval defending force with the transports, rather than in watch upon the only force of the enemy which could interfere with them. The justification for breach of rule, was the great disproportion which existed between the defending British fleet with the transports,

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and the possible attacking force at Sebastopol; and rule was yielded to so far as to keep this British fleet entirely clear of troops and ready for action.' Thus the only example afforded by history of a command of the sea so absolute as to render the opposing naval force '*une quantité négligeable*' has actually been so misconceived as to engender the belief that sea power is a thing of nothing worth. Because the chief results of the war in the Crimea were obtained by military force, therefore it is assumed that the navy contributed nothing. In truth it contributed everything by securing the sole condition on which the siege of Sebastopol was possible. No English or French soldier would ever have set foot in the Crimea if the local sea power of Russia had been even approximately equal to that of her assailants. No English or French soldier would ever have left the Crimea, if the Russian fleets could have recovered the command of the Black Sea.

Turn where we will in the history of the British Empire, we find that it rests solely upon sea power. It was sea power that defeated the Armada. It was sea power that gave us the victory in our long maritime struggle with the Dutch. It was sea power that gave us our colonies and our commerce. It was sea power that sustained the policy of the elder Pitt, and induced the citizens of London to declare that under his rule they found commerce united with and made to flourish by war. It was sea power that set bounds to the ambitions of Napoleon, and it must be sea power that saves England if ever she is again in conflict with an enemy capable of disputing her position at sea. The integrity of the British Empire can only be seriously menaced by a Power which can vanquish us at sea. The United Kingdom cannot be invaded unless our sea power is first annihilated. It is therefore a misleading and highly mischievous under-statement of the case merely to say that the navy is our first line of defence. It is, in truth, not merely our first but our only line. If the matter be rightly considered, the defence, not merely of our own shores but of all our transmarine possessions, is an affair not of local fortifications and forces, but of naval strategy in waters surrounding the territories of the great maritime Powers. Napoleon said, paradoxically enough, that he would conquer India on the banks of the Vistula. It is no paradox to say that Australasia, if ever seriously menaced, must be defended, not in the southern ocean but in the seas which wash the arsenals of such maritime Powers as may think themselves strong enough to try conclusions with the British Fleet. In '*The Last Great Naval War*,' one of the publications the titles of which we have placed

placed at the head of this article, the pseudonymous author of that clever and suggestive brochure, has raised this proposition to the level of an axiom, and enforced its consequences with great cogency of reasoning and great felicity of illustration. In this particular, at any rate, his work is only a vivid embodiment in popular form of those principles of naval strategy which have been set forth more scientifically, but not less impressively, by Captain Mahan and Admiral Colomb.

If the foregoing considerations be even approximately sound, it follows that the neglect of her navy by England would mean the loss of her position among the nations. In a certain sense, perhaps, there is no ground for fearing such neglect. Parliament votes money readily for the maintenance of our fleets, and our naval traditions are still so strong that the taxpayer bears the burden without complaint, though with no very intelligent appreciation of what he is paying for. This is, perhaps, almost inevitable. The army is always in evidence, the navy rarely. No man of education would care to avow his total ignorance of the broad principles of military strategy. In the domain of naval strategy, on the other hand, not only is such ignorance no reproach, but the mere proposition that naval strategy has its broad and indefeasible principles appears to be regarded in many quarters as the crotchet of a few experts. We shall soon discover the error of this if we are ever at war again with a great maritime Power; in the meanwhile, however, the purpose of this essay will be fully accomplished, if it induces some of our countrymen to regard the affairs of the navy with that measure of intelligent curiosity which no man of sense and education withholds from the consideration of military affairs.

For this purpose very little technical knowledge is really needed. What is required is an intelligent grasp of the conditions which make for sea power, and the principles which govern naval operations. The essential problem of naval strategy is the same to-day as when Greece overthrew the great King at Salamis, when Sparta overthrew the Athenian power at Syracuse, when Rome broke the power of Carthage in the Mediterranean, when England successively vanquished Spain, Holland and France at sea. Strategy aims at concentrating a preponderant force at such critical points that defeat at such points compels the defeated adversary either to abandon his campaign, or, if the reverse is sufficiently decisive, to sue for peace. Tactics occupy a narrower sphere within the domain of strategy, and consist chiefly of the evolutions best adapted either to bring an enemy to action or to elude and parry an attack made in superior force.

force. It follows that the domain of strategy is far less affected than that of tactics by such changes in the methods and instruments of naval warfare as we have witnessed in these latter days. The methods of strategy may change, but its principles remain immutable. With tactics the case is widely different. The history of military tactics is the history of the weapons successively employed. A similar evolution may be traced in naval tactics. When the propelling power was the oar and the weapon of offence was the ram, the normal order of battle was necessarily the line abreast. When sails took the place of oars and artillery superseded the ram, so that the principal weapon of offence was removed from the stem of the ship to its side, the normal order of battle became by parity of necessity the line ahead. Steam has now superseded sails, the ram has been revived, the power, range, and variety of artillery have all been immeasurably increased, while at the same time the capacity of a ship to resist its effects has been very considerably, though certainly not proportionally increased, and an entirely new weapon, terribly destructive within certain well-defined limits, and invested with moral terrors probably far in excess of its real offensive capacity, has been added to the naval armoury in the shape of the so-called 'automobile' torpedo. The effect of all this is that, if a Rodney or a Nelson were required to take command of a modern fleet in time of war, he would indeed find the broad principles of naval strategy still unchanged; he would still strive to concentrate a preponderant force on points determined to be critical by the same broad principles as those which determined the critical points a hundred years ago, but his actual methods, both of strategy and of tactics, would be based, not as then on the power of sails and the range of unrifled guns, but on steam, speed, and coal endurance, on the respective powers of the gun and the armour-plate, in the last resort on the torpedo and the ram.

In default of actual experience in war no better illustration can be found of the relation between naval policy and the true principles of naval warfare than in the history of those 'naval manœuvres,' which for the last few years have during each summer attracted the attention of at least a portion of the public to practical naval questions, and encouraged the public discussion of the leading problems involved in them. It is not for the purpose of solving strategical problems in the abstract that naval manœuvres have been instituted. They throw and can throw very little light on the broad principles of naval strategy, which are to be deduced from history, and are really determined by the very nature of things. But strategical methods,

as distinct from strategical principles, are subject to constant change. For instance, the substitution of steam for sails enables a naval commander to determine precisely the number of hours required to transport his fleet from any one point to any other. He can also determine with corresponding exactitude the limits of his adversary's movements in a given direction, supposing him to be acquainted with the latter's objective. It follows that the measures which a modern commander would take for securing his strategical object are governed by conditions much more precise and definite than those of his predecessors could have been—the uncertain and indeterminate factor of the weather having now been to a very considerable extent eliminated. It might therefore be argued with some show of plausibility that naval strategy had been reduced to a question of calculation, that its main problems could be as satisfactorily solved at a desk in the Admiralty, with charts for the field of operations, and pins for the fleets and ships employed, as by the more costly and troublesome method of sending the ships to sea. That is not so, and a very little consideration will explain why it is not so. Because some elements of uncertainty have been eliminated, it does not follow that all have disappeared or that new elements of a like character have not been introduced. War is an affair of men, not of machines. The human element cannot be eliminated, the personal equation cannot be neglected. The method of calculation involves the assumption not only that all the elements are determinate, but that all the factors behave exactly as they ought to do, that the fleet at sea is as efficient, as mobile, as free from all misadventure and mishap as the fleet on paper is assumed to be. The only way to secure an approximation between the behaviour of the actual fleet and that of the ideal fleet is by practice and experiment. A military strategist might argue *à priori* that such and such a battalion or brigade ought to be at such and such a point at such and such a time. They would certainly not be there if they had not previously been trained in the exercises required to give them the necessary efficiency, mobility, and endurance. The case of ships and fleets is similar. They are not automata. They are highly organized human machines. Hence ships and their crews require to be trained, assiduously and laboriously, not merely in the ordinary routine of drill, much of which can now be continuously and economically conducted on shore, but in the higher discipline of fleet evolutions and strategical movements. It is impossible to keep them always at sea. The cost would be prohibitive. In the old sailing days the cost of keeping a ship

ship at sea was not much greater, except for the wear and tear of ropes and sails, masts and spars, than that of maintaining her in a state of efficiency in harbour. Her crew would have to be maintained in any case. It is very different now-a-days. A ship at sea burns coal, and coal is a costly commodity. Its cost amounted to 40,000*l.* during the manœuvres of 1890. In time of peace, therefore, we now require a policy of small fleets and large reserves, but reserves ready for immediate service. Readiness for immediate service involves the necessity of frequent practice,—practice in mobilization,—a topic which would require all our space to discuss fully—and practice in exercises at sea. Periodical naval manœuvres are thus, as the practice of all naval Powers of the first rank has shown, an indispensable condition of naval efficiency; our ships might be as good and as numerous as ever, and our seamen might be as full as ever of the traditional spirit of the British sailor, but if periodical exercises on a large scale at sea were now to be neglected we should fall back to the position of having what a former First Lord of the Admiralty once allowed himself to describe as little better than dummy ships and a fleet on paper.

Even so, it might be argued, the necessity of evolutionary exercises is established, but the advantage of strategical manœuvres is not demonstrated. The truth is that the two are practically inseparable; and even if they were not, it is manifestly desirable to combine them. Strategical manœuvres do not interfere, in any disadvantageous sense, with evolutionary exercises, nor with the ordinary routine of a man-of-war at sea. In point of fact, they are for the higher ranks of the service, for the officers in command of ships and the admirals in command of fleets, exactly analogous to the training which evolutionary exercises and man-of-war routine provide for the lower ranks of the service. The hierarchy is continuous and complete: routine for the rank and file, evolutionary exercises for commanders of ships and officers of the watch, strategical manœuvres for commanders of fleets, and, in a subordinate sense, for commanders of ships employed on detached service. The routine is never intermitted, though it may on occasion be modified in detail to suit the exigencies of an assumed state of warfare. A period of evolutionary exercises, with no determinate strategical purposes, has always in the practice of recent years preceded the period of strategical manœuvres proper. But the training of our fleets would manifestly be incomplete if the strategical element were neglected. However strongly we may insist that the broad principles of naval strategy are based upon history and the

nature of things, and are therefore unaffected by changes in the methods and instruments of warfare, it would be absurd not to acknowledge that there are many strategical problems only to be solved by actual experiment, many questions concerning the best mode of handling modern warships which can only be determined by direct experience and intelligent observation. No naval officer of sense would admit that the entertaining evolutions carried out on the lake at the late Naval Exhibition could, even if instructive at all, be anything like as instructive as the corresponding evolutions of real ships at sea. Will any one contend that an officer, sitting at a desk at Whitehall, with a chart and a box of pins, is much better qualified to solve the problems of modern naval strategy? An admiral in command of a manœuvre fleet may employ both methods if he chooses. He may work his chart and his pins to his heart's content, and then compare the result with the actual movements of the fleet under his command and the fleet to which he is opposed; the odds are that he will very soon discover that pins are not ships and a chart is not the sea.

We shall assume then that periodical manœuvres on a large scale, and mainly strategical in character, are necessary to the efficiency of the naval service in the conditions of modern naval warfare, and therefore necessary to the security of a nation which depends and must depend upon sea power. They have, besides other advantages, not to be overlooked. They put the navy in evidence before the eyes of the nation. For our forefathers in the last century the stern experience of warfare did this. The countrymen of Nelson knew what they owed to the navy and what the navy did for them. In the generation which has followed the period of the Crimean War the public attention has, to a very large extent, been withdrawn from the naval problem and concentrated on the military problem. Because the nations of Europe have been converted into an assemblage of armed camps, and because four great European wars have determined the destinies of more than as many nations in the last quarter of a century, our countrymen have been led to suppose that their own national security is an affair of armies rather than of navies. We have lost that instinctive sense of dependence upon the navy, with which our forefathers were endowed, by the stern but glorious teaching of successful war. The higher policy of defence has been given over to the military arm, and though our military administration is notoriously inefficient and incapable, albeit the most costly in the world, it is the War Office, rather than the Admiralty, that is generally assumed to be primarily responsible for the national security.

security. The assumption would do no great harm if it were not countenanced by policy. It would very quickly be set aside if we were at war with a great European Power, not merely because the nature of things requires us to defend ourselves and attack our enemies at sea, but because our military administration would almost certainly break down more hopelessly and more disastrously than it did in the Crimean War within a few weeks of the outbreak of hostilities.* Nevertheless, the impression is general that the army is our trusty sword and buckler. It is nothing of the kind. It is rather the auxiliary of the navy, the necessary garrison of an Empire, whose main defence is on the sea.† Any attempt to make it more than this is a misconception of the problem of national defence, and a wasteful expenditure on superfluous defences of resources that are so far withdrawn from the legitimate requirements of the navy.

It is worth while to pause for a moment at this point, and to consider one or two simple but conclusive proofs of the justice of this view of the matter. The deplorable expenditure at Portsmouth and elsewhere on elaborate defensive works, which were never necessary, and are now, in many cases, obsolete, is a standing and indefeasible proof. But the proof may be generalised as follows. Defence, whether naval or military, may be either active or passive. If we blockade an enemy's fleet in his ports, and await their issue in order that we may bring them to action; if we pursue his cruisers from sea to sea, and never quit the scent until they are hunted down; if we take care that his raiders on our coasts are never left unmolested long enough to enable them to effect their object, in a word, if we require our navy, fleets and single ships alike, to do its best to take, burn, sink, or destroy the fleets and ships of the enemy wherever they are found, that is an active defence. A passive defence is one which awaits the attack of the enemy under conditions, either temporary or permanent, most favourable to the defending force, though often inconsistent with a vigorous offensive. It is hardly necessary to point out that the active defence is incomparably the more effective, though its failure is often more disastrous and more overwhelming in its ulterior results than

* These are strong words, but they are more than justified by the language repeatedly used by Lord Wolseley himself, who ought, as a former adjutant-general, to know what he is talking about, if any one does, by the reports of commissions and committees innumerable, and by the opinion of every military man who cares for the welfare of the British army.

† The case of India, which in many respects stands apart, is no real exception to this proposition. We could not land a corporal's guard in India if our sea power were overthrown.

that of the passive defence. Each has its province, but the maritime position of this country imposes on it the absolute necessity of making its defence mainly an active one. How far is this principle recognised in the policy of our military authorities? The following table will show. It is taken from the 'Statesman's Year Book' and exhibits the relative strength of the several branches of our military service at different periods of our history :—

Year.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Engineers.	Infantry and Special Corps.	Total.
1800	14,003	6,935	421	49,386	70,745
1810	20,405	16,814	974	74,325	112,518
1820	9,900	4,046	371	46,799	61,116
1830	8,036	4,037	682	35,339	48,094
1840	7,190	4,118	544	38,624	50,476
1850	8,108	7,353	1,201	50,415	67,077
1860	11,389	14,045	1,707	62,366	89,507
1870	10,910	14,469	2,890	56,092	84,361
1880	12,672	18,075	5,132	69,577	105,456
1890	12,470	17,584	5,370	68,682	104,116

The significance of this table for our purpose resides in the column headed 'Engineers'—that is, the branch of the service to which the provision and control of the means of passive defence have been, for the most part, entrusted. Other things being equal, if we find the engineering branch of the army increasing out of all proportion to the other branches, we may regard it as so far an indication of a growing disposition on the part of our military authorities to rely upon passive defence. Now what are the facts? In 1800 we had an army of 70,745 men in all, and of these only 421 were engineers. The battle of Trafalgar had not been fought, fears of invasion were beginning to be rife, and, if ever a passive defence of our coasts was necessary, it must have been then. Yet its requirements were held to be satisfied by a mere handful of engineers. In 1810, when the Peninsular campaigns had begun, the strength of the army had risen to 112,518, yet the number of engineers was still under 1000, though their services in the Peninsula were incessant and multifarious. We need not examine the whole table in detail. The abnormal growth of the engineering branch in these latter days is sufficiently palpable on the face of it. A large allowance must be made of course for the immense development in modern times of those scientific branches of the military art which appertain specially to the profession

profession of an engineer. But no allowance, however liberal, will account for the figures in the table. In 1850 the complement of engineers had increased to 1201, though the numbers of the army were lower by some 3000 than in 1800, when 421 engineers were considered sufficient for all the requirements of national defence. In 1860 we trace the influence of the Crimean War. The army had increased to 89,507, and the engineers to 1707. In 1870 the army was reduced again to 84,361, but the number of engineers had mounted to 2890. In 1889 we had no less than 5132 engineers out of an army total of 105,456; and in 1890, though the army total had fallen to 104,116, less by 8000 than its total complement in 1810, the number of engineers had again increased to 5370, more than five times as many as were required by the nation when Wellington was beginning his Peninsular campaigns. The meaning of these figures is simply this—that by overlooking the requirements as well as the advantages of active defence our military authorities have been induced to lay enormous and most disproportionate stress on the requirements of passive defence. Passive defence is the resource of a weak naval Power. For a Power like England, which must hold the command of the sea or perish, it is to a very large extent superfluous, and so far as it is superfluous it is mischievous, because it diverts from the navy resources which properly belong to it. How can we have a navy strong enough for our needs if our military authorities are allowed to spend millions on defences which logically involve the assumption that the navy has ceased to exist? These defences are superfluous so long as the navy can defend us, and quite useless if the navy is destroyed. A Power which had overthrown our navy would easily reduce us to submission without wasting an ounce of powder in the reduction of our coast defences.

Such are the costly results of an inadequate grasp of the higher policy of defence—such the disastrous consequences of ignoring the true relation of the navy to the problem of national security. It is no slight matter then that the public mind has been directed of late years by a series of object-lessons of the utmost importance and value to a reconsideration of the relative importance, in the special circumstances of the British Empire, of the military and naval problems respectively. Englishmen who think at all on the subject can no longer permit themselves to think that the primary function of the British navy is to keep the police of the seas. They know, or they ought to know by this time, that every fleet and squadron that England keeps abroad is a definite strategical element in a comprehensive scheme

scheme of Imperial defence, and they know also, or ought to know, that the reserves, which we annually mobilise and send to sea in home waters, have successively thrown light on some of the main problems of naval strategy and tactics as affected by modern conditions of warfare. We will now briefly examine the history of the manœuvres from this particular point of view. Each annual series would properly demand a whole essay to itself; but a comprehensive view is not impossible, and may, we trust, be made instructive as well as interesting.

The manœuvres began in 1885 in an almost accidental manner. Our relations with Russia had been strained almost to breaking point by what was known at the time as the 'Penjdeh incident,' and for some weeks war seemed imminent. Naval dispositions for the defence of our interests were quietly made in all parts of the world, and a powerful but heterogeneous fleet was hastily mobilised in home waters. The cloud of war happily passed away, however; and the only permanent consequence of its gathering was the inauguration of that system of periodical manœuvres which has now, we may hope, become a permanent feature in the policy of the Admiralty. Sir Geoffry Hornby, by the universal consent of the naval service the first tactician of his day, was placed in command of the fleet mobilised at home, and was sent to sea with instructions to carry out a series of manœuvres. At Bantry Bay, which Admiral Hornby made his headquarters at the beginning of the operations, a very instructive series of experiments was carried out in the defence of a protected anchorage against the attack of torpedo boats and other vessels more or less appropriate to such a purpose; and in particular the total destruction by the 'Polyphemus,' without the slightest injury to herself, of a very powerful boom stretched across one of the entrances to the anchorage of Berehaven, afforded something like a decisive test of the efficacy of such means of defence. At a subsequent period of the manœuvres Admiral Hornby, starting from Blacksod Bay with a portion of the fleet, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of Rear Admiral Whyte, his second in command, who with the remainder of the fleet was to establish his base at Lough Swilly, and to endeavour to prevent an attack of Admiral Hornby either on Greenock or on Belfast. By a brilliant and daring act of seamanship Hornby quitted Blacksod Bay after nightfall in the teeth of a strong gale, and endeavoured so to manœuvre as to elude his adversary, and to secure a free passage through the North Channel. But among the ships taken up by the Admiralty when war seemed imminent was that swift but
ill-fated

ill-fated Atlantic liner the 'Oregon,' and this vessel, commanded by naval officers, was attached to Whyte's squadron. She was so handled as to take full advantage of her exceptional speed, and while keeping touch with the attacking fleet she managed to maintain her communications with Whyte without disclosing her purpose to Hornby. The result was that although Hornby was able to pass the North Channel unmolested, yet he was immediately made aware of the unexpected presence of Whyte's squadron at his heels; while, but for a failure of speed in some of his ships, which retarded the movements of his fleet, Whyte, who had throughout been informed of his enemy's movements, would have been in a position to frustrate completely the latter. In no subsequent manœuvres, so far as we are aware, has the importance of fast cruisers acting as scouts, and the direct bearing of their operations, when skilfully conducted, on the whole conduct and issue of a campaign, been more conclusively demonstrated.

In 1886 there were no manœuvres proper, though the torpedo operations of Bantry Bay in 1885 were repeated at Milford Haven in a form modified by the experience previously acquired. The principles of torpedo-boat warfare, and the light thrown on them by the manœuvre experience of the last few years, would require much space for their adequate treatment, and no attempt can be made here to deal with the subject at any length. We shall, however, have something to say about it when we come to the manœuvres of 1890 and 1891. In 1887 a very large and powerful, though somewhat miscellaneous fleet, was collected at Spithead in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. This great fleet was subsequently employed in three separate series of manœuvres, only two of which need engage our attention here, the third being similar in principle to the operations carried out by Admiral Hornby in 1885. The two principal series were conducted respectively by the late Admiral Hewett against Admiral Fremantle, and by Admiral Baird against Commodore, now Rear-Admiral Fitzroy. In the former, Hewett operated in defence of the Channel and the mouth of the Thames, while his opponent advancing from the westward was to endeavour to elude the defending fleet, and having done so to occupy the approaches to the Thames. A similar plan of operations, having either Liverpool, Glasgow, or Belfast, for its main objective, was proposed for the attacking squadron of Fitzroy, while Baird, in command of the defending squadron was to give the best account he could of the squadron of his assailant. In the Channel, Fremantle, advancing from the westward, managed so far to elude his adversary's vigilance as to give
his

his scouts the go-by and to reach the mouth of the Thames in advance of him. But here his advantage, such as it was, proved his undoing. He was destined to afford a capital illustration of the strategical maxim that a serious attack on land defences from the sea is so hazardous as to be virtually impracticable, so long as a defending force, not necessarily superior to the assailant, but capable of meeting the latter on something like equal terms, is in the neighbourhood and undefeated. Had Hewett been better supplied with scouts in the shape of a sufficiency of fast cruisers, had his intelligence service on shore and afloat been organised as such a service must be organised in the case of actual war, and as indeed it has been organised in the manœuvres of subsequent years, or even in default of these conditions, had he, with the slender scouting resources at his command, been a little more fortunate in establishing touch with his enemy at an earlier stage of the proceedings, it is probable that Fremantle would never have been able to reach the Thames at all. Some few brilliant exploits in the way of gathering and conveying intelligence were performed by the cruisers employed, but those were the days before the new naval programme, and the supply of cruisers and scouts was deplorably insufficient. Hence Fremantle was enabled to reach his supposed objective without encountering his adversary. But his apparent success was no real advantage from a strategical point of view. Hewett, though unable to bar his opponent's passage, was close upon his heels, and the invader was practically caught by a superior force in a position among the shoals at the mouth of the Thames, so disadvantageous that he was compelled, in order to save his fleet from capture, according to the rules, to retreat precipitately into the North Sea by one channel while Hewett entered the Thames by another.

The lack of cruisers and its consequence in the failure of intelligence on the one hand, and on the other a fresh and signal illustration of a strategical principle as old as naval warfare, were thus the two salient lessons of this branch of the manœuvres of 1887. It may be urged, perhaps, that a principle as old as naval warfare needs no fresh illustration. To such an argument two replies may be made. In the first place, the principle in question has often been overlooked. It was the basis of the masterly strategy proposed by Torrington before the battle of Beachy Head, as well as of his tactics in the course of the battle. Admiral Colomb shows quite conclusively, as it seems to us, that if Torrington's plan of operations had not been overruled by his superiors

superiors in London, the battle of Beachy Head need never have been fought and lost, while, if it had been fought on any other principles than those which still governed Torrington's proceedings, it might easily have resulted in the overthrow of William's throne and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. Yet the great Whig historian so completely misconceives the situation, and ignores the strategical principles involved, that he represents Torrington as a mere incapable who had lost his nerve. In the second place, it is presumable either that Fremantle himself thought it a practicable operation of naval warfare to strike at the enemy's vital point, while leaving a superior 'fleet in being,' to borrow Torrington's own phrase, in his immediate rear, or that his superiors at the Admiralty were of that opinion, and gave him instructions accordingly. In either case an established but forgotten principle was violated, while its truth and bearing were abundantly illustrated in the result.

It might almost be thought, indeed, as if the framers of the plan of manœuvres of 1887 must have had in mind the strategical situation which existed at the time of the battle of Beachy Head. It is true that his fleet was inferior to that of his adversary, but in other respects Fremantle might be supposed to represent Tourville: and what Tourville neglected to do, or perhaps was not strong enough to do, namely, to strike at the communications of William, who was at the time in Ireland about to fight the battle of the Boyne, the Admiralty resolved to do by sending a hostile fleet into St. George's Channel. But they exposed this fleet to the risks Tourville would have run had he detached a squadron against William's communications. While Torrington held the Channel and succeeded in frustrating Tourville's advance, though he could not fight a decisive battle with any chance of success, Killigrew was making his way from the coast of Spain, and Sir Cloudeley Shovel held St. George's Channel with a small but sufficient force. In the manœuvres of 1887 Baird may be considered to have been entrusted with the task which would have fallen to Killigrew and Shovel had Tourville attempted to threaten St. George's Channel. Fitzroy was allowed to enter the Channel, but not without having been observed by his adversary. A hostile squadron so situated must sooner or later try conclusions with its enemy. There is no escape for it, except by returning as it came and fighting its way out, or by making its way to the northward. In either case, or indeed in any case, it must abandon its objective. So long as the defensive squadron is 'in being' and intact, no serious attacks can be made on the
coasts,

coasts, 'for,' as Torrington wrote, 'whilst we observe the French they cannot make any attempt on ships or shore without running a great hazard;' so that an enterprising commander could wish for nothing better than that his enemy should place himself in the position in which Fitzroy was placed by the Admiralty. As a matter-of-fact, he was observed, overtaken, and defeated by Baird. It is true that he was hampered by the failure of some of his ships in speed. But the utmost that he could hope to do in any case was to hurry through St. George's Channel at full speed with an enemy superior in force at his heels, and to trust to luck to enable him to force the North Channel and escape into the open sea. With a superior fleet 'in being' behind him any attempt to attack the coasts would have led to certain destruction.

The main feature of the manœuvres of 1888 was an experiment in blockade under the conditions of modern naval warfare. For the purpose of this experiment it was assumed that war was imminent between two naval Powers, one, the weaker, represented by Ireland, the other by Great Britain. The enemy was fitting out two fleets in Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly respectively, and two British fleets, with their bases at Milford Haven and Lamlash, were organised for the purpose of blockading him in his ports. Each blockading fleet was superior in strength to the fleet blockaded by it, but the two hostile fleets together were stronger than either of the blockading fleets, and they had the advantage of being in immediate telegraphic communication across Ireland, while the blockading fleets could only communicate directly by means of cruisers sent from one to the other, or indirectly by messages sent to some British port and thence telegraphed to the nearest port in communication with the British commanders at sea. Sir George Tryon at Berehaven was in command of the hostile fleets, with Admiral Fitzroy as his second in command at Lough Swilly, while Admiral Baird commanded the two blockading squadrons, and undertook the blockade of Bantry Bay, with Admiral Rowley as his second in command off Lough Swilly. For several days the blockade was maintained with apparent success at both places, the tactics adopted consisting of an inshore squadron closely watching the enemy's port with an advance guard of torpedo-boats and torpedo gun-boats, while a cordon of battle-ships patrolled the outer waters within signalling distance of the inshore squadron. It was made known subsequently, however, that Tryon had been instructed by the Admiralty to make no attempt at breaking the blockade before a certain day, in order that it might be ascertained how far

far the officers of the blockading squadron could bear the strain imposed upon them by the necessity for incessant vigilance. In the old days of sailing ships an Admiral in command of a blockading squadron knew that, so long as the wind remained in a certain quarter, the enemy could make no attempt to escape, and therefore the vigilance of the blockade might so far be relaxed in those circumstances. But with steam the conditions are totally changed, and a blockade once established must be continuously maintained without even a moment's relaxation of vigilance. The strain imposed upon those concerned in it is thus incessant, and can only be rendered even tolerable by the frequent relief of the ships engaged. In other words a continuous blockade, if possible at all in modern conditions, necessarily requires that the blockading squadron should be so numerous as to be able frequently to detach some of its ships for the purpose of affording them necessary relief while still maintaining the required superiority over the ships of the enemy.

There are, indeed, some who think that a close blockade of an enemy's squadron is no longer possible. What is certain is that, before the period of inactivity imposed by the Admiralty on the hostile fleets in 1888 had expired, Rowley had written to Baird to say that his officers and men were so exhausted that he would be compelled to raise the blockade, and though no such specific conclusion had been reached by Baird himself, it may perhaps be assumed that the breaking strain which had been reached by one fleet was not far distant in the other. This proves, however, not that blockades are impossible, but that the methods of blockade adopted in 1888 must be modified in accordance with the experience thus gained. The purpose of a naval as distinct from a commercial blockade is, as Admiral Colomb has well pointed out, not so to seal up the blockaded port as to prevent all ingress and egress, but to secure that the enemy's fleet shall not put to sea without the commander of the blockading fleet immediately becoming aware of his movements. It is not essential to this purpose that the main body of the blockading fleet should always be close at hand; it is necessary that its position should be so favourable, and its communications so effective, that the enemy, if he attempts to escape, shall not be able to get away without being observed and pursued, nor to establish himself in a position nearer to his presumed objective than that occupied by the blockading squadron. Probably these conditions would best be satisfied by keeping the main force of the blockaders at a convenient distance, where coal and other supplies are accessible and closely

closely watching the enemy's port with a flotilla of torpedo gunboats of light draught and exceeding swiftness, and sufficiently numerous to admit of frequent relief. It is of course absolutely essential that the communications between such an inshore squadron and the main squadron at a distance should be immediate and practically unassailable by the enemy. Where these conditions are possible, blockade is still possible, and perhaps not otherwise.

It is certain at any rate that the blockade of Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly was a complete failure. It was full of instructive lessons, on which we have no space to dwell, and of dramatic episodes which abundantly displayed the dash and daring of the British naval officer, but it proved to demonstration that the means at Baird's disposal were, as applied by him, totally inadequate for the purpose aimed at. In the period of inactivity imposed upon him by the Admiralty, Tryon matured his plans with consummate skill, and as soon as he recovered his freedom of action he carried them out without let or hindrance. Three ships escaped from Bantry Bay almost unobserved by the blockading squadron and joined two other ships, which escaped from Lough Swilly, at a predetermined rendezvous, whence they proceeded to raid upon the north-east coast of Great Britain. The escape was effected in the night under cover of a brilliant diversion carried out by Tryon, who remained at Bantry Bay, while Fitzroy himself escaped in his flagship from Lough Swilly and took command of the raiding squadron. At daybreak on the following morning the blockade of Bantry Bay was raised. Baird had ascertained that some ships had escaped, though he was not able to pursue them, or to divine their precise purpose, and the presumption being that if they appeared off Lough Swilly they would give Fitzroy the required superiority over his immediate adversary, it became necessary to raise both blockades and to effect a junction with all despatch between the two blockading squadrons. Accordingly, a fast cruiser, the 'Mersey,' having been despatched by the shortest route round the west coast of Ireland to warn Rowley of his danger and appoint a rendezvous with his commander-in-chief, the fastest battle-ships of Baird's squadron were sent on in advance through St. George's Channel to reinforce Rowley, while Baird himself proceeded as rapidly as he could to a rendezvous in Luce Bay. It was necessary in the first instance to save the two fleets from destruction in detail, and this could be done if the 'Mersey' joined Rowley in time to redress the balance at Lough Swilly, and to direct Rowley to fall back in the direction of the fast and

and powerful squadron advancing through St. George's Channel to reinforce him. The junction of the fleets was effected, but for practical purposes Tryon still remained master of the situation. Recognising that the force at his disposal did not enable him to afford adequate protection to the northern ports, and that a victorious enemy would have the approaches to London at his mercy if the only 'fleet in being' could be induced to leave them uncovered, Baird withdrew as rapidly as he could to the Channel, leaving Rowley to cover Liverpool for a time. Tryon, finding the blockade raised at both points, united the residue of his two squadrons and proceeded to the reduction of Liverpool, Baird having in the meanwhile directed Rowley to follow him up the Channel. It may very reasonably be held that Baird's resolve to concentrate his whole force in the neighbourhood of the Downs, though justified perhaps by the circumstances of the time, was not in itself a very sound piece of strategy. Its justification must be sought in the circumstance that in 1888 no organised system was in force for collecting intelligence along the coasts and transmitting it without delay to the British commander at sea. In default of such a system, Baird, having once lost touch of his enemy, was compelled to assume that the latter would not again be heard of until he was in the near neighbourhood of his objective, wherever that might be; and, assuming his objective to be the Thames, Baird held it to be his duty to neglect all other parts of the Kingdom and to cover the Thames at all hazards. On the principle, however, that a vigorous offensive is always hazardous and generally hopeless, so long as there is a sufficient 'fleet in being' undefeated and within striking distance, it may well be held that, with a better organised system of intelligence, Baird might so have disposed his forces as to afford adequate security to the Thames without leaving Liverpool unprotected. As a matter of fact, an occupation of the mouth of the Thames never entered into Tryon's scheme of operations. He contented himself with the reduction of Liverpool and with certain raids, more theatrical than really effective, questionable in strategy, but fairly in accordance with the rules laid down by the Admiralty, on the north-eastern coasts of Great Britain.

The two broad lessons of the manœuvres of 1888 were thus, first, that in modern conditions a blockade to be effective must be conducted by a much larger force in proportion to the blockaded fleet than was thought necessary when the scheme of operations was laid down, and that its method must be radically different from that adopted under the same scheme; and second, that an organized system of coast observation and intelligence

intelligence is absolutely necessary to a defending fleet, if it is to secure the full advantages of that superiority of force which is England's prerogative on the sea, and that mobility which the use of steam has conferred on modern fleets and war-ships. In the sailing days a 'fleet in being' at Plymouth, for example, could afford no protection to the Thames against an attack from the North Sea, if easterly winds were prevailing; but in modern conditions a commander at Plymouth, well served by swift cruisers certain of establishing instant communication with him as soon as they came within signalling distance of any one of a sufficient series of observing stations established on all parts of the coast, might fairly reckon on receiving intelligence of his enemy's movements in time to enable him to frustrate his object. It is true that he could not expect to be able to prevent what may be called fugitive raids made by detached cruisers on defenceless coast-towns at a distance from his base; but attacks of this kind are far less formidable in reality than they are generally made to appear in the mimic warfare of manœuvres. They are full of hazard to the attacking force, as is well shown in an episode of the kind described in 'The Last Great Naval War,' and in any case they are of little moment in deciding the broad issues of a campaign. We shall see presently to what hazards they are exposed, and by what measures they can be frustrated, so long as the defending force retains its superiority at sea—a condition belonging to their essence, because where it is absent a hostile fleet will not waste its time and strength in such enterprises, but will go straight to its main points and objective.

These two lessons were not lost on the framers of the scheme of manœuvres of 1889. Again certain ports in Ireland, Berehaven and Queenstown, were assumed to be the bases of two divisions of the naval force of a Power supposed to be hostile to Great Britain, and again a superior British fleet was entrusted with the task of defending the coasts of Great Britain against maritime attack. Sir George Tryon was this time in command of the British fleet, while Admiral Baird became in his turn the enemy. The scheme of operations did not contemplate a close blockade as in the previous year; but Tryon, with his base at Milford Haven and auxiliary squadrons at Lamlash, Devonport, Portland and the Downs, was required to keep a close watch upon the enemy's movements by means of his cruisers, and while leaving him free to take the sea, so to dispose of his own force as to be able to deny the assailant access to the British coasts and waters. Baird's position was a very difficult one. He was inferior in strength to his opponent, and

and could not therefore try direct conclusions with him. To force his adversary's guard without fighting an action was therefore almost the only course open to him, and the alternatives presented themselves of either repeating his adversary's strategy of the previous year and making a descent on the north-east coast, or attempting to pass the Channel with a view to attacking the Thames. As might naturally be expected, he chose the latter. Selecting the fastest battle-ships and cruisers from his two divisions, he combined them in a raiding squadron under Admiral D'Arcy-Irvine. They were to attempt to enter the Channel separately on pre-determined courses, and to make for an appointed rendezvous in the neighbourhood of Beachy Head. It was hoped that by passing points of special danger in the night, most if not all of the ships engaged in this hazardous enterprise might be able to elude the vigilance of the defending fleet. If they could once get well ahead of Tryon's main squadron they were swift enough to escape individually from any other ships likely to dispute their passage, and strong enough when combined to overpower the squadron placed in the Downs for the purpose of covering the Thames. Even if closely pursued therefore they would be able to escape into the North Sea, though the contemplated attack on the Thames might be frustrated. Everything depended, however, on the ships of the raiding squadron being able to make good their entrance into the Channel without encountering the main force of the defending fleet. Unfortunately for the success of the enterprise the primary condition, that of getting past Tryon's main squadron unobserved, was not realised. From Falmouth to the neighbourhood of Ushant, Tryon's fleet was spread out in such order as to cover the whole ground without placing the individual ships so far apart as to be unable to communicate with and support each other. Here the several ships composing Baird's raiding squadron were successively encountered. Three were overpowered and captured; the remainder, including the flagship of D'Arcy-Irvine, made good their escape, having encountered only the slower battleships of Tryon's squadron, and returned to Baird's headquarters at Queenstown, where Baird found them on his own return with his slow battle-ships from a cruise into the Atlantic, undertaken for the purpose of concealing his whereabouts from his adversary. Thus the enterprise totally failed and ended in crushing disaster—a bitter disappointment, no doubt, to Baird, but on the whole a satisfactory demonstration of the exceeding difficulty which a hostile force would always encounter in any attempt to enter the Channel and carry on a vigorous offensive
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in the face of a superior 'fleet in being,' skilfully disposed with due regard to the strategical conditions of the case. Baird's plan failed utterly; and though we should hesitate to say that it deserved to fail, yet it is true that its failure was a better illustration of sound strategical principle than its success could possibly have been. The raiding squadron might, if it had been as lucky as it was unlucky, have managed to get through the Channel and out into the North Sea; but with a 'fleet in being' behind it, it could never have undertaken any serious offensive enterprise.

The failure of his ruse, and the loss of three of his most powerful ships, practically exhausted Baird's powers of serious offensive. His cruisers were engaged in preying upon commerce, and were eminently successful in that rather make-believe operation. The 'Inflexible' with the 'Hecla,' and a flotilla of torpedo-boats, had been sent to Lough Swilly to prepare a protected anchorage against the anticipated return of the original raiding squadron from the North Sea. But the raiding squadron never reached the North Sea: what survived of it after its encounter with Tryon's fleet had returned to Queenstown. Thence it was again despatched by Baird on an enterprise similar to that which Tryon had undertaken in the previous year. It was ordered to pass to the westward and northward, and to raid upon the north-east coast, and since the protected anchorage at Lough Swilly was no longer of any practical service, the 'Inflexible' was at a later date ordered to join the raiding squadron, of which D'Arcy-Irvine again took the command. The second enterprise undertaken by the raiding squadron under D'Arcy-Irvine was not much more successful than the first. Even when reinforced by the 'Inflexible,' the reduced squadron was now no longer so strong or so fast but that its defeat and capture by a superior force despatched against it by Tryon was perfectly feasible. Moreover, since the previous year, the Admiralty had established a series of signal and observing stations on the coast, connected by telegraph with headquarters, so that a hostile ship or squadron could not show itself anywhere off the coast without the defending Admiral being immediately informed of its character and whereabouts. D'Arcy-Irvine appeared first on the east coast of Scotland and affected to reduce Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Leith, and to destroy the Forth Bridge. This was permissible according to the rules, but scarcely within the possibilities of actual warfare. He next made a demonstration off the Tyne, though it must be acknowledged that the idea of seriously injuring the Elswick works by means of bombardment from ships lying off

off Tynemouth is a mere absurdity. Proceeding southwards he encountered a superior squadron despatched by Tryon to attack him. The 'Inflexible' was captured, but the 'Anson,' the Rear Admiral's flagship, managed to escape, and by this time the close of the period, assigned by the Admiralty for the duration of hostilities, brought the manœuvres of 1889 to an end.

So far the order of evolution followed by the manœuvres from year to year had been logical and coherent. The manœuvres of 1885 were experimental and tentative, and the main plan of operations was left to the initiative of the distinguished Admiral in supreme command. In subsequent manœuvres the Admiralty itself took the initiative, and laid down beforehand the general scheme of operations to be carried out. The manœuvres of 1887 exhibited the risks necessarily encountered by an inferior naval force when it attempts to act on a vigorous offensive in the face of a superior defending force. This lesson was again enforced with still greater significance and cogency by the manœuvres of 1889, and though the result of the manœuvres of 1888 might seem to point to an opposite conclusion, inasmuch as Sir George Tryon, after forcing the blockade, was able to reduce Liverpool and to raid upon the north-east coast without molestation from his adversary, yet it must be remembered that the superior force, being on that occasion required to maintain a blockade, and having failed in that enterprise, was neither in force nor position to make full and immediate use of its defensive powers at other points of the field of warfare. The Admiralty, in sending Baird to blockade Tryon, had neglected to provide a reserve fleet for the defence of the shores of Great Britain in the event of the blockaded fleet making its escape. In the case of manœuvres this might be permissible. In the case of actual warfare such a proceeding would be extremely hazardous. For the rest the manœuvres of 1888 showed, not indeed that blockade is impossible in modern conditions of warfare, but that its successful conduct and continuance require a force specially adapted to the purpose and very greatly superior to that of the squadron blockaded. From this point of view the manœuvres of 1889 were full of instruction. Instead of blockading Baird in his protected ports, Tryon was instructed to watch him from his own base, to act on the offensive so far as circumstances might permit, but not so far as to interfere with the primary object of defending the shores of Great Britain against the assault of an enemy permitted and even invited to take the sea. In other words it was assumed that Tryon's force was better employed in waiting for an

inferior enemy's approach at a point where, by means of the system of signal stations, now for the first time established, he was in touch and communication with the whole of the coasts to be defended than in attempting to blockade the enemy in his own ports. The result fully justified the assumption. Baird's attack was foiled, and the flower of his fleet was captured. Once more it was shown that an inferior naval force, acting on a vigorous offensive, was exposed to such tremendous risks of defeat, capture, and destruction, that a prudent enemy would be forced to think twice or thrice before he engaged in so desperate an enterprise.

There is still, however, one thing that an inferior naval force may do, if it is strong enough to take the sea but not strong enough to act on a vigorous offensive against the coasts of its enemy. It may undertake a *guerre de course*, as the French term it; that is, it may endeavour to destroy its enemy's commerce on the seas. This in fact is the only thing it can do if, on the one hand, the superior naval power does not think it worth its while to blockade the ports of its enemy, and on the other the inferior power recognises and shrinks, as it must, from the tremendous risks inseparable from territorial attacks under the assumed conditions of relative strength. Accordingly the manœuvres of 1890, still following a logical and coherent order of evolution, were designed to elucidate the strategy to be pursued by a British naval commander in the event of his enemy electing to assail him by means of a *guerre de course* directed against the maritime trade of Great Britain. A portion of the Atlantic was designated as the trade-route to be attacked. It was purposely selected so as to avoid the main lines of Atlantic traffic which converge upon British ports, and to interfere as little as possible with the actual course of trade, since the mere pretence of capturing merchant-ships peacefully crossing the sea, formed no part of the scheme of operations. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, representing the enemy, with his base at Berehaven, was to start on a given day and to establish and maintain himself on the trade-route, always however endeavouring to avoid a general engagement. Sir George Tryon, with his base at Plymouth, was not to start with his battle-ships until twenty-four hours after his adversary had quitted his base, though the cruisers on both sides had been allowed to put to sea simultaneously, when hostilities were regarded as imminent, for the purpose of watching the movements of their respective enemies. It is plain that under the foregoing conditions Culme-Seymour might fully comply with his instructions and yet completely baffle the efforts of his
adversary

adversary to overtake or discover him by striking the trade-route at or about a point equidistant from Plymouth and Berehaven, and then steering a course along it with Plymouth right astern so long as hostilities lasted. From the point of view of manœuvres and their object, this was not perhaps 'a sporting course to adopt,' as his adversary put it in a memorandum issued to his captains at the outset of hostilities; but considering that Tryon, with his great strategical skill and his long and brilliant experience of manœuvres, regarded it as a probable course, it may perhaps be assumed that he himself would have adopted it had he been in his adversary's position. In that case it is justified by the concurrence of two very capable naval commanders, for Culme-Seymour adopted the precise strategy attributed to him by his distinguished opponent. The result was that the two opposing fleets never came into collision or even contact with each other at all, and though Culme-Seymour maintained his position on the trade-route he only did so by going to a point so distant from that at which, if the route had been a real one, the lines of traffic leading to the British Isles would have converged, that his operations against his supposed enemy's commerce must have been of a very feeble and inconclusive character. He incidentally demonstrated, however, by taking colliers with him, and supplying himself with coal from them at the back of the Azores, that the operation of coaling a fleet of battle-ships at sea is a perfectly feasible one, if performed in latitudes where calm weather may be reckoned upon; and this result, though it was not contemplated by the scheme of manœuvres, was in itself of considerable importance. On the other hand, Tryon, though the course taken by his adversary made it impossible for him to bring the latter to an action, or even to discover his whereabouts, was eminently successful in the dispositions he made for the defence of the trade-route within his proper radius of action. He demonstrated the paramount importance of Scilly as a naval base for a fleet engaged in such operations as he was required to conduct, and he showed quite conclusively that a naval force inferior to his own could not have attempted to establish itself on the trade-route at or near its point of greatest concentration, without running such risks of detection and defeat as no prudent commander would be justified in running for the sake of a mere *guerre de course*, unsupported by a fleet of battle-ships capable of trying conclusions on fairly equal terms with its adversary. Once more the moral and material ascendancy of a superior 'fleet in being' was abundantly and most instructively demonstrated.

We must not pass over the torpedo-boat operations, which were a subsidiary but most important feature of the manœuvres of 1890; indeed, if space permitted, they would repay well a detailed examination. The official programme stated that 'a further subsidiary object of the 1890 manœuvres is to ascertain what form the tactics of torpedo-boats operating from a distant base should assume.' The base selected was Alderney, and the objective points to be assailed were Portland, where a reserve squadron was stationed, and the positions occupied to the westward by Sir George Tryon's sea-going squadron together with any auxiliaries and colliers attached to it. The squadron at Portland was authorised to protect itself by mines, booms, nets, and such other fixed and mobile defences as were available, and at this point the attack of the torpedo-boats was foiled. But their operations to the westward were so vigorously conducted, so remarkable for the skill, daring, and endurance displayed by the officers engaged, as to show conclusively that the area of offensive operations, accessible to torpedo-boats handled by officers who know their business, is so large as to expose the whole of the Channel to the ravages of torpedo-boats issuing from either side. In fact no radius of action less extended than that represented by the distance between Alderney and Falmouth at the least can be assigned to torpedo-boats properly handled and fought. Tryon recognised this when he adroitly transferred his base from Falmouth to Scilly, leaving, however, a collier at the former place as a decoy for his enterprising little assailants and taking care to provide them with a warm reception when they came. But on the first night of hostilities, when his fleet was tied by the regulations issued for the conduct of the manœuvres to its anchorage in Plymouth Sound, he had to sustain a spirited and most brilliant attack conducted by torpedo-boats which had left Alderney at nightfall. The result of the attack was left doubtful by the umpires, who found themselves unable to reconcile the conflicting evidence received by them. But its result, whatever it may have been, was altogether unimportant in comparison with the demonstration it afforded of the power of the torpedo-boat for mischief over an area largely greater than had ever been previously assigned to it. It may here be mentioned that this line of experiment was further pursued in the torpedo-boat operations which formed a distinct and independent feature of the manœuvres of 1891. The bases assigned to the torpedo-boats on this occasion were the Irish ports of St. George's Channel. Their objective was a small squadron of ironclads with cruisers and torpedo gunboats under

Captain,

Captain, now Rear-Admiral, Long, with his base at Milford Haven, and a freedom of range throughout the area accessible to the hostile torpedo-boats. Captain Long, himself a torpedo expert of great experience and capacity, resolved to make his defence an active rather than a passive one—that is, instead of entrenching himself behind such fixed and mobile defences as are available when a squadron remains at its anchorage and waiting for torpedo-boats to attack him, he went himself to attack the torpedo-boats. The result abundantly justified the tactics employed. In no single instance during the operations was a torpedo-boat successful in its attack on an ironclad. Of the twenty boats engaged, four were adjudged to have been captured or destroyed, while seventeen separate attacks delivered by the remainder were adjudged to have resulted in the temporary disabling of the boat engaged. Besides this, two of the protecting ships attached to the torpedo-boat bases were destroyed by Captain Long, and the end of the operations left him completely master of the situation. It may be that the rules framed for the conduct of the operations were undesignedly and perhaps unavoidably less favourable to the torpedo-boats than the conditions of actual warfare would be; but even when full weight is allowed to this consideration, the superiority of active over passive defence remains manifest and indisputable. There are some who think that the supply of torpedo-boats provided by the Admiralty for the British navy is inadequate, and they point with alarm to the superiority in this arm exhibited by France and several other naval Powers. The question is too large and too intricate to be more than glanced at here. But we may say that in our judgment the governing consideration is this: that the torpedo-boat is essentially the weapon of a Power likely to be weaker than its adversary on the sea. Its *maximum* efficiency is in coast-defence and within a radius of action, much wider indeed than was at one time supposed, but still narrow enough as compared with that of a sea-going man-of-war. Within those limits it is very formidable, no doubt; but in all cases its moral terrors are, as has already been said, probably far in excess of its real offensive capacity. These facts we must recognise and deal with as best we may. Admiral Long has probably shown the best method of dealing with them. But the primary operations of the British navy in time of war will be by no means confined to the area accessible to torpedo-boats, nor within that area is the torpedo-boat itself the proper weapon for meeting the attack of the torpedo-boat. A Power therefore which multiplies its torpedo-boats is a Power which manifests its intention of relying mainly on a passive defence,

defence, and thereby recognises the probable superiority at sea of such adversaries as it is most likely to encounter. England must never be allowed to sink to the level of such a Power, and therefore the torpedo-boat may well be regarded as a strictly subordinate, albeit a very important, factor in the naval policy of this country.

In the principal manœuvres of 1891 the strategical continuity of evolution hitherto maintained was interrupted in order that a more distinctively tactical character might be given to the operations contemplated. For the reasons already given, the tactical problem is far more profoundly affected than the strategical problem by modern changes in the methods and implements of naval warfare, just as in actual warfare the field of strategy ultimately narrows itself down to the field of tactics, so in the evolution of manœuvres tactical operations may well be regarded as the logical sequel to a long series of strategical operations. But the operations of 1891 cannot here be described or criticised in any detail. The official report of the Admiralty had not been published when these pages were written, and though the writer had the advantage of witnessing the operations of the Northern Fleet, he would hesitate to pronounce an opinion on proceedings of which the real nature and bearing were made matters of official confidence.* On the proper disposition of the cruisers attached to a battle-ship squadron for the combined purposes of wide scouting and rapid communication; on the best order of battle to be adopted by a squadron of ironclads; on the relative importance and efficiency, in respect of rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim, of heavy ordnance and auxiliary armaments respectively; and on many other points appreciable mainly by experts, it is understood that information of the utmost importance, and often of the most startling novelty, was obtained in the course of the operations; but such information may very properly be regarded as an *arcanum imperii*, not to be lightly made public for the information and guidance of our possible enemies, who are all of them very careful to keep what they know on such subjects to themselves. In a most instructive chapter of his 'Naval Warfare,' Admiral Colomb traces the history of the 'Differentiation of Naval Force' in past times, and shows how the stern discipline of warfare in the last century led to a most remarkable simplification of types and uniformity of construction. To what extent that lesson has been neglected,

* The Report has now been published. It is, perhaps, less remarkable for what it says than for what it does not say.

amid the bewildering influences of modern scientific invention, may be seen clearly enough in the pages of Captain Eardley Wilmot's excellent work on 'The Development of Navies during the Last Half Century.' It is not impossible that the manœuvres of 1891 may lead as their principal result to a movement towards that simplification of type which Admiral Colomb has conclusively shown to be a direct result of actual experience in warfare. To say that the day of big guns and monster ships is over would probably be an exaggeration. But it is certain at any rate that no naval Power, which neglects to determine for itself the relative value and importance of heavy ordnance and auxiliary armaments, and in consequence of that neglect, finds itself encumbered with the wrong weapons in the hour of need, will escape serious disaster, even though its fleets be animated by the spirit and genius of Nelson himself.

Our task is now at an end, but a few words must be added in conclusion. We have seen how our long lack of warlike experience—for which as a nation we cannot be too thankful—has dulled the national tradition of confident dependence on the protection afforded to us by our navy. We have seen how several causes have contributed to the quickening of that tradition, not the least potent being the recognition by the Admiralty, by Parliament, and by the public at large, of annual manœuvres on a large scale and mainly strategical in character, as a permanent feature of naval policy. We have seen what those manœuvres have taught us; how time after time they have illustrated and enforced those indefeasible principles of naval strategy which, in the hands of the naval heroes of the past, have secured for England her glorious position on the sea. The one broad lesson which emerges from the whole survey is the advantage enjoyed by the superior naval force. It was his superiority of force, combined, as must be acknowledged, with his skill of disposition, which enabled Tryon to baffle Baird's raid upon the Channel. Again, it was Tryon's superiority of force which drove Culme-Seymour to the back of the Azores, and prevented his attempting to attack the trade-route at the only point where the effect produced was likely to be commensurate with the means employed. Superiority of force enabled Hewett to baffle Fremantle, and Baird to capture Fitzroy. It is true that Baird's superiority of force did not enable him to blockade Tryon and Fitzroy with success in 1888, but the true inference is, not that superiority of force is no advantage, but that in the particular case it was insufficient for the purpose aimed at. Without a superiority of force blockade is impracticable in all cases, the only question being how great the proportionate

proportionate superiority must be. Of course it is a mere truism to say that, *cæteris paribus*, superiority of force gives the material advantage. No one in his senses would dispute the proposition. But the moral advantage enjoyed by the Power which possesses a superiority of naval force is even greater than the material. An inferior force may for a long time avoid a collision with its adversary, and yet do immense damage to the maritime commerce of the Power opposed to it. It may even, as our own experience has often shown, fight an action with the odds against it, and win it, if it is better manned, better handled, and better fought than its immediate adversary. But what it cannot do without running risks, which all experience shows to be not only tremendous but deterrent, is to act on a vigorous offensive, and undertake such enterprises as are involved in serious territorial attack, so long as its adversary possesses a superior 'fleet in being' strategically so disposed as to be capable of interfering with its movements. Even an inferior 'fleet in being' may, as Torrington showed, be so handled as to paralyse the offensive designs of its adversary, though it cannot itself act on a vigorous offensive.

In sum, a Power which, like England, relies and must rely on naval defence for its security, must make that defence an active one, must regard its maritime frontiers in time of war as being conterminous with the territorial waters of its adversary. What it requires for this purpose is a navy so strong as to be incapable of losing the strategical command of the sea, except through inconceivable treachery or through professional incapacity equally inconceivable. We may rely upon the spirit of the navy to do for us all that loyalty, devotion, intelligence and capacity can do. We must rely on the spirit of the nation to give our only possible defenders a supply of weapons adequate to their duties and adapted to their needs.

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